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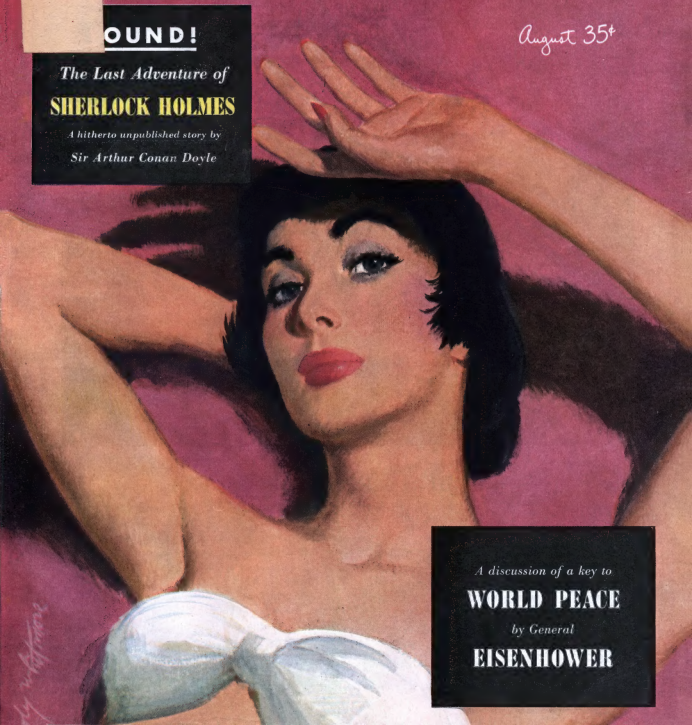
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SHERLOCK HOLMES

A hitherto unpublished story by
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

August 35¢

A discussion of a key to
WORLD PEACE
by General
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Picture of the Month

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LUCILE WATSON • NIGEL BRUCE
MARY BOLAND • REGINALD OWEN
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 Adaptation by GINA RAUS and MONCKTON
 HOFFE, Based on the Novel "The Nutmeg Tree"
 by MARGERY SHARP

Directed by.....JACK CONWAY
 Produced by.....EVERETT RISKIN



We've just received the most side-splitting surprise of our movie-going career... and we are filled not only with mirth but with admiration. For we have just seen Greer Garson, with a wicked twinkle in her eye, shed her famous dignity to become one of the most delightful comedienettes you could hope to see. Don't miss seeing her, with Walter Pidgeon, in M-G-M's hilarious new comedy hit, "Julia Misbehaves."

Greer Garson gives an uproariously funny performance. She holds her creditors at bay in a bubble bath... joins an acrobatic troupe in tights... tries to be a lady and an adventuress at the same time... and is found in assorted pairs of arms. But somehow Walter Pidgeon's seem to fit best.

You'll be delighted with handsome Walter Pidgeon's performance, too. As a suave, high-hatted clown, he reaches new heights in comedy characterization.

And with this wonderful pair, there's Peter Lawford, gay and charming as the lad who loves Elizabeth Taylor. Her fresh, young beauty and sweet, spirited performance are completely captivating. And you'll laugh and laugh again at Cesar Romero as the man on the flying trapeze—who lands in Greer's net. Besides, there are Lucile Watson, Mary Boland, Nigel Bruce, and Reginald Owen... and every one of them will have you in stitches.

The director of this merry film is Jack Conway, veteran Hollywood perfectionist. Everett Riskin, noted for a long list of dramatic hits and comedy riots, is the producer.

"Julia Misbehaves" is everything a great comedy should be. Make it a "must-see"!

Cosmopolitan

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 Editor
 RICHARD E. BERLIN
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WHAT GOES ON

AT COSMOPOLITAN

When you picked up this issue of *Cosmopolitan*, you may have noticed that the name of the magazine on the front cover is printed in a new kind of wiggly script instead of the straight block lettering that was out there last month and the month before last. Perhaps you've also noticed something else that makes our covers of the last few months seem different from the *Cosmopolitan* covers of the last

ry, a tiger-skin rug, a roaring fireplace, a complete, leather-bound set of rare first editions of Trollope and a faithful Kerry blue terrier!

Such changes in the outward appearance of our magazine—as well as many inward changes which are much more frequent and much more complicated—usually originate in the restless mind of a young man named Souren Ermoian. Ermoian is



March, 1944.



September, 1946.



July, 1948.



August, 1948.

few years. Turn back to the cover and take another look at it and see if you can find out by yourself what this something else is.

The gentleman up there in the balcony with the lemon-meringue-pie stain on his vest says he would like to take a shot at the correct answer. Would you mind speaking a little louder, sir? You say the recent *Cosmopolitan* covers have a background of solid color rather than a white background as most of them used to have? That's exactly right, sir! Give that man a twelve-room co-operative apartment on Park Avenue, a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, a black Hornburg hat and six pairs of pearl gray spats, a life membership in the Union League Club, a sun lamp, a Swedish masseur, a dozen cases of fine old dry sher-

the art director of *Cosmopolitan*. (When he first came to work here, a lot of us thought his first name was Err and his last name was Moyan.) He occupies an office that has a door leading right into the private office of the editor. The editor is always popping in on him and vice versa. This makes it hard for him to loaf around the water cooler like the rest of the staff.

Ermoian's main job is deciding how each story and each article in *Cosmopolitan* should be illustrated and then deciding who is the right artist or the right photographer to do the illustration. Some crackerjack artists, like Fred Ludekens, prefer to read the manuscript and then figure out the whole scheme of the page layout themselves. Others pick a scene from the story and get together with Ermoian to figure out a

The art director of Cosmopolitan would

have a much easier job if

Mary Hastings Bradley fought her duels

with a carving knife

instead of an antique pistol

layout. Quite often, though, Ermoyn makes a rough drawing that specifies the exact illustration in small detail, as he did with the fine layout for "The Next Voice You Hear . . ." on Page 34 of this issue.

When he isn't guiding the hand of other artists, Ermoyn does some painting himself. He has exhibited abstract and realistic canvases. In fact the whole Ermoyn family spends most



Souren Ermoyn.

of the time in its Englewood, New Jersey, home painting like mad. His six-year-old son, Carraig, does exceptional abstracts with paints and cutouts of colored paper and won a prize in a competition recently at the Art Directors Club in New York. Mrs. Ermoyn, a former fashion artist, has been spending the past year working on magazine illustration under the supervision of her husband. "She's ready now," he says. "But I'm not quite ready to spring her. When I do, her work will knock these magazine editors dead."

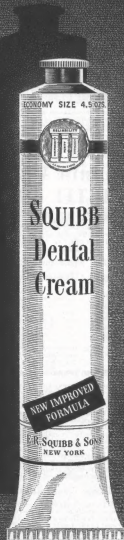
Ermoyn is only thirty-one years old, which makes him a child as big-circulation maga-

zine art directors go. (As a matter of fact, all the men on our editorial staff are under forty-five. The women, according to the women, are all under twenty-eight.) Ermoyn came up the hard way in Chicago, and we got him from a New York advertising agency last fall. This is his first magazine job. "You can quote me on this," he says. "It is twice as hard as working in an advertising agency, but I love it twice as much."

As an example of one of the things that makes Ermoyn's work twice as hard as it used to be, we'll take that dueling pistol on Page 66. The pistol appears in the Austin Briggs Illustration for Mary Hastings Bradley's story, "I'll Never Let You Go." When Briggs first read the Bradley manuscript, her description of the dueling pistol puzzled him. He checked the description with a pistol expert in New York named Robert Abels, who declared that Mrs. Bradley was wrong. Such a pistol as Mrs. Bradley described, Abels said, did not exist at the time she said it existed. We relayed Abels's information rather timidly to Mrs. Bradley, and she said that she knew she was right. She remembered a pistol of the type she had described. It had belonged to her family in the South, and it had been custom made in New Orleans.

Abels replied coldly that the pistol Mrs. Bradley had in mind could never have been made in New Orleans, and he doubted if it could have been made any place else, either. Then he gave Briggs a description of a pistol that would fit into the Bradley story and, at the same time, would pass the inspection of any

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WHAT GOES ON

AT COSMOPOLITAN

antique-pistol authority who might happen to pick up this month's Cosmopolitan.

Mrs. Bradley, like a good scout, grimly swallowed her pride and rewrote a few paragraphs of her story to make her pistol conform with Abels's specifications. But she is still convinced in her heart that she is right and Abels is wrong. If it's the last thing she does, she is going to make a trip down South and dig up that pistol she has in mind and prove it. We are rooting for Mrs. Bradley. To borrow a phrase from Clifton Fadiman, we hope she stumps the experts.

wa, where they keep you for one year. If Miss Dick's article drove any anxious girls into Furman's office, we sure hope they didn't sign anything without reading all the small type.

We wish we could tell you a dramatic story about how the previously unpublished Sherlock Holmes story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on Page 48 was discovered after all these years. But the facts of the matter are simply that Doyle stuck the manuscript into a hatbox which he put in a safe-deposit box back in 1922 without telling anybody about it. The bank finally decided to open the safe-deposit box last year and there it was... John Latham Toohey, whose first story, "The Luck (?) of the Irish," appears on



Mary Hastings Bradley.

Looks like we started something back in May when we published that article by Mary Dick entitled "Go West, Young Woman!" The gist of the article was that there are more single men out in the cow country and hence more marriage opportunities for frustrated Eastern girls.

We received several indignant communiques from indignant Western women informing us that they are completely capable of taking care of the Western men, without any help from the East, thank you. We are publishing one of these diatribes, by Brownie Bernice Brown, elsewhere in this issue.

Miss Dick also remarked that the matrimonial market at U. S. Army of Occupation posts in the Far East was ripe for a killing. She said that a gal from the highly competitive Atlantic seaboard could assure herself of a wedding ring by signing up for a nine months' tour of duty as a civilian employee in the Pacific or the Orient.

We got a pretty chilly letter about this from Charles C. Furman, who seems to handle the recruiting of overseas civilian personnel for the Army. "The Department of the Army does not function as a matrimonial bureau," Furman informed us. Furthermore, he pointed out, the tour of duty for a civilian employee is not nine months but two years, except in Korea, Guam and Okina-

Page 54, is a son of the late, famed theatrical press agent, John Peter Toohey... Because the article about Dizzy Dean on Page 68 concerns baseball, some readers may assume that the Joe McCarthy who wrote it is the Joe McCarthy who manages the Boston Red Sox. This is another Joe McCarthy. When he interviewed Dean, he tried unsuccessfully to get a confirmation of the story that Branch Rickey tells about how Dizzy lost contact with his father for several years. The way Rickey describes it, Mr. Dean was driving a mule toward a railroad crossing in Arkansas and Dizzy was following him on the back of another mule. A train approached, but the elder Dean beat it to the crossing. Dizzy had to wait until the train went by, and then his father was nowhere in sight. "I never did see Pa again," Dizzy said. At least, that's how Mr. Rickey tells it.

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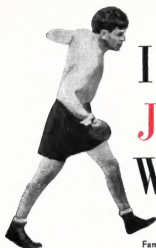
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I Knew Jack Dempsey When



Famous "long count" marked the first battle between Dempsey and Tunney in September, 1927.

Press Association



by **GENE TUNNEY**

*The retired champion recalls
his impressions of the man from whom
he won the heavyweight crown*



While Jack Dempsey was first acquiring his ring reputation as a man-killer, I was known as "Skimpy." Although I had done a little professional fighting, I weighed only 150 pounds and certainly had no idea that I would ever step into the ring to meet anyone for the world's heavyweight boxing championship.

Then came the first World War. I was with the Marines in Europe, and I began fighting at soldier entertainments—although at first my motives had less to do with any love of boxing than with the fact that by doing so I was excused from kitchen police and guard duty. I finally built my weight up to 170 pounds and won the AEF light-heavyweight title.

One day I met a corporal named McReynolds, who had been a sports writer in Joplin, Missouri. McReynolds had seen Dempsey fight and figured that Jack was a cinch to win the heavyweight crown from big Jess

Willard. "And he'll hold the title a long time, too," the sports writer told me. "He'll never lose it to a slugger, because he can outwit any man alive. If he ever loses, it will be to a clever boxer."

I began to get curious. "What's Dempsey's style?" I asked.

"In a nutshell," McReynolds answered, "he's a big Jack Dillon."

I knew what that meant. Dillon was one of the best light heavyweights of the time—a strong and tireless puncher who used a bobbing, weaving style and specialized in murderous hooks.

But I also knew that Dillon had been defeated by a clever boxer named Mike Gibbons. For the first time, a strange sort of thought entered my mind. If I kept gaining weight, was there a chance that one day I might beat Jack Dempsey—the "big Jack Dillon"—by making myself a "big Mike Gibbons?"

The first time I met Jack was in the spring of 1920, after he had fulfilled McReynolds' prediction by becoming the heavyweight champion. I was on a ferryboat crossing from New Jersey to New York City, and I noticed that a crowd was gathering at one end of the boat. I walked over, and there was Jack Dempsey, the well-publicized titleholder.

I wanted to talk to him, but I was afraid to. In the first place, I was always a little shy about thrusting myself upon strangers. In the second place—well, you may remember Jack's reputation when he was champion. Because of his killer instincts in the ring there was a legend that he was also a surly, scowling man outside of the ring.

Finally, I worked up my courage. I walked up to him, introduced myself and told him I had done a little fighting.

To my surprise, the champion had a friendly (Continued on page 75)

MRS. JOHN E. O'HARA
the former Shirley E. Brooke of San Francisco, Cal.
bridal portrait painted by *Spaulding*



You can win a Lovelier Skin with just One Cake of Camay!



HERE ARE THE O'HARAS!

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Carmel-by-the-Sea, where they honeymooned, and Camay are Shirley's two pet raves. She speaks four languages—says in all four—"I'm staying on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for keeps!"



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LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO

So round, so firm, so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw

by ANDREW A. ROONEY



Drawing by Fred Siebel

If you want to keep the wolf from your door,

Don't write a book

Don't write a book.

Get a good steady job as a shoe salesman; run for Congress; or be a plumber. But don't write a book.

Not writing a book highly recommends itself for a lot of reasons. First, the field is crowded. Retired train conductors, bank clerks and women's-club women everywhere are planning to write books.

Admittedly the book-planning field is more crowded than the actual written-book field. Even so, the large bookstore-book publishers have five thousand manuscripts submitted to them every year, and the house with the longest trade list (Doubleday) prints only about 250 titles. Less than one out of every twenty manuscripts written and submitted is published.

If you think it would be fun, just say (for fun) that you are

one of the one-out-of-twenty book writers whose manuscript catches a publisher's eye.

The publisher will first write you a letter. He will sound enthusiastic. Publishers always sound enthusiastic. He may later quote his first letter to you on the inside of the book jacket.

When you go in to see the publisher he will ask in an offhand way if you would like an advance. You will say yes in the same offhand manner and, without much fuss, the publisher will arrange to have a check for five hundred dollars sent to you. The way he uses the word "advance" and the ease with which he comes across with the five hundred make it sound like a small token payment. Don't be fooled. With Bud Hutton, I've written three books in the last five years and, while only one of them was really bad, the last I heard from

the publisher of the first two, I owed him \$2.89. (It was a book-keeping trick of some sort; had something to do with seventeen sales made to the Canadian government—but I'm sure the publisher was'right about it.)

But let us continue with the assumption that your book is accepted. If the publisher feels that your manuscript will make only somewhat less of a book than "Gone With the Wind," he may print as many as five thousand copies. All loose and inaccurate bragging by authors aside, that is a very respectable first printing. Books which sell ten thousand copies are hitting the best-seller lists now, and a book which eventually sells twenty-five thousand copies can rank high on the best-seller lists for months.

So if your book is really pretty good (which it probably won't be) and the reviewers say nice things about it (which they probably will not) and the publisher spends some real money on newspaper advertising (which he almost never does) then it may sell five thousand copies. Under a usual contract arrangement you will get 10 percent on the first 2,500 sales and 12½ percent (Continued on page 86)



Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations

by **LOUELLA O. PARSONS**

Motion Picture Editor, International News Service

During 1938, while the world was still being polite to dictators, Hollywood made a wickedly witty film called "Ninotchka." It starred Garbo and was the first screen production to turn a caustic spotlight on the commies.

On the surface, it seemed merely to be riddling the Russians with ridicule. American audiences laughed merrily at it, but Moscow scowled. Moscow didn't like it one bit.

I think it no accident that this August of 1948 the same pair who were responsible for "Ninotchka" are now responsible for "A Foreign Affair." This is the team of Charles Brackett, producer, and Billy Wilder, director, who always coauthor their own scripts.

Like their Russians lampoon, "A Foreign Affair" seems at first glance to be merely a most romantic, high-spirited comedy about postwar Berlin and our occupation troops stationed there. (Continued on page 139)



This lovely lady of the screen has thrown convention to the winds! In her next role, she is seen in a bubble bath, at champagne parties, swinging on a trapeze in tights and snapping her garter at Walter Pidgeon!

Look at the last column on page 13

(Advertisement)





**BEST FEMINE
STARRING PERFORMANCE**

Rosalind Russell, with
Leo Genn, in
"The Velvet Touch."



BEST PRODUCTION

"A Foreign Affair,"
starring Jean Arthur,
John Lund and
Marlene Dietrich.



**BEST MALE STARRING
PERFORMANCE**

Montgomery Clift,
right, with Noah
Beery, Jr., in "Red
River."



**BEST SUPPORTING
PERFORMANCE**

Claire Trevor, with
Humphrey Bogart,
in "Key Largo."



a new and naughty

GREER GARSON

and a thrilling, willing

WALTER PIDGEON

in ...

**Julia
Misbehaves**

and Oh! how she misbehaves!



PETER LAWFORD

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

CESAR ROMERO



**LUCILE WATSON · NIGEL BRUCE
MARY BOLAND · REGINALD OWEN**

Screen Play by WILLIAM LUDWIG, HARRY RUSKIN,
and ARTHUR WIMPERIS

Adaptation by GINA KAUS and MONCKTON HOFFE
Based on the Novel "THE NUTMEG TREE"
by MARGERY SHARP

Directed by JACK CONWAY

Produced by EVERETT RISKIN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



What's New in Medicine

by LAWRENCE GALTON

Keep Up to Date Each Month on Medical Science's Unceasing War Against Disease

Some arthritis sufferers may be helped by a succinate-salicylate therapy. One doctor recently reported giving average daily doses of thirty-four grains of succinic acid, forty-five grams of acetylsalicylic acid and fifty milligrams of ascorbic acid for periods up to five months without harm. The ascorbic acid decreases pain, while succinate prevents poisonous reactions to the drug compound and stimulates tissue oxidation. Used on 396 people with hypertrophic, rheumatoid, infectious and mixed types of arthritis, and rheumatic fever, the treatment in most instances made pain, swelling, tenderness and fever subside promptly. Stiffness went last.

Sudden severe pain in the chest, similar to that accompanying coronary thrombosis, quite often proves to be due to spinal root irritation, according to a recent medical report. This irritation may be caused by hypertrophic arthritis of the spine or poor posture, common but not serious conditions after the age of forty. This source of pain should be considered whenever the diagnosis of coronary disease is not conclusively established. Such a condition generally responds quickly to orthopedic measures. The report also points out that many persons may be living invalid lives unnecessarily and fearing impending heart attack because of a mistaken diagnosis.

Warning: Medicinal tablets should be given to young children only after being crushed and moistened with water. This warning, which appeared in a recent medical report, is based on the case of a child of two and a half who died of suffocation when half a sulfadiazine tablet stuck in her larynx. Pleasant-tasting sulfa lozenges and liquid preparations are now available and may be prescribed by doctors for children. If your doctor recommends any tablets, ask him how to give them safely.

In leukemia of the fatal chronic myelogenous type, radioactive phosphorous is proving an important new help, although not a cure. After eleven years of investigation, a group of scientists reports that the chemical makes patients feel better and helps prolong life. It is an advance over use of total body X ray which helps prolong life but sprays normal as well as diseased tissues and often produces radiation sickness. The phosphorous is given by mouth or by


injection into the veins. The chemical localizes in leukemic tissue and bone marrow. Used on 129 patients, it made bad spells of sickness shorter and less frequent. In many cases, symptoms disappeared and patients were able to work and carry on normal activities. The studies show that many patients live comfortably for five years or longer, with some living comfortably for ten years or more after the beginning of the disease.

A new elastic stocking designed by a doctor may prove of help to patients whose legs are affected with ulcers, eczema or phlebitis (inflammation of a vein). The stocking has a zipper sewn into the side. More satisfactory than adhesive tape, the stocking can be put on without irritating a sensitive area. It holds gauze wrappings securely in place, simplifies changing dressings.

Allergies in women frequently stop or start at puberty or menopause, according to a recent medical report. They may be heightened, too, during or just before the menstrual period. In such cases, usual allergy treatments may be ineffective because of disturbed function of the pituitary gland, or ovaries. In allergies appearing at puberty, hormone therapy is not indicated but, in addition to usual measures, there should be treatment for the disturbed emotional state until the girl has matured enough so that her endocrine glands function in a consistent monthly pattern. When allergy arises or becomes more acute at the menopause, overactivity of the pituitary gland is to blame; this can be satisfactorily controlled in eighty-four percent of cases by administration of female sex hormone (estrogen) or, if bleeding is present, by male sex hormone (androgen). Women whose allergy difficulty appears at period time suffer from a transient deficiency of estrogen, and in eighty-three percent of cases, a single, large, properly timed dose of estrogen just before the period prevents or eases their trouble. In women whose difficulty appears about a week before the period associated with "premenstrual tension," the fundamental difficulty is temporary excess of estrogen. Sixty-seven percent of this group are helped by oral administration of male sex hormone during the premenstrual period to neutralize the excess estrogen, or by a series of ascending doses of estrogen which adapts them to the high level.

MORE ON PAGE 16

Medicines mentioned in this column should be used only on the advice of a physician



ARE YOU REALLY
SURE OF
YOUR PRESENT
DEODORANT?
TEST IT AGAINST
NEW PERFECT
FRESH

SEE
FOR YOURSELF
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PERSPIRATION—
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Be Lovelier to Love
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THE FRAGRANCE OF YOUTH . . .

April Showers



On the Medical Frontiers

by LAWRENCE GALTON

For pernicious anemia, a new compound called vitamin B12, derived from animal liver, shows extraordinary promise. Afflicting tens of thousands of Americans in middle life, the disease, characterized by a deficiency of red blood cells, results in pronounced fatigue and weakness and, sometimes, a breakdown of the nervous system with loss of sensation and partial paralysis. For some years, liver extract has been helpful, but in limited tests so far, a useful dose of B12 has proved one million times more effective than a useful dose of liver. Because it is effective in infinitesimal amounts, potent doses can be given without physical discomfort. There is some evidence, too, that one sufficiently large dose can have a prolonged effect, thus avoiding the expense and annoyance of frequent injections. Much more research and experience with the new drug are needed, and at the present time the available supply is too small to replace liver extract in routine treatment.

With its traveling eye clinic, the New Jersey Commission for the Blind is blazing a new trail in public health. Based on national statistics, about nine hundred thousands of New Jersey's four and a half million population need optical attention. In the belief that from sixty to seventy percent of all blindness is preventable, the commission set up its "Eyemobile" last November to do something about it. In one month, two hundred children were examined. Many were found to be in need of glasses, others required operations, and some were recommended for eye-saving classes. Diabetes, malnutrition and other afflictions were uncovered and referred for treatment. Setting up shop at the schools, the clinic examined children without regard to financial circumstance and, in cases of need, provided treatment and spectacles without charge.

Complete feeding by vein may soon be possible for sick persons unable to eat. To date such feeding has been limited to sugar, salt, vitamins and protein building blocks. But investigators have gone a step further in experiments on dogs by adding butter fat. Two dogs fed this way for eight and ten weeks kept their weight and stayed healthy. Although a slight anemia developed, it did not progress.

Poison-ivy research: Urushiol, the substance that gives poison ivy its blistering quality, has now been imitated in a synthetic compound. The man-made chemical, which produces the same effects as the natural one, may find its first use in inoculations against poison ivy, poison sumac and poison oak. However, it is not yet available for such use on a widespread basis.

Your chances of living: Newly compiled statistics of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company show that two out of every three young men of eighteen just starting their working careers will live to retirement age of sixty-five. Their fathers and bosses, now men of forty-five, have seventy in one hundred chances of living to sixty-five. Women's chances are even better, and at least seventy-five percent of all women now under sixty-five will live to that age. Nor does sixty-five mean the end of life. Currently, white men of sixty-five can expect to live an additional twelve and a half years on the average, while white women of sixty-five have an average of fourteen and a half years of life.

Medicines mentioned in this column should be used only on the advice of a physician

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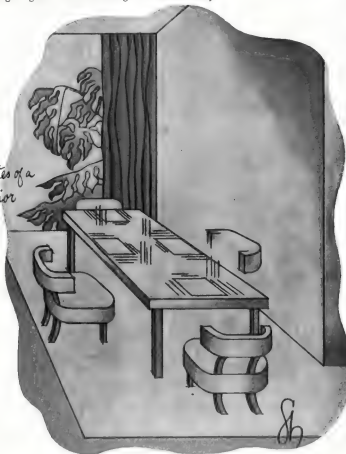
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Sketchbook notes of a
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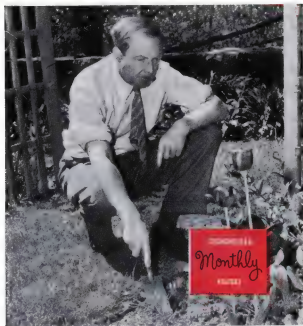
chairs: velvet in chamois color

table: sand blasted blond oak

sterling: The Adams, Princess Ingrid, or Troubadour all by Frank M. Whiting

interview

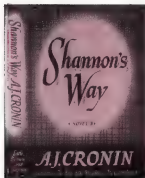
with a best-selling author



International

A. J. CRONIN

by ROBERT VAN GELDER



The author of "The Keys of the Kingdom" and "The Citadel" has moved to an estate in Connecticut. But there was a time when he lived in a Welsh mining village

"Do you like to garden?" A. J. Cronin asked.

"No," I said. "When we had a garden my wife did all the work."

"Mine did, too, until recently," said Dr. Cronin. "When I was younger I had no time to grub among plants. I was busy with my medical practice—day and night." He kicked a rock resignedly. "Now I enjoy gardening and going to bed at ten."

"What else do you do?" I asked.

"Golf . . . fish . . . collect old porcelain . . . and write. But at present I'm lying fallow."

Resting between books, he has been browsing through Arnold Bennett's Journals and reading Stefan Zweig's biography of Balzac. He feels that overproduction caused both Bennett and Balzac to die earlier than they would have had they not worked so hard.

There's no real temptation to overproduction now," he said. "The income tax takes temptation away."

He let three and one half years elapse between the publication of his "The Green Years" and its sequel, "Shannon's Way." He said that he needs a good deal of time between books for rest, that writing is for him a nerve-racking business. We talked of biography over pre-lunch sherry, and he remarked that it might be easier to write a biography than a novel because a biographer must stick to his facts, and his choices are limited to details of their presentation. "But the novelist has no choices made for him by his material. He works in a jungle of alternatives, trying to make the best choice among unlimited possibilities."

When Dr. Cronin is at a book, his entire waking time is devoted to work. "I start when I awake, permit no interruptions, keep at it until midnight or after. But with each book I find it more difficult to satisfy myself, and now I think it a fairly good day when I've turned out a thousand words."

Without the solidity of facts to put faith in, Dr. Cronin continued, he is sometimes inclined to distrust the choices he makes. When he was halfway through his first manuscript, he pitched it into a (Continued on page 137)



Direct color photograph of actual cake of ice with fresh roses frozen inside.

Cooling Idea

THERE ARE THOSE who say it just wouldn't seem like summer without the famous Four Roses cake of ice.

So here it is again—to remind you how cool and refreshing a Four-Roses-and-ice-and-Soda can be on a midsummer day.

If you'll try one—at home, or at your favorite bar—you'll quickly discover that you're sipping a highball that's very much on the special side, with a mellow

magnificence and distinctive flavor all its own.

That's because Four Roses itself is such a special whiskey—delightfully *different* from other fine whiskies you've ever known.

Wouldn't right now be a wonderful time to find this out?

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

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ROSES**



**AMERICA'S MOST
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**Veto says "no"
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Veto says "no"—

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SOFT AS A CARESS... EXCITING... NEW
—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly... checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! With Veto, you feel confident... sure of your own exquisite daintiness.

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SO EFFECTIVE... YET SO GENTLE—Colgate's lovely cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your finest, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto! So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!

**Trust always to Veto
if you value
your charm!**





Zerzura lost oasis of treasure

Vanished civilizations and long-forgotten treasures have always lured adventurers into the desert wastes of Egypt and Libya. But the quest for Zerzura, a legendary treasure-stocked oasis, is by far the oldest, the oddest and the most intriguing. Ancient manuscripts and twelve hundred years of desert gossip have placed this fabulous lost city somewhere in the vast Libyan Sand Sea.

Some authorities insist that Zerzura is merely a wishful image dreamed up by the fable-loving Arab mind—a tale as bizarre as “Atlantis” and “King Solomon’s Mines.” Others cling fanatically to a belief in its existence, and every so often a Zerzura devotee turns up with a new theory concerning its location and enough money to put his theory to the test.

In sweltering Cairo, as this is written, the latest expedition is being planned by Major Jennings Bramley, a retired sixty-five-year-old Hussars officer, whose

The sands of North Africa cover a lot of territory. So do the strange tales of the whereabouts of this elusive oasis

by **SELWYN JAMES**

Drawing by Ivo Koons

fruitless journey into the desert thirteen years ago has done nothing to dampen his enthusiasm.

Major Bramley and his numerous predecessors have collected sufficient evidence of Zerzura’s reality to have sustained twenty-eight years of heated debate among fellows of the Royal Geographical Society.

Zerzura’s upholders do seem to have plenty on their side. Age-old Arabic writings in the British Museum refer to it as a cache of gold, diamonds, rubies, pearls and priceless sculptures. I have seen at least one report which indicates that Zerzura’s riches would make the British Crown Jewels look like an assortment of nickel-and-dime store trinkets.

Another report, by a nineteenth-century Egyptologist, seriously wonders if the desert city may not be a lost Utopia inhabited by a tall, light-skinned race of supermen. And an earlier manuscript suggests that it was built by a Roman emperor.

A composite of several descriptive historical references and a large dose of desert hearsay presents this mouth-watering picture of Zerzura: an oasis of date and nut palms and olive trees, perhaps hidden among the gigantic dunes or deep in some inaccessible hollow within the great rock ridges of the Libyan Desert. A gleaming white-walled city is set in the oasis, and its wealth includes (Continued on page 104)



Photo Finish

Male-Tested Fashions by Kay Wister

Track: Belmont Park.

Race: Cosmopolitan Magazine's monthly fashion race—up-to-the-minute fashions vying for masculine favor.

Judges: Actor John Carradine, Stork Club's Sherman Billingsley, actor John Dall, orchestra leader Vincent Lopez, and television star Dennis James.

Photos by James Snyder



John Carradine and Sherman Billingsley forgot the horses to concentrate on two of our entries: Left: a three-piece suit in worsted sharskin; right, a one-button worsted gabardine suit with "feminine" pockets.

Entries: Colorful fall suits with a desirable go-anywhere quality. Claiming prices, from fifty to eighty dollars.

Favorites: Slender silhouettes, back interest in jackets and skirts, smooth fabrics, feminine details, wine shades, winter green, bright-colored convertible berets with matching gloves, closed-toe suede pumps.

Scratched: Close-fitting necklines, "drab" colors, large buttons, "too-long skirts covering beautiful legs."

Winners: All sixteen entries got away evenly, but at the finish it was a dead heat for first among the four suits shown on these pages.

(More on Page 24)

Doris Dodson

JUNIORS



Color's bright accent is a "Social Asset" ... makes your eyes brighter, afterglow of a suntan richer, outlook gayer!

Doris Dodson selects fall's most exciting colors for the cuffs, collar and belt of your grey, navy, or dark green rayon gabardine. 9 to 15. About fifteen dollars.

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These judges also appeared to be paying more attention to our entries than to those on the track. The men with the roving eyes were Vincent Lopez, John Dall and Dennis James. The girl on the left was wearing a new-looking gabardine suit with back fullness and wing cuffs. The enthusiast on the right had on a broadcloth suit with petal-cuffed pockets and a short front pleat.

See Page 154 for "Where to Buy" Male-Tested Fashions

See Page 26 for "The Chatterbox"

endearing

young

charms



Velvet step
SHOES

*feminine to the
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For these reasonably priced shoes,
write for the name of your dealer
PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS



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The Chatter box



Have you ever seen a dream walking? Well, I did. And walking badly! The dream was a girl, of course, and when I saw her, she was "making an entrance" in a New York restaurant. She looked knock-out as she came in the door. Her up-to-the-minute black coat hugged the waistline, molded the hips and swung into a graceful skirt that ended just below the calf of her leg. How sophisticated and poised she looked—until she started down the flight of stairs that led to the dining room!

Firmly gripping each side of her coat skirt, she hoisted it to her knee on one side, to the calf of her leg on the other side. Her dress sagged below the coat at one spot while an unruffled and not-too-new petticoat hung out at another.

After all this preparation, she began a cautious, awkward descent. By this time her coat skirt was nothing but a shapeless bulk of fabric that prevented her from seeing the stairway. The contortions of her neck, quite necessary in order to continue safely, were reminiscent of exercises used to reduce a double chin: to the right, push, pull; to the left, push, pull.

"Great guns!" I heard a male observer explode. "Why don't women use a mirror to learn how to manipulate those darn long skirts they insist on wearing?"

Not a bad idea, girls!

.....
Recently Paramount Studios gave a birthday party for Bing Crosby. Everyone invited was told he or she might bring a gift worth fifty cents or less. My humble gift was an old copy of *Cosmopolitan* with Bob Hope featured on our Male-Tested Fashions jury. Even more humble was my birthday note, inviting Bing to be on our jury the following week.

It so happened that Bing was not going to be in town, so he had to refuse our invitation. While we were bitterly disappointed, we loved his reference to the Bob Hope feature. He wrote, "Bob Hope has always been my favorite author, but I don't know how many of your other readers turn the page as fast as I do."

—KAY WISTER, Fashion Editor

Exquisite Form
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Send for free style booklet!

Rayon SATIN, Princess Style
Style 215
B cup (med.)—sizes 32 to 40
C cup (full)—sizes 32 to 40
White and Black **\$2.50**

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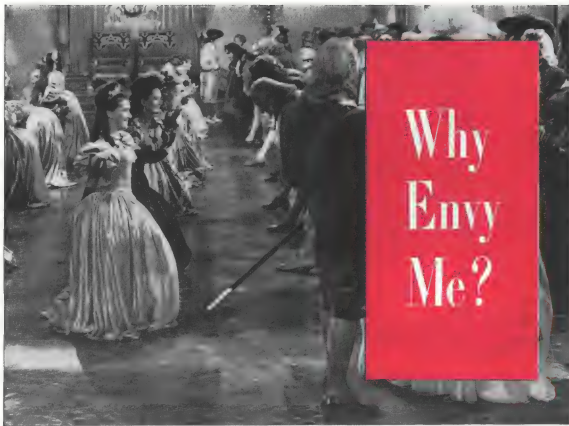
Newest of all
deodorants
... sprays
underarm
odor
away!

Stopette SPRAY DEODORANT

Just press your fingers around Stopette's thermo-plastic bottle... and spray perspiration and odor away! No messy fingertips... no fuss, no waste. Can't leak or spill... carry it everywhere.

Stopette is harmless to skin and clothing... simple... sure. The most delightful way ever to summer pleasantness. At cosmetic counters, 1.25 plus tax.

JULES MONTENIER, Inc.
Distributor
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*Think you'd like to make \$20 a day for standing around
with those glamorous movie stars? Probably not, when you've read
this article by **A HOLLYWOOD EXTRA***



I have been a part of history. I held the great Napoleon's child in my arms the day his mother, the Countess Walewski, had him christened. I sat in the Sorbonne when Marie Curie was honored by the illustrious scientists of her time. I was a follower of the Crusaders when they went to search for the tomb of Christ. I heard Anatole France's deathless oration at the burial of Emile Zola. I saw Benjamin Disraeli knighted by Queen Victoria, and Emperor Maximilian shot at Queretaro.

I am a Hollywood extra.

Some extras look upon their jobs merely as commonplace work, with a pay check at the day's end as its only aim. Others, such as widows and divorcees with small incomes, or young

housewives with time on their hands, take up the work primarily for diversion. But to me it is a well-regulated job, stimulating and exciting at times, but forever demanding infinite patience and physical stamina.

Recently while watching a screening of "Forever Amber," I heard a woman seated behind me say to her companion: "I'd like to be an extra. Look at those women so exquisitely gowned. They don't have a thing to do but stand around and be beautiful—and get paid into the bargain."

She couldn't have picked a better picture to illustrate the complex tasks and repetitious hours of the extra.

One morning I dialed my phone to call "Central." To the four

thousand registered extras, "Central" is the hand that controls their destiny, the power that gives them their daily bread. It is the Central Casting Bureau of Hollywood. I was told, in answer to my call, to report to Fox Hills for a fitting for Director Preminger. My heart sank, because I knew this meant "Amber."

It was the kind of picture an extra tries to avoid.

In the inelegant language of an old actor, it was known as a "stinkeroo" for this reason: To the men, it meant wigs with long curls, knee breeches and an exhibit of legs that were better left covered, and full length, heavily embroidered skirted coats. To the women, it means carrying around (Continued on page 114)



Come West if you dare!

Here's a warning from a Western gal who has warmed up her six-shooter over our recent article "Go West, Young Woman!"

The West is thundering with the hoofbeats of eligible males stampeding unto the hills for safety. Standing guard at every railroad station, airport and bus terminal are their little desert flowers, growing wilder every hour. We read Mary Dick's article "Go West, Young Woman!" in a recent issue of *Cosmopolitan*—and we don't like it.

You Eastern gals—if you follow Miss Dick's suggestions—will find the wide-open spaces about as friendly as a nest of hornets. In other words, we veto this insidious plan to raid our stock pile of eligible males. If you want to take home a tan, okay. But our men, no, sir!

We've had our eyes on these guys since before they lost their milk teeth. We dusted them off when they were bucked off their first horse. We've nursed them through rattle-snake bites, done their homework, taught them square dancing.

Now, the minute we get them to the point where they'll walk with us under a full moon and talk about something beside calf

roping, what happens? You Eastern rustlers come charging out, branding irons gleaming. You want to rope one of our men and lead him back to the city as a souvenir of your trip West.

We know you didn't ask us, but you are going to get a little advice to pack under that new ten-gallon hat. Frankly, we're hoping to sabotage that gleam in your eye. First off, statistics are not as golden as they glitter. They may correctly count the mines, but they don't necessarily assay the contents.

For instance, figures say that our state has eighteen extra men per hundred gals. But, when you start looking at them as men instead of statistics, they boil down to claims nobody wants to stake.

In other words, my prospective goddesses of the hunt, we don't deny the existence of our diamonds in the rough. But—as with the few rare masculine gems in your own territory—the bidding on our good ones is terrific.

If you have what it takes to rope a man in your own corral, you'll wind up with something

worth-while on the end of your rope out here. But why bother? Need we point out that if you are handy with the lasso in your own back yard, it is hardly necessary to invade ours? And if you are not, hadn't you better practice up a little out behind your own barn? We're giving you fair warning. The competition will be rough.

Our men are getting so girl shy that they take to the sagebrush at the first rustle of a skirt. And, hardy as our Western breed of masculinity is, this constant running, dodging and outwitting of feminine pursuers is wearing them down.

We are forced to take drastic measures. For, if we do not, by the time another leap year rolls around, Western man will have become as extinct as the buffalo.

So we say, "Come West if you dare!"

We'll be waiting at the station to greet you. Don't be surprised if we enlist the aid of Grandpa's old six-shooter to prod you back on the bus.

So often guests
comment on one
particular mayonnaise



"Jane said
that was KRAFT
Mayonnaise on
her salad last
night. Wasn't
it superb?"



PURE LEMON JUICE gives this
famous mayonnaise refreshing piquancy. With it,
Kraft uses fragrant vinegar and spices smoothly blended
with fine salad oil and eggs. Try it . . . very soon.

Kraft Mayonnaise



RIVIERA SALAD—On a round
chop plate arrange 5 portions of leaf
lettuce, and in each place half of a
pineapple slice and a slice of peeled
orange. Within this circle arrange
5 more small leaves of lettuce, with
a peach half filled with red rasp-
berries in each. Place Bing cherries
and avocado slices between the por-
tions of fruit. Serve with Kraft
Mayonnaise.



FOR SOMETHING LIGHT AFTER DARK...

Old Thompson makes leisure moments more enjoyable. It makes a lighter, better drink because it's WED•IN•THE•WOOD. This means that fine Glenmore whiskies are blended with choicest grain neutral spirits but instead of being bottled immediately, "Thompson" is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending. This old-time method takes longer and costs us more but the difference in taste is there for you to enjoy.

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*Tastier
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it's...*



Blended whiskey 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies—70% grain neutral spirits.



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"Neither Yet Have You Faith," by Louis di Valentin

What do you know about Modern Art?

by **EMILY GENAUER**

Author of "Best of Art"

Modern artists don't all devote themselves exclusively to painting the brightly colored jigsaw puzzles they call abstractions. Unlike the surrealists, many of them insist that their dreams are their private affairs, and others feel that violent and specific comment on current events is more properly the concern of editorial writers than of artists.

Some, like Louis di Valentin, painter of "Neither Yet Have You Faith," have turned away from topical themes to paint religious pictures. It is not that they are shutting their eyes to contemporary crises, but rather that they are imploring the rest of us to open ours.

At first glance, "Neither Yet Have You Faith" may seem as conventional as a religious painting by an old master. Actually it is as "modern" as an abstract or surrealist picture. The artist has employed the same technical tricks, and to the same end, too—the expression of an emotion, idea or experience in a form that will convey it to the spectator with heightened impact, and at the same time have a beauty of its own entirely apart from the subject.

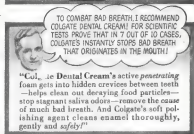
In di Valentin's picture, Christ and

his companions, seen in a small boat tossed about on a choppy sea, are a symbol of faith in the midst of chaos. By the use of certain unrealistic repetitions and exaggerations of line and form, the artist has allied each figure as closely to the others as if they were a strand of hair in a braid.

To cite just a few of them, the exaggeratedly curved backs and arms of the two rowers at the right are a continuation of the line of the curved edge of the boat. The diagonal oar at the extreme left is exactly repeated in the line of the left leg of Christ. Finally, all the figures are symbolically separated from the tumultuous surrounding sea by a "frame" of white foam that also neatly holds the complex picture together.

The strongest exaggeration of all may be seen in the raised hand of Christ, painted much larger, as you may see by comparing it with His face, than anatomical correctness would demand. Yet, what should properly be larger in this picture—which is an appeal for faith amidst confusion—than Christ's hand as it is raised in a gesture of invocation, at once loving and commanding?

*Looks Like I Need
Some Help Myself!*



**COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM**
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before
every date

DOCTORS PROVE

the Palmolive Plan brings

2 out of 3 women

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!

Cupid's giving me the go-by, Sue—but what can he do, when I've got such a dull, dingy complexion?

Why not try the Palmolive Plan, Jane? Remember, 36 doctors, leading skin specialists, tested the Plan on 1285 women and proved it works for 2 out of 3—in only 14 days!



The Plan is easy as it can be—
Here's all you do,
Just 1—2—3 . . .

1. Wash your face with Palmolive Soap!
2. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse!
3. Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive Soap's full beautifying effect!



**DOCTORS PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S
BEAUTY RESULTS!**

You, too, may look for these Skin improvements in only 14 days!



Regardless of age!

"**Smoother, less oily!**" says Hazel Smyth of Richmond, Va. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking. The Plan was tested on women of all ages from 15 to 50—and brought definite gains to 89% with oily skin.



**Regardless of
type of skin!**

"**Fresher, brighter color!**" reports Theresa Boles of Minneapolis, after testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The 36 examining doctors report this same important improvement for 2 skins out of 3 among the women tested.



**Regardless of beauty
care used before!**

"**Fewer tiny blemishes!**" says Dean Richeson of Pittsburgh, Pa. Yes, incipient blackheads, caused by improper cleansing, usually respond to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. More than half the cases tested actually won clearer skins!

For Tub,
For Shower,
Get the New,
Big, Thrifty Bath
Size Palmolive
Soap!



*Do straw votes influence
elections? Does bad weather help
the Democrats? Do voters really
jump on band wagons? Are
political campaigns a waste of
time? Here are some frank answers
by a leading expert
on public-opinion polls*

The professional public-opinion poll taker's attitude toward his art is best summed up by the story of the statistics professor who went strolling down a country lane one day with his wife.

"Look at that beautiful white horse in the meadow," exclaimed the wife.

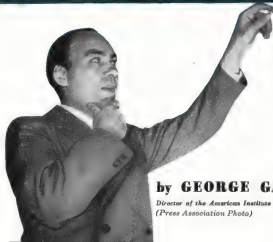
Her husband studied the animal for a moment and then replied, "Why, yes, dear, it is white on this side."

We poll takers believe only what we see, or, to put it more exactly, only what we can prove with percentages, based on interviews with *you* and *you* and thousands of other voters. The factual, the pragmatic, the provable—those are the things in which we put our stock.

I believe that the public should take a similar attitude toward polls. No one should accept them unquestioningly. With an important election, coming up in November, to be forecast, people should know what methods the poll takers are using, what the limitations are, what chance there is that we will be wrong. There is danger that the average voter, if untutored in poll methods, will approach the subject too uncritically, without discrimination, unable to tell good research from bad.

As it is, the most common question that people ask about poll taking is one that actually makes little sense. Countless times we are confronted with: "How can this poll be accurate when I've never been polled and never met anybody who ever was polled?" (Continued on page 115)

How accurate are the polls?



by GEORGE GALLUP

*Director of the American Institute of Public Opinion
(Press Association Photo)*

A dramatic, painterly illustration of a globe, possibly representing Earth, set against a fiery, orange and yellow sky. A microphone is suspended from the top, emitting a bright light that illuminates the globe. The globe is partially obscured by dark, swirling clouds or water at the bottom. The overall mood is intense and evocative.

the next

voice

you hear...

It was exactly at nine thirty-eight P. M. on the first Monday in March that the strange, majestic voice was first heard on the radio.

Just why that day and hour were chosen nobody can say. Maybe they marked the centennial of something or other; say the Creation. In any event, whether by accident or design, they guaranteed a sizeable radio audience in the United States.

The immediate reaction was, of course, disbelief. People simply could not believe their own ears. Floyd Uffelman of 677 Tatnall Place, Doylestown, Pennsylvania, for instance, had taken his nightly bath to get rid of the dust he had collected at the cement plant, where he tended a kiln. He was down cellar playing with his son Lyman's electric train, the tracks of which were set up on pine planks on sawhorses. Lyman's portable radio, on the tool bench, was following the antics of Doctor I. Q. Suddenly Doctor I. Q. faded out and the voice, a deep, gentle one, benevolent but firm, said:

"This is God. I am sorry to say I must interrupt you. A plan of creation ought by rights to go forward under its own rules, but you, dear children of the Sun's third planet, are so near to destroying yourselves I must step in. I shall spend this week with you."

Floyd switched off the electric train and stood for a moment gaping at the furnace, from which he half believed the words

had come. After that, ignoring Doctor I. Q., Floyd went up the stairs to the kitchen. In the kitchen, Mrs. Uffelman, a wiry, freckled woman who had once been the best soft-ball pitcher in the country, was sprinkling clothes.

"Were you listening to the radio just now?" Floyd asked, as he closed the door to the cellar.

"Does it look like it? Anyhow," Jean Uffelman said, "it's not on, if you mean the radio in the living room."

"I'll bet it was Lyman," said Floyd. "I'll bet that kid's got a microphone or something rigged up in his room."

With Jean looking after him in bewilderment he climbed to his son's room but, when he got there, Lyman was sitting with one foot in his hand agonizing over compound fractions.

"Hi," said Lyman. "How's it running?"

"Fine," said his father. "What did you do to the radio?"

"Me? Nothing. Is it busted?" the boy asked. "If it is, you busted it. You took it down to the cellar. I wish I had it. How can I do my arithmetic without my radio?"

It had the aura of truth. Floyd went slowly down to the living room, deeply puzzled. His puzzlement took him out of the house, after a minute or two, to the front door of his neighbor, Gene Hukill, who drove a laundry truck.

"Gene," Floyd said, "this is a funny question to ask, but were

you folks listening to Doctor I. Q. just now?"

"Nope," answered Gene. "Lux Radio Theater."

"Never mind, then," said Floyd disappointed. "I guess you wouldn't have heard it."

"Say, did you hear it too?" demanded Gene in astonishment. He shouted to his wife: "Martha, the Uffelmans heard it too! Isn't that the darndest thing? I wonder what it was."

"Sure was queer," agreed Floyd. "I wonder."

And Doylestown, in the United States, was not the only town that felt wonderment on that cool March evening. Even in Europe and Asia, where because of time differences the broadcast was heard in the morning and afternoon, its impact was fairly powerful, since there was not an active radio station large or small that did not transmit it. In each case the native language was used. Arabs heard the announcement in Arabic, South African tribesmen in Ba Ronga dialect; a little fifty-watter on a remote Polynesian atoll achieved the impossible by voicing it, at one and the same time, in fourteen dialects.

In the larger cities in the United States response was sharp and instantaneous. Almost before puzzled (*Continued on page 111*)



by **GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE**

All we can tell you about this story

*is that we believe, sincerely, that it will be
the most discussed short story of the year*

Mental Health:

Key to World Peace

By DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

"Let me warn you that if in the measurable future we don't find some way of eliminating these wars, our grandchildren are going to find this world a most unhappy place in which to live..."

This month, in London, over two thousand delegates from forty-seven nations will come together to discuss what can be done to help the mental health of the world. There will be social workers, teachers, educators, nurses, employers, industrialists and the clergy—all of them working toward a solution of the world's unrest. To my mind, the importance of their efforts can hardly be overestimated, for I feel that we can never eliminate war until all the peoples of the world understand each other far more fully than they do now.

Our failure to prevent mental illness penalizes us in all departments of our national life. Until lately, I have been a soldier; therefore the examples I can give you from my own experience are necessarily military ones. But they serve to show what can happen—even in that field—if we neglect this vastly important problem of mental well-being.

In the late fall of 1944, we became desperate for infantry replacements on the western front. We were informed that this was

because, in the summer of 1943, the United States had not been able to fill its draft quotas. We were reduced to drastic measures. We had to take many men out of the service of supply in the rear—we combed the air forces—anything to get replacements. The United States, which we had thought of as an unlimited reservoir, could not produce the necessary men. Yet at the same time we were told about the hundreds of thousands of men rejected for mental illnesses or mental deficiencies. I am told that by the end of the war almost two million had been rejected for mental illness or disorders. The man power of the United States is not inexhaustible. It is one of our most treasured assets that we must do our utmost to maintain.

In visits to the front, and later to the rear, to hospitals of various types, this was emphasized for me. No American can visit the front lines without coming away with a deep sense of humility at seeing young Americans—blue, cold, muddy—undergoing everything with an uncomplaining

smile or a grin or wisecrack; saying, "Everything's all right, General—don't worry about us."

Then you go to the hospitals in the rear for the psychiatric cases. These men are all right in their outward appearances—they are cleaned up, shaved; they look strong. Why were the hospitals overflowing with such cases? During the war, after I had sat on a young fellow's bed with my arm around his shoulder and talked awhile with him, he said, "General, get me out of here. I want to join my outfit." Apparently it was the first time a man had taken the necessary time and trouble to treat him as a human being and talk to him about his problem.

That's the point—we don't take the trouble to think about our problems; we have got to learn much more about ourselves and other people, and they have got to learn about us, if we are to make progress in improving human relations and international co-operation.

Don't think that the boys who cracked (Continued on page 91)





He didn't believe anything she said, so he decided not to kiss her. And then he decided maybe he would.

Comrade Casey



Beginning a two-part novel that combines all the basic ingredients: action, suspense, excitement, a Florida setting and a love story as romantic as tropical moonlight

by **PHILIP WYLIE**

Casey was mad. He was mad as only a young man can be. Older men, women and children cannot stand the strain of such anger. And he had been mad for four days, now—ever since he had inherited a fortune. In four days, he had gone through the scarlet stage of anger, the white stage, and the black. He was now in the blue, or mordant stage. He stood on Flagler Street in Miami, Florida, and stared up at the walls of the Sumner Building. They glittered slightly in the spring sunlight—tiers and tiers of windows with Venetian blinds.

All he had to do was to enter the busy lobby, take an elevator to the someteenth floor, enter the offices of the Dixie-Sweet Home-Bake Company, and say, "I'm Angus Casey." People would start bowing and scraping, and he would be a rich young man who owned a big business instead of a poor young man with one beat-up suitcase who lived in the cheapest room in a hotel that leaned over the freight yards. Casey couldn't enter the lobby, though. For he was a communist.

He tried looking at the crowds of people on the street—the beloved masses to whom he had dedicated his life. They failed to inspire him. So he looked over their heads. A few blocks away was a park—a grove of palm trees, at any rate. He turned his back on the Sumner Building and started for the park. People in summer clothes were walking around in it, looking happy. Some were feeding pigeons. A sailor on a bench sat with his arm around a girl. In spite of his rage, Casey grinned very slightly: the sailor-girl combination was the true statuary of the American park. Palm trees, elm trees, or California eucalyptus—it was always the same: park, bench, sailor and girl. The sailor wore a lot of ribbons. Casey had been a paratrooper; he read the ribbons.

The sailor looked up and grinned amiably. It was a pretty girl, too. Casey's eyes went back to the ribbons. He spoke against his will—looking at them. "Nice work, sailor."

He went on, leaving the youngster in blue wondering whether he meant the fruit salad or the blond dish.

Casey came, in due course, to the end of the park. He turned right because all other roads led (Continued on page 118)



It was the third X-ray tragedy he had seen within a week. And the specialist sounded tired and bitter as he spoke to the thirtyish-looking woman, who sat facing him, waiting to hear the results of the examination just completed. She waited fearfully, hoping against the gathering alarm she had felt during these last few months.

"Can you stand the truth?" the doctor asked. "I warn you that it won't be pleasant."

"Cancer?" she whispered.

He nodded. "Yes. Well advanced. I shall do what I can but . . . The monstrous part of it all is that this need never have happened."

No one had warned her. How was she to know? The woman asked wretchedly. It had all started with the simple fact that she, like most women, disliked hairy legs. She used depilatories, first one and then another kind. She also tried shaving but, whatever she did, the hair came back. Then a friend suggested X ray, and she had gone to the "specialist" who gave the treatments. They worked like a charm.

The hair fell out, and the skin on her legs looked beautifully clear and unblemished. She hastened to tell her friends about

the wonderful new treatment.

Later, so much later she had almost forgotten the treatments and did not at first even associate them with what followed, the skin on her legs got rough. It got rougher and rougher, and nothing seemed to relieve it. Then it became horny and wartlike. That was shortly before the ulcers appeared. The ulcers wouldn't heal, and after months of torture she had been referred to the office of a New York physician.

This actual case is, most unhappily, not an isolated one. It has happened time after time. It still happens. A prominent New York skin specialist states that there are at least one thousand such cases under treatment in New York City alone, all with cancers directly traceable to X-ray treatments for acne, freckles and the removal of hair, given by *unqualified people*. Plastic and other operations are being performed with the hope of restoring these unfortunate people to health. But many have died.

Scientists have known for about fifty years that X ray does what at the start looks like a superb job of hair removal. But they know also that the same radiation which destroys hair can interfere with blood vessels. Tiny

capillaries become misshapen. Larger vessels in time get stretched out of shape, and the skin fed by these blood vessels gets unpleasantly red and rough. Doctors call this condition telangiectasis. And the hair usually returns, coarser and heavier than ever. Finally cancer may come, often of the type known as squamous cell carcinoma, which is highly resistant to treatment.

This grievous aftermath does not come for months. Sometimes years. And, of course, it may not come at all. One of the heartbreaks of the situation is that cancer may come even twenty or more years after over-exposure.

And cancer is not the only tragedy which can follow over-exposure to the mysterious ray. Rare blood diseases, some related to cancer, may also result.

Sterility too may be caused by numerous little or single large doses of X ray, unless the reproductive organs are adequately protected. The intensity and frequency of treatment determines whether the results will be short-term or permanent. Knowledge of this connection between sterility and X ray has proved a tempting opportunity for certain unscrupulous practitioners.

Witness (Continued on page 138)

Used in the right way, x ray is one of medicine's

most valuable allies. But used in the wrong way —

as a depilatory or contraceptive —

X Ray can be Death Ray

Photo by James Snyder

by MIRIAM ZELLER GROSS



The Almost Perfect Day

by S. W. M. HUMASON



Tired? Depressed? Spots before your eyes? Heres a story that is guaranteed to make you feel better, no matter what your trouble

Susan Cartwright sat on the end of the dock with her feet in the water and tried to think her way forward through the day and night to Tomorrow. She knew from nine years of living through them that days passed—you even caught up with Christmas every year, however impossible it seemed in November. But if you just sat and thought about the day, moving, tick-tock, with the pendulum of the living-room clock, it seemed so long that Tomorrow became like Sometime.

"Sometime," her parents had said, for at least four summers that Susan could remember, "we must take the children to the island on a picnic." Then, this summer, suddenly and without any prompting from anybody, they had said, "We'll go next week." They had called Captain Sears who had a motorboat in which he took out parties; they had made arrangements; they would go Tomorrow.

Only slightly ruffled, the lake lay glinting, its small islands

green and shadowed, the west shore dark with woods and mystery. Somewhere out of sight, fifteen miles away at the other end of the lake, where she had never been, was the island, waiting too, in the checkered light and shadow of summer.

She decided she would go swimming five times. Once now, once before lunch, once at three, once before supper and once, if it was warm enough and any grownup would go with her, at night before bed. Having set a schedule of activity for the day, it seemed that it might go faster, and Susan felt in no hurry to move. Her cousin Brad's sneakers came in sight alongside her. He stood and surveyed the lake with a faint air of disapproval. "Weather breeder," he said.

"What's that mean?" asked Susan, scenting trouble.

"Day like this," he said, "without a cloud in the sky, is likely to be cooking up rain for tomorrow."

He got out the red canoe and without asking her to come, went

off by himself to invite melancholy along the west shore. He was sixteen and under almost constant compulsion to be sad.

"Nuts!" Susan said. "I don't care if it does rain. What difference does it make? We can go to the island some other day." It sounded blasphemous, but it was a sop to the listening gods—there was something already bred in her which warned her to pretend not to care too much.

She heard the sound of a hammer and went in search of its source. Her father was mending the floor in the summer-house. Outside it, Jennifer, her sister, waited for him to finish, her arms full of dolls and animals.

"Daddy," said Susan. Her voice made him jump, and he dropped the nail he was holding through a crack in the floor.

"For heaven's sake," he said crossly, "you move about without any noise!"

"I'm barefoot," said Susan calmly.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Brad says (Continued on page 143)

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

Since they were hopelessly
stuck on the rock, they
made an adventure of it.





Yes...

My Darling Daughter

When the darling daughter is sixteen, how long can the well-meaning parent keep on saying "yes" without regretting it?

Nina was reading on the coolly shaded porch when Pen called from the top of the stairs, "Mother, would you wear my blue sweater? Or my pink one?" A vital question at sixteen. Pen and Dodie Winton were going as far as the Sugar Bowl for a soda, undoubtedly on the off-chance that the same idea would occur to at least two of their male acquaintances.

"I'd wear the one that did the most for me," Nina called back.

How Pen did yearn toward pink, and how it warred with her hair! Jeff, her father, would say, "Pink for a redhead? One of us couldn't be color blind, could you?"

Just as sure as he said it, Pen would come down in the pink sweater, and she'd say, "But one of us could like pink, couldn't I?" Those two—and now Dodie Winton! Nina went back to her book, two little lines between her eyes.

Dodie's convertible turned into the drive, and Nina glanced up. Dodie got out, slammed the door behind her, and strolled across the lawn. Her blond hair, gilded from the rinse, glinted in the sun. It was peeled back from her forehead into an exaggerated bun at the nape of her neck, enclosed in a net. She wore "gay deceivers" under her sweater. The overemphasis made the effect incongruous with her slacks.

Jeff said, "Remind me next time I have the garden hose out and Dodie's around, to hose out her mind. That is, if she must be around."

During the school year, Dodie was at Miss Baron's School in town, but this was summer vacation. Anne Winton, her mother, was in Canada with Dodie's father on another of his fishing trips. Anne was the one who inserted those intermittent

want ads which read: "Couple wanted for domestic duties." The couples came and went, and so did Dodie.

Dodie came up on the porch to slump down on her spine in a deep chair, her head and shoulders against the back of it, her long legs stretched out in front of her. Obviously it was another of Dodie's days of insufferable boredom. She yawned.

"How are you, Mrs. Meldrum?" Dodie had that outward deference to her elders, but the spirit back of it relegated them to the past.

"Oh, quite well, Dodie." Nina looked to the sunlight beyond the awning. "But it really isn't rheumatism weather."


Pen was coming down the stairs. She came through the door in the blue sweater and a white pleated skirt, her bright curls tied on top of her head. Her eyes went quickly to Dodie for Dodie's sanction. Her face fell. Dodie's reaction was restrained silence. It was sheer bravado that made Pen twirl before Dodie and say, "How—do I—look?"

"Darling, you look exactly like Hobey Scott's dream girl," Dodie yawned. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Meldrum?"

Nina wanted no difference with Dodie. She smiled, "The point with me would be what Hobey thinks."

Her book in her lap, Nina saw the convertible off, a blue streak in the sun.

Echoes of these excursions with Dodie invariably came up at dinner, and Jeff was wholeheartedly for Hobey, the husky, square-chinned quarterback on the high-school football team. He was the basketball center. He was the tennis champion. Jeff said Hobey was a lucky draw (Continued on page 82)



The music year of 1948, which ends in September, has been one of the most disappointing in history: A song hit that would have been sure to sell a million or more copies two years ago now will sell little more than half a million. Phonograph recordings, which have provided the music industry with its lushest period of all time, seem to have lost their appeal. The steady stream of nickels which had been pouring into juke boxes has slowed down to a thin trickle.

Swing music has been on the way out for some time. Benny Goodman's clarinet, once the hottest wood instrument in the business, is being cooled out for appearances before the sedate audiences of such symphony strongholds as Carnegie Hall in New York and Constitution Hall in Philadelphia. If this isn't enough to activate all the ulcers

IRVING
BERLIN
discusses...

What's

in Tin Pan Alley, there is the recent report of the American Music Conference which shows that boogie-woogie now has only half as many devotees as folk tunes and considerably less than hillbilly songs.

"What's happening to music?" everyone connected with the business wonders. "Are we about to witness the start of a brand-new cycle?"

If there is anyone who can answer these worried questions it must be Irving Berlin, who is often credited with owning some mystic formula for knowing in advance what kind of music will please the public.

"It comes right down to this," Berlin says. "What's happening to the world?"

The state of the world and song writing are, in his opinion, linked closely together. This is not to say that a happy world

produces only the kind of music guaranteed to make a penitent Hindu jiggle with joy on his bed of nails; or a troubled world, music best suited to funerals. "The relationship," Berlin says, "is far more subtle than that."

The world has changed a lot since Irving Berlin wrote "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—his first great hit. "All of us," he says, "are far more complicated now. Our everyday lives are more complicated. In addition, our interests have broadened and at the same time grown more complicated." The craft of writing songs, as a result of its close link with the state of the world, has taken on numerous complications.

Even back in the days when Irving Berlin was trudging along Tin Pan Alley—and there was only a handful of publishers in the business at that time—the formula for song-writing success

was geared to news events. A song writer simply kept his eye on the newspaper headlines.

While flying still was a novelty, songs about airplanes were considered good publishing risks. When the nickelodeon began to attain popularity, there were dozens of songs written about the movies. There were songs about Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic; songs about the eight-day diet; songs about the death of Floyd Collins, a miner trapped in a cave-in; songs about Gertrude Ederle, the first woman to swim the English channel.

Berlin, who has witnessed every change in popular music in the last forty years, recalls that the big thing song writers looked for in the early days was an angle that would catch a music publisher's fancy. "The big difference today is that it isn't so (Continued on page 106)

There's no such thing as a song cycle, Mr. Berlin thinks. People always want the same thing from music: real sentiment that will make them cry and laugh and maybe help them dream a little

happening to Music

an interview by

CLIVE HOWARD

Drawings by Nicholas Angelo



The case of the man

"I'm positive,
Mr. Holmes. Booth never
got off the boat.
Just disappeared."

who was Wanted

by **SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE**



The most famous detective of all time solves his last case!

*A recently discovered and heretofore unpublished
novelette starring the immortal Sherlock Holmes*

During the late autumn of 'ninety-five a fortunate chance enabled me to take some part in another of my friend Sherlock Holmes's fascinating cases.

My wife not having been well for some time, I had at last persuaded her to take a holiday in Switzerland in the company of her old school friend Kate Whitney, whose name may be remembered in connection with the strange case I have already chronicled under the title of "The Man with the Twisted Lip." My practice had grown much, and I had been working very hard for many months and never felt in more need myself of a rest and a holiday. Unfortunately I dared not absent myself for a long enough period to warrant a visit to the Alps. I promised my wife, however, that I would get a week or ten days' holiday in somehow, and it was only on this understanding that she consented to the Swiss tour I was so anxious for her to take. One of my best patients was in a very critical state at the

time, and it was not until August was gone that he passed the crisis and began to recover. Feeling then that I could leave my practice with a good conscience in the hands of a *locum tenens*, I began to wonder where and how I should best find the rest and change I needed.

Almost at once the idea came to my mind that I would hunt up my old friend Sherlock Holmes, of whom I had seen nothing for several months. If he had no important inquiry in hand, I would do my uttermost to persuade him to join me.

Within half an hour of coming to this resolution I was standing in the doorway of the familiar old room in Baker Street.

Holmes was stretched upon the couch with his back towards me, the familiar dressing gown and old brier pipe as much in evidence as of yore.

"Come in, Watson," he cried, without glancing round. "Come in and tell me what good wind blows you here?"

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"If anyone is Holmes, then I must confess that it is I. . . a man cannot spin a character out of his own inner consciousness and make it really lifelike unless he has the possibilities of that character within himself."

— Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



"What an ear you have, Holmes," I said. "I don't think that I could have recognized your tread so easily."

"Nor I yours," said he, "if you hadn't come up my badly lighted staircase taking the steps two at a time with all the familiarity of an old fellow lodger; even then I might not have been sure who it was, but when you stumbled over the new mat outside the door which has been there for nearly three months, you needed no further announcement."

Holmes pulled out two or three of the cushions from the pile he was lying on and threw them across into the armchair. "Sit down, Watson, and make yourself comfortable; you'll find cigarettes in a box behind the clock."

As I proceeded to comply, Holmes glanced whimsically across at me. "I'm afraid I shall have to disappoint you, my boy," he said. "I had a wire only half an hour ago which will prevent me from joining in any little trip you may have been about to propose."

"Really, Holmes," I said, "don't you think this is going a little *too* far? I begin to fear you are a fraud and pretend to discover things by observation, when all the time you really do it by pure out-and-out clairvoyance!"

Holmes chuckled. "Knowing you as I do it's absurdly simple," said he. "Your surgery hours are from five to seven, yet at six o'clock you walk smiling into my rooms. Therefore you must have

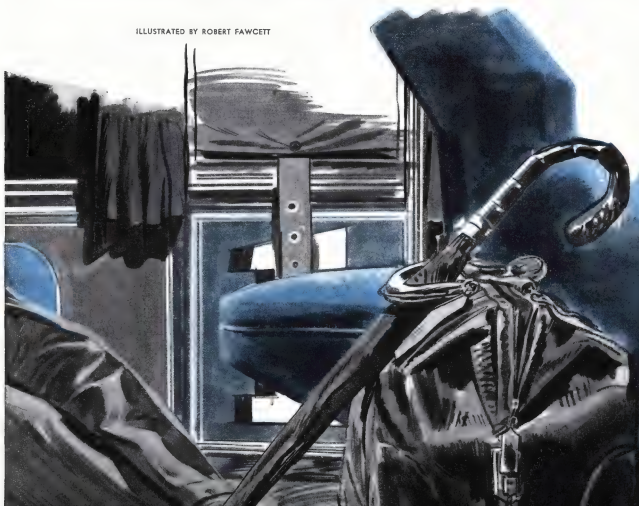
a *locum* in. You are looking well, though tired, so the obvious reason is that you are having, or about to have, a holiday. The clinical thermometer, peeping out of your pocket, proclaims that you have been on your rounds today, hence it's pretty evident that your real holiday begins tomorrow. When, under these circumstances, you come hurrying into my rooms—which, by the way, Watson, you haven't visited for nearly three months—with a new Bradshaw and a timetable of excursion bookings bulging out of your coat pocket, then it's more than probable you have come with the idea of suggesting some joint expedition."

"It's all perfectly true," I said, and explained to him, in a few words, my plans. "And I'm more disappointed than I can tell you," I concluded, "that you are not able to fall in with my little scheme."

Holmes picked up a telegram from the table and looked at it thoughtfully. "If only the inquiry this refers to promised to be of anything like the interest of some we have gone into together, nothing would have delighted me more than to have persuaded you to throw your lot in with mine for a time; but really I'm afraid to do so, for it sounds a particularly commonplace affair," and he crumpled the paper into a ball and tossed it over to me.

I smoothed it out and read: "To Holmes, 221B Baker Street, London, S. W. (Continued on page 92)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT



*Ever know a woman so sweet and kind and sensitive
that you wanted to murder her? No? Well, then, meet*



Beulah

by **MARY AUGUSTA RODGERS**

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

On a Saturday afternoon in July, young Mrs. Hoge and her sister-in-law, Martha, were having tea together. There were two small sofas before the fireplace (now cool with potted ferns and a hidden electric fan), and Mrs. Hoge and Martha sat facing each other, the tea table between them. The late afternoon light was scorched with heat and dust. Martha was tired from several hours of shopping; she wanted a bath and a nap, and, if she had to drink something, would have preferred beer. She had never liked tea. Nevertheless, the table bore a silver tea pot, and a silver plate holding heavily iced cakes. Young Mrs. Hoge insisted on the tea ritual, every week-end afternoon. She loved doing things for Martha.

Now she sat, bright-eyed and erect, smiling at Martha. She coughed, a tiny, kitten sound. Martha sighed. Nothing delicate about that sigh. It came from a woman who was feeling cross and whose feet hurt, and it sounded like a burst balloon. In contrast, Mrs. Hoge also sighed. A sweet whisper of a noise. "Darling," she said, "you do look tired. Do

you feel dreadful?" She looked as though she might go over to Martha and feel her forehead. "You shouldn't have gone downtown in all this heat. It's suffocating. Why didn't you tell me what you needed?"

"Well," Martha said, "I thought you were going to be at the welfare center all day." Mrs. Hoge could complain of the heat with charming effect, looking as cool as china, and wearing a dress the color of fresh mint. When Martha complained, she said, "Whew!" and mopped her forehead with a handkerchief. She wore a dark blue dress which was supposed to look cool and neat. Beside her sister-in-law's dress, it simply looked serviceable, like an apron.

"Oh, that's where I was. You know I never miss a single Saturday. But I could have gone out during lunch."

"I wouldn't ask you to miss lunch when I can perfectly well go myself. Don't be silly."

Young Mrs. Hoge bent forward, her hands clasped, her voice eager. "Any time I can do something for you!" she said. "The least little thing! I just love it."

"Lemon?" Martha asked her.

Mrs. Hoge took a lemon slice and squeezed a few drops into her tea. "Thank you, that's just what I wanted."

Unwillingly, Martha reproached herself. As a self-imposed penalty she asked, "How were things at the center today?"

Mrs. Hoge sighed again, wistfully. "Case histories," she said. "A few interviews. All routine, if you can ever train yourself to consider the records of human tragedy as routine. I've told myself that I must grow hard, Martha, just a little. I can't keep tearing myself to pieces this way. But the children break my heart. They need help so. A lifetime wouldn't be too much to give to help them. That's the way I feel . . ."

Martha was able to make adequate replies without listening. "How true," she said at intervals. Young Mrs. Hoge went on expressing sentiments of love, hope, faith and generosity. That voice, Martha thought. In the year since she had come to live with her brother and his wife, she had thought a good deal about Beulah's voice. (Continued on page 76)



the Luck (2)





of the Irish

by JOHN LATHAM TOOHEY

St. Patrick's Day (sunrise) — Willie O'Hara loved Catherine Callahan who had a yen for Phelan Kerrigan . . .

St. Patrick's Day (sunset) — None of these things was true

Running a bar, you get to meet lots of wise Joes. But I never knew a guy as crafty as Willie O'Hara.

He was sudden death in a crap game and a fast man with a poker deck, and as if that wasn't enough for one guy, Willie was a handsome kid besides, in a red-cheeked, baby-faced Irish way that had women chewing their fingers. Women, and other gamblers, who never could believe that anybody who looked like an overgrown choir-boy would have the gall to make three aces back away from a busted flush.

One Friday early in March, while I was standing behind the counter polishing glasses and watching a couple of punks feed nickels into the pinball machine, Willie came walking in with his face down to here. I hadn't seen him for a week or so, and he looked as if he hadn't slept in between.

"Hello, stranger," I said. "Where you been hidin'?"

"Hello, Mike," said Willie. He sat down on a stool, and then he sighed and pushed his hat to the back of his head.

"Take down that bottle of Irish whisky," he said. "Then start pourin' and listenin'."

I got out the bottle and poured two drinks, one for him, one for me. Willie's went down as if it was water, and I filled his glass again.

"So early in the morning," I said. "Death in the family? You blow a photo on a three-horse stab? Or what?"

"Worse," said Willie, and he drained his second drink. "I'm in love."

"Lots of guys are in love," I said, "and they don't go around destroyin' no Irish whisky."

Willie pushed his glass over again, and I gurgled a little into it and put the bottle away. "That's all," I said. "I want to hear about it while you can still talk."

Willie had his third drink. "Mike," he said, "do I look as if I got leprosy?"

"If you have, it don't show," I said.

"Do I look like a guy a girl would want to marry?"

"To me you do," I said. "But then, I ain't no girl."

Willie let his chin sink into his hand. "She's got eyes as blue as flowers," he said dreamily. "She's got skin that came right off a baby. She's built like a good two-year-old—trim and neat and (Continued on page 108)

ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON UTZ



Are these the soldiers of some future war?



Berlin's rubble is their playground.



Photos by International and Transatlantic

Germany's Gunpowder Children

by MARJORIE FISKE

*Social psychologist, former senior associate,
Bureau of Applied Social Research, Columbia University*

*This American observer feels that
unless we break the vicious pattern
of German family life, these overdisciplined
and underfed children may some-
day express their resentment in a war
of revenge*

**Missing fathers mean
added emotional strain.**

The place: Germany.

The time: 1948.

Blond and braided Hilda, a five-year-old, had come to play with her friend. But on her face was no eagerness. When she walked in, it was as though someone were prodding her on, with threats, from behind.


Her young friend shouted a welcome and raced to greet her, but Hilda stood in silence and stared with solemn blue eyes. After looking about the room, she walked toward her friend's mother, with eyes lowered, to shake hands and curtsy. Then, without so much as a glance at her friend, she marched heavily up the stairs and proceeded to sit down in a corner of the playroom. She picked up, one by one, each of the toys within reach, examined it closely, and put it back. At each effort of her friend to get her to participate in play, she simply shook her head. Half an hour later she made the rounds of curtsying and handshaking and went silently home.

Hilda is a German child; she lives in Frankfurt, Germany, and she had just paid a call on her American neighbor, Sue. She paid several visits before anyone in the household discovered that she could speak fluent English.

Hilda cannot be called a typical German child, but she is an interesting one because, in her, certain elements of German home and school training have produced their logical, if exaggerated, results. Other German children are friendlier, but the same inhibitions are visible: the same feeling of strangeness in the presence of an American child, which cannot be altogether accounted for by the language difficulties.

For instance, Sue goes to the American nursery school every morning, and she has to wait for the large (Continued on page 128)





Dinty looked half-defiant, and a little scared, but Father Cassidy knew that deep down inside he was all right.

Golden Glove

by DOROTHY PITKIN

Treesa could hear Mom talking with Pearl downstairs. Since they had brought her from the hospital this morning Treesa had listened to them talking, and it hadn't meant much. All day voices had floated up, and faces had drifted in and out of her room like voices and faces in a dream. Now there was something in Mom's voice that brought Treesa awake. Hearing Mom creak upstairs to tell her what Pearl had said, Treesa knew the thing was settled.

"Treesa?"

"What, Mom?"

Mom tiptoed heavily to the bed and sat down. She took Treesa's hand. "I just wanted to know if you was awake."

Mom's face staring down at Treesa was white and flat. Mom's face had never had much shape to it. It seemed as if the parts had got tired and had all run together, and now it was more like that than ever. This last year it seemed like something heavy had rolled over Mom's face squeezing out everything except the flatness and sadness. Maybe it had been

hard on the rest of them. Pearl taking care of the shares, paying out the twenty-two fifty every month to the Co-operative Mutual. Raymond greasing cars overtime so the doctor could be paid. And the district nurse, and the hospital. But Mom was the one Treesa was sorry for.

Mom sat breathing hard. For a moment they listened to water running in the bathroom where Pearl was getting ready to wash her hair. "Pearl's just got back from the Friendly Aid, Treesa."

"I know." Treesa turned her head to the window beside her bed. All the way from two blocks came the smell of frying clams. Honey Jake's had started up. Beyond the boulevard the big roller coaster was going. Summer had begun. "You don't need to tell me, Mom."

Mom ran her fingers, rough as sandpaper, over Treesa's hand. "You just want to think of all the good things your baby will get."

"I know." If only Mom would stop trying to make it seem okay. There was nothing anyone (Continued on page 88)

Should a young mother keep her baby under circumstances

like these? Should she? And if so, how?

ILLUSTRATED BY LONIE BEE



I Had My Baby



I've had several operations in my life, and I don't make a habit of talking about them, but I am so enthusiastic about the painless convenient way I had my second child that I want to tell the details to everyone I meet.

In fact I was so happy with what I had gone through that I told my doctor less than an hour after the birth that I would like to have twenty-five babies the same way—if I could only support them!

I had my first baby in the prescribed manner, although somewhat rapidly for a first child. Several days before he was due to arrive, and of course in the middle of the night, my husband and I made a mad dash to the hospital, and within a few hours my son was born.

I had had the usual delivery treatment: rocking back and forth between oblivion and wakefulness, with the anesthetist gently placing the ether mask over my face when I needed it most. I awoke once to see the doctor bending over me, then again to ask what the baby was, then at last to see my son. He was very sleepy, too. Whenever the nurse brought him to me, we had to struggle to waken him long enough to nurse. I thought it was so cruel to flick his little feet to arouse him, but that was the only thing to do. I was assured this sleepiness at feeding time was to be expected, since the anesthetic I had taken at the time of delivery had affected him, too, and it was taking a little longer to wear off in his case.

The short time that it took him to be born also bothered me. I had always heard that the first

baby took longest, so I made up my mind then and there that if I ever had another child, I would camp on the doctor's doorstep, three weeks before it was due, just to make sure.

But several years later, when my second baby was on the way, and I mentioned my resolve to my doctor in Pittsburgh, he introduced me to the most satisfying method of childbirth I could ever have dreamed or hoped for.

"It is called the 'Caudal analgesic or anesthetic,'" he explained. "The difference in the two words is one merely of medical designation, so we'll just use the word 'anesthetic.'"

For some time before he entered military service, my doctor continued, he had been interested in the possibilities of the caudal as a method of painless childbirth, but only the single injection had been used. Meanwhile, the continuous-injection method was developed by Dr. Robert A. Hingson. Upon his release from active duty, my doctor had gone to Memphis and taken a course on administering the injections from Dr. Hingson.

Some women cannot take the caudal, he explained, because the opening at the bottom of the sacrum is either too small or nonexistent, but in the majority of women that opening is adequate for the purpose.

According to my doctor, this opening at the bottom of the sacrum (which is the bone forming the lower extremity of the vertebral column) leads to a continuation of the opening which contains the spinal cord. However, the spinal cord itself and its covering stop a considerable distance above the

by Appointment

A young mother tells of the painless birth of her second child and of the role played by a new method of anesthesia

by ELLENJANE DONAHOE

OCTOBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
5	6	7	1	2	3	4
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

opening. Here are nerves comparable to the arm and leg nerves. An injection of a local anesthetic at this point does just what a dentist does in blocking the nerves in one side of the face, prior to a tooth extraction. The caudal is a nerve block. There is no paralysis of any muscles, and the spinal cord is not affected—only the nerves after they emerge from the spinal cord. With the caudal, the patient is able to move her legs and to feel pressure on them, but she is insensitive to pain from the waist down.

My doctor also told me that the caudal was excellent for babies, since it did not affect them in any way. At the moment of birth my baby would be awake and breathing, with no need of help to start respiration.

And we needn't wait for the baby to decide when to be born, either. Although the caudal could be used when labor had begun naturally, and continued throughout the labor period, my doctor preferred another method: when he felt that the baby was sufficiently developed, he would send me to the hospital and begin proceedings. He explained that inducing labor is generally safe and practical for women who have already had a child, provided they meet certain conditions physically.

This method was for me. I quit worrying about the baby beating me to the hospital, last minute preparations and all the confusion I'd experienced the first time. I simply enjoyed my pregnancy. I held the secret of what I was going to do within my own family until the last, so I could savor all the delicious pleasure of confounding my friends.

My baby was due October twelfth, and my last appointment with the doctor was for October second. He had told me the week before that my baby was almost ready for birth, but he wanted to wait one more week. After the usual preliminaries, he turned to me and asked, "How would like to have a baby next Monday? That will give you a full week end to get your family settled, pack your bag and tend to all other details."

What utter luxury! The first time, I'd had my bag packed and ready for weeks—and someone always managed to trip over it at least once a day. The refrigerator was as bare as only the day before shopping could find it; the hamper was full of soiled clothes; and I dashed to the hospital with my hair in dire need of a shampooing.

Now I leisurely got my house in order, bought food for my husband's bachelor days, packed my son off to his grandmother's, washed and fixed my hair, manicured my nails, notified my friends and reveled in the curiosity and surprise of everyone.

"I'm going to have my baby Monday, Ruth, so call me at the hospital Monday night, and I'll tell you all about it."

"But how do you know?"

"Are you sure?"

I hadn't swallowed a canary—I'd dined on a full aviary!

Late Monday morning, I entered the hospital just as I would enter a department store, arranged my accommodations and got ready for bed. Because of the crowded conditions, I (Continued on page 129)

Marriage is no Honeymoon

To stay married "for the sake of the child," or get a divorce "so that the child will not grow up in an atmosphere of bickering?" Here is a story that may change your thinking on that problem

by **JEROME WEIDMAN**

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS

The thing about Laura was her tenacity. One of the things, anyway.

When she suggested that it might be fun to drive up to Binnie's new place in Dutchess County some Sunday, Fred said he didn't think it would be fun at all and, besides, the tires were shot, and the car couldn't take the punishment. As long as he made his living as a salesman, Fred said, the car was as important as his relationship with his boss, a peppery little man who became annoyed when the cars of the members of his staff broke down. He wasn't going to jeopardize either the car or the relationship by foolish trips to Dutchess County.

Fred said all this firmly, believing and meaning every word, but he knew they would be driving up to Dutchess County.

"Maybe, if you could dig up a couple of new phrases, instead of the single word 'no' that your vocabulary seems to have shaken down to lately, your relationship with your boss might improve sufficiently so that we could trade in that old rattletrap for something that really looks like a car," said Laura. "If you won't think of me, or even of yourself,

you might think of your seven-year-old son, imprisoned, from one end of the week to the other, by the bleak walls of a three-room apartment on Grove Street. No sun, no fresh air, no variety. Binnie and Hank, this new husband of hers, raise Black Angus cattle. Think how good a Sunday in a place like that will be for Tommy."

"I'll take Tommy to the park on Sunday, the way I always do," Fred said. "If I can't earn enough to buy a country estate for him to grow up on, he might just as well become accustomed to that fact early. I don't want him getting any funny ideas about what the world is like by hanging around rich screwballs like your friend Binnie and her gigolo husband."

"Binnie is your friend just as much as she's mine, and she's not a screwball, and how can you say a man is a gigolo when you haven't even met him?" Laura said. "Besides, seeing Binnie and her brand-new Hank and their farm for a few hours on a nice, sunny day does not constitute hanging around."

"Let's cut this one short before it blows up into one of those arguments," Fred said. "Let's

just say we're not going to Binnie's."

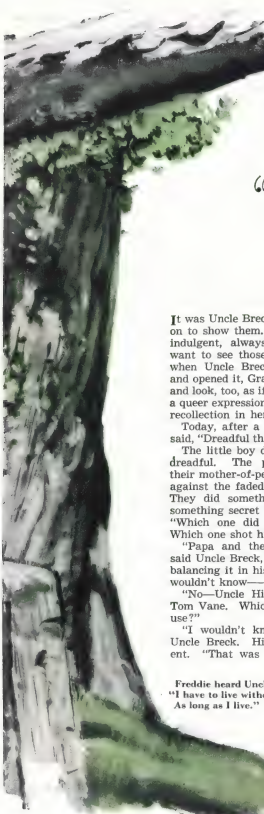
"I'm not blowing anything up into any arguments," Laura said. "I'm just saying why can't you be reasonable about a suggestion, and say 'I'll think it over,' instead of jumping down my throat with a flat 'no.' Why can't you be gracious?"

Probably, Fred thought, because that was what Laura's friends always said about her. They said she was gracious, by which Fred supposed they meant she didn't make a nuisance of herself by insisting on bridge when they all wanted to play that wonderful new word game, but he often wondered why her friends never noticed that, before the evening was over, they were playing bridge. Fred imagined the answer lay in the fact that most people tied up certain words with certain fixed pictures in their minds. Tenacity was something you associated with grim-visaged generals in the newsreels, not with a slender, laughing, (Continued on page 100)

When he discovered Laura off in a corner with this smooth, new husband of Binnie's, Fred's fury increased.







*She was devil's bait, they said,
and he was a man possessed. And between them lay
the shadow of an old feud*

"I'll Never Let You Go"

by MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

It was Uncle Breck who could be counted on to show them. Grandmother, usually indulgent, always said, "What do you want to see those old things for?" Yet when Uncle Breck took down the case and opened it, Grandmother used to come and look, too, as if drawn against her will, a queer expression of distaste and musing recollection in her face.

Today, after a moment of silence, she said, "Dreadful things!" and turned away.

The little boy did not think they were dreadful. The pistols were beautiful, their mother-of-pearl and silver gleaming against the faded red velvet of the case. They did something exciting to him, something secret and thrilling. He asked, "Which one did he use, Uncle Breck? Which one shot him dead?"

"Papa and the New Orleans bully?" said Uncle Breck, picking up a pistol and balancing it in his slim, brown hand. "I wouldn't know——"

"No—Uncle Hilary and that bad old Tom Vane. Which one did Uncle Hilary use?"

"I wouldn't know that, either," said Uncle Breck. His voice sounded different. "That was forty years ago, boy."

He added, "Both of these have done plenty shooting in their time."

"Which one do you think Uncle Hilary used?" the boy persisted.

"I wish he'd never heard that story," said Grandmother crossly, from the flower stand where she was picking off dead leaves.

Uncle Hilary had been her older brother. Uncle Hilary Fairchild. Grandmother's name had always been Fairchild because she had married a cousin of the same name. Uncle Hilary had fought in that war which, with the Grandmother up North, you called the Civil War, and here in Kentucky the War between the States. Kentucky had stayed in the Union, but the Fairchilds had been Confederates. Uncle Hilary had not fought with these pistols. They were for more personal affairs.

Grandfather had always carried them on any journey. "A gentleman could never be without his duelling pistols," Grandmother once explained, a curious pride in her voice. Then sadness came into it. "It was a dreadful worry. You never knew when any tipsy stranger who called himself a gentleman might take

Freddie heard Uncle Breck say,
"I have to live without you, Georgie.
As long as I live."

A Cosmopolitan Novelette



They stood for a moment back to back, and then turned. Vane shouted angrily, "I'm not going on with this!"



some silly offense and want to fight—"

The New Orleans bully had been a tipsy stranger. But Uncle Hilary's story had nothing to do with encounters like that. It came of the "bad blood" between the Fairchilds and the Vanes. The boy loved the sound of "bad blood"—it conjured up fearful images of a dark, dangerous stream, its surface blackly crust-ed like the lava in pictures he had seen, its underneath all molten fire that flared out when you poked it.

The fire had flared frequently between the two families in the old days. There had been a dispute over the boundary at the small lake between their places,

then disputes over horses and cards, and every so often the hot words blazed into a challenge and an exchange of shots. "Always trouble when a Fairchild and a Vane meet up," Dina, the black cook, told the boy. "Those old lying, cheating Vanes . . . Holding themselves so high and mighty . . ."

No one seemed to know what caused the quarrel between Hilary Fairchild and Tom Vane, but they'd been about to fight when word came that Fort Sumter was fired on. They put aside their personal affair and joined the Confederacy, in accord for once. Tom Vane came home first, limping, and at the war's end came Hilary Fairchild, wan from a Northern prison. Then Tom Vane had renewed the challenge.

"Tell me how they did it, Uncle Breck," begged the boy. "How they used to fight a duel."

"Well—if you were challenged you had to accept—"

"Or you wouldn't be a gentleman."

"That's right," said Uncle Breck, smiling. "These old-timers had their highfalutin notions of honor. So then each one asked some friends to be a second, to arrange things and then stand by. They picked out a place and time for meeting, usually early in the morning, and they rode there with their seconds, and maybe some friends and a doctor, and the seconds examined the weapons and then they loaded. See the powder here in the case? First they put that in, down the muzzle, then some

paper for wadding and then the bullet. They only had one bullet. Big fellows, aren't they?"

The little boy stared at the big, round bullets in the oblong compartment in the middle of the case, bullets that grandfather or Uncle Hilary must have made in that old mold beside them. Solemnly he nodded.

"Fifty caliber. No rifling in the pistol. They rammed down the bullet with that little wooden stick, and—"

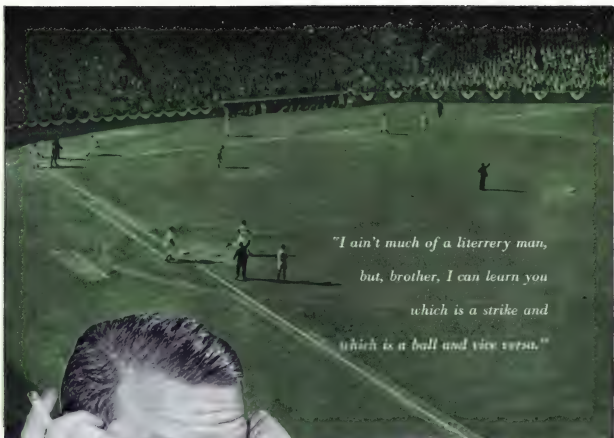
"You shouldn't tell him all this, Breck."

"Why that's the way it was, Mother!" Uncle Breck had a laughing voice so it was hard to tell when he was making fun or not. "Aren't you proud of the old days of chivalry and honor?"

"And then..." (Cont'd on page 130)

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN BRIGGS





*"I ain't much of a litterrery man,
but, brother, I can learn you
which is a strike and
which is a ball and vice versa."*

International Press Association, George Dorrell



**Dizzy Dean in
action. In 1934 he
won thirty games for the
St. Louis Cardinals.**



The young man who was pitching for the Saint Louis Browns took his stance on the mound and glanced at the Cleveland Indian, who was taking a lead off second base. His situation was not good. The Indians had two men on with no outs, and Lou Boudreau was at bat.

"This feller Bood-roo stands confidentially at the plate," Dizzy Dean said. "Loose and ree-laxed, just like me when I'm up there. Nothing I like better than bein' at the plate, specially when it's a big plate full of ham and cabbage."

The pitch was wide on the outside, and the ball hopped out of the catcher's glove. He ripped off his mask and pounced on it.

"Oh-oh," Dean said. "Moss dropped the ball, but he recovered it in time to hold the runners on their respective bases. Ball one. Now Moss, the catcher, is walkin' out there to the mound to hold a little conference with the pitcher. They're probably decidin' whether to go to the movies after the game. C'mon, you Browns. For gosh sake's let's beat these Cleveland guys!"

But Boudreau walked and Joe Gordon, the next hitter, singled into left field.

"Somebody kindly pass the

fork," Dean said, holding his head. "This pitcher looks like he is done."

Jerome Herman Dean, now quite gray at the ripe old age of thirty-seven, still flourishes in the profession he adopted in 1941 when his lame pitching arm finally forced him to retire from baseball. He collects approximately twenty thousand dollars a year for murdering the English language while broadcasting play-by-play descriptions of the Saint Louis Browns' ball games under the sponsorship of Falstaff, "the beer that's first in the heart of America, yes, sir!"

"While the new pitcher is warming up," he said, "let me remind you folks that Bob Feller will pitch for Cleveland against the Browns here in Sportsman's Park tomorrow. That fast ball of Feller's reminds me of the high, hard ones I throwed back in 1934, when me and Paul won forty-nine games for the Cards and whupped the Dee-troit Tigers in the world series in which I hit a home run to boot."

Then the Great Man entertained his listeners by humming "The Wabash Cannonball." He borrowed another cigarette from France Laux, the veteran Saint Louis sportscaster who carries

the heavy burden of keeping Dean's audience informed about what is actually taking place at the ball game. France describes every other inning, keeps score and supplies facts and figures, a duty that bores Dean. He also reads the commercials. Dean hates to read any kind of a script and rarely does.

"I ain't much of a litterrery man," Diz explains. "I may not know that man Webster's first name but, brother, I can learn you which is a strike and which is a ball and vice versa."

Nobody, least of all Dean himself, knows what Dean is going to say next during a ball game.

During a lull in the proceedings a few weeks ago, he stroked his chin reflectively and remarked, apropos of nothing at all, "Folks, I never knew until today that France Laux wears a wig."

Laux looked startled. He has never worn a wig in his life. He wondered what was coming next. Dean resumed his description of the game and never alluded to the wig again.

A few innings later, Dizzy said, "The trouble with them boys is they ain't got enough spart."

A bystander asked him afterwards for a definition of the word, "spart." (Continued on page 141)

*Teachers of English cringe and hold
their ears, but baseball fans love*

DIZZY AT THE MIKE

by JOE MCCARTHY



Late that afternoon, for the second time, Hannah Wigle saw the great dog as she went to feed the chickens. Something made her turn as she came to the wired henyard, and there he was standing out in the open, looking straight at her. It gave her a start, he was so big and fierce-looking, but the start gave way to pleasure. It showed she was making some headway with the animal.

He had just emerged silently from the brush-grown coulee behind the barn. All that food she had laid out for him was begin-

ning to have an effect, she decided. He had never quite come out in the open like this before. It would take time and patience, but in the end she might win him over.

The animal was coming slowly toward her. It moved with a limp, and she saw that one of its forepaws was misshapen and greatly enlarged. The size and power of the creature was a bit breathtaking at close range, and so was the fixed dominant look of its yellow-green eyes which held to Hannah's face with a steadiness almost frightening. What a mag-

What a companion and protector he would be, if she could win him over. But his blazing eyes held no promise.

A tale of the frontier

by PAUL ANNIXTER



nificent fellow he was, what a companion and protector for this lonely claim, if she could win him over.

She spoke to him in soft coaxing tones and held out a hand. That only stopped the animal in his tracks, some thirty feet away, with slightly lifted head. There was no slightest stirring of the bushy tail. She whistled softly, and still there was no response. But the yellow eyes never wavered. Hannah had never been subjected to such a stare, and something contracted in the pit of her stomach. In the impact of

it there was both fascination and a tinge of fear.

Suddenly the ruthless eyes of the beast seemed to brim with a lurid blue-green flame, and it must have moved closer without her being aware of it. Hannah instinctively backed away and stepped inside the chicken run, swinging the gate to behind her. Quickly she regretted the action, for the animal's purpose was broken; it sidled away. She had lost the best chance she had yet had. She opened the gate and called cajolingly, but the great dog slipped quietly from sight.

She decided to say nothing to her nephew about the incident. Stan had glimpsed the animal once disappearing in the brush. It looked to him like a wolf, he said, and he had warned her about it, but she had scoffed at the idea. A wolf would never show himself in the open, she said. A wolf would howl at night, and the only sound they had heard had been the yapping of coyotes. The animal was a big police dog, she was certain, probably crossed with some other breed; just the sort of dog they needed for this wild and lonely place. She had

Big Foot

the Last Outlaw



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SMITH

not dreamed it would take so long to win the animal's confidence. A full month had passed now, and the creature still waited till dead of night to come to the food she set out for it.

Hannah went toward the house with her characteristic forceful, decisive movements. As she began preparing the evening meal she thought and thought about the dog, feeling again the gaze of those impelling ochre-green eyes. Some foolish timidity had made her break the rapport that had come between her and the dog, she decided. But another chance would come, she knew.

As dusk came on she set out a bit more food than usual for the wanderer, who had come to typify the wildness and danger accruing to this first breath of the untrammelled West, this first adventure of hers in mid-life.

All through her youth Hannah Wigle had craved something like this. But up to her forty-eighth year in the little New England town where she was raised, not even a venture, let alone an adventure had come her way. Then, when her sister died, had come the opportunity to escape, taking with her her orphaned nephew Stan, Sue's son, in whom her dream of Western venture was revived.

It was a reckless thing these two were doing here from all practical standpoints, proving up on a remote Montana claim, an eighteen-year-old youth and a

middle-aged spinster. They stood to win little even if plans turned out their rosiest, but neither had a thought of that. Each was doing the thing he loved, and Hannah at least was having her deferred day.

Outside the cabin, Big Foot, the gaunt lobo from the Butte lands, prowled and prowled as darkness drew on. He had eaten the scraps from the pan near the back door in two or three greedy snaps, and as usual it only served as an appetizer for a hunger that craved its weight in fresh beef or mutton. For weeks the big wolf had gone lean to the point of starvation, for he was old, far past his prime, and in his gaunt frame was no longer the speed and power for a rangeland kill.

Big Foot, once the most infamously famous renegade of the Bad Lands, had suffered during the past year the swift and tragic decline of all canines beyond the age of twelve. Within a few months he had lost half his teeth, his muscles lost their spring, and he found himself able to kill only the youngest beef and lambs in his raids. In almost overnight he was unable to kill anything on the hoof and, like a scavenger coyote, he fell to lying in wait for rabbits, digging out chipmunks and starved prairie dogs for food. But for all that his powers had flagged, and he was no more of a menace to the cattlemen than the slinkiest coy-

ote, government trappers still pursued him. Three years before the Cattlemen's Association had posted a reward of five hundred dollars for Big Foot, dead or alive, without time limit, and so, though he wanted little but to rest and sleep, rest was gone for him now. His notoriety lived on, and a skilled government trapper, Norgaard, still ranged the country for the express purpose of bringing him low.

In three months Big Foot had been driven out of nine different localities where life in his enfeebled state was still possible for him. Wherever he went an amazing choice of lures were laid out for him by Norgaard. There were fish heads, chunks of meat, smoked honey, chicken hearts and even live ducks and rabbits in flimsy pens, but Big Foot eschewed them all despite his hunger. Ten years before he had learned once and for all to take only food running free and where it listed. Besides these things there were some seven dozen traps set along the cattle paths in every district he visited, but as always Big Foot kept away from all paths.

Could Norgaard and some of the irate cattlemen of the range have seen Big Foot, slinking about, gaunt and feeble, with ragged coat and limping gait, never drawing an easy breath, they might have been a little ashamed (Continued on page 75)



“Lida’s First Fling”

in the September Cosmopolitan

rolls back the curtain once more on Grandma—

and Father Sebastian—and Uncle Zdenek—and the

Aunts—and all those wonderful people you

have met in the charming stories of

Czenzi Ormonde



A Summer Ballad

OF

SOUP 'N' SALAD

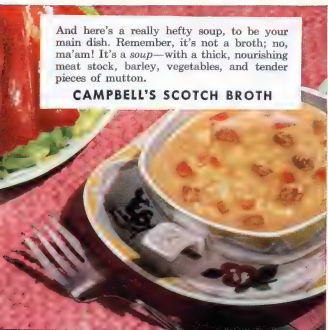
*Hark to this tale of Summer days,
Of mealtime tips and kitchen ways;
To please your family noon and night
Remember how cold foods delight;
But nourishment and taste-appeal
Increase with One Hot Dish—each meal!*

*If you'd reduce your kitchen hours,
And spend more time in tending flowers;
If you would save on table dollars,
And stretch your money till it "hollers";
If you'd lift appetites that droop—
Then make your One Hot Dish—GOOD SOUP!*



This delightful chicken soup is particularly inviting in the summer. One taste tells you the broth is made with plenty of chicken; there's rice to add its substance, and tender pieces of chicken galore.

CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN SOUP
(WITH RICE)



And here's a really hefty soup, to be your main dish. Remember, it's not a broth; no, ma'am! It's a *soup*—with a thick, nourishing meat stock, barley, vegetables, and tender pieces of mutton.

CAMPBELL'S SCOTCH BROTH



Campbell's
SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



You'll welcome "the soup most folks like best." Luscious tomatoes, creamery butter and seasoning are blended according to a matchless recipe. Sometimes add milk instead of water for an extra-delicious cream of tomato.

CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP



All over the world... *that's Gin!*

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY W. & A. GILBEY LTD. IN THE UNITED STATES AND IN ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA AND CANADA
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. 90 Proof. London Dry Gin. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

Big Foot, the Last Outlaw

(Continued from page 72)



of the bloodthirsty zeal of their campaign. But they had no way of knowing that Big Foot's days were numbered by age itself, that his killings were over, and that he had taken to existing like a scavenger coyote.

In the last month of the duel Big Foot had left the cattle lands entirely and, followed by a skulking crew of coyotes who never left his trail, he moved northward into the unfenced nulls. Thus he had come upon the lonely claim, drawn by the henyard, and later held by the strange offerings of meat and scraps set out by the woman, which he feared at first but later devoured in an instinctive knowledge that they were free of poison threat.

The rich warm scent of the chickenyard tortured him at all times, but the pen-walls were sunk deep in earth, and the wire was strong, defying his feeble attacks. Nightly he prowled about the pen, and daily he watched the woman come and go. At first he was filled with dread at the woman's glance, and still more at her voice. Then strange things began to stir in him at the soft seductive tones she used. He sensed kindness and friendliness—new things in his life. Then underneath that he sensed weakness. As time went on the sense of his own power and the woman's timidity grew, and into the brain of the grim old killer crept the first daring impulse to put his benefactress to a much more cogent and practical use.

He was suddenly certain that he could overpower her, but the first time the red lust swept him, the deep buried awe of all the wild for man had held him back. Today, the second time, he had been bolder. He might have carried through his assault had not the woman retreated suddenly within the chicken yard. But there would come another time, he knew, and, like the woman, he was determined not to fail again.

His eyes glowed as he padded across

the barn lot. But soon weakness overtook him, and he sought his hide-out in the dense brush to rest and growse again. In the near-by thicket he heard his followers, the coyotes. They were never far from him now, as if in full knowledge that the end was close.

He fell into the half doze in which he lived so much of late, a fog of memory in which past and present were inextricably mingled. The pain of his stiffened legs became the pain of the long travel lops of his kind; the vague forms of coyotes were part of his pack of five years before, and he ran again at their head...

It was the winter he had first become king of the pack on the Cheyenne River, and led his following into the fat cattle country of Southwest Wyoming. There they had launched themselves upon the great herds and killed and killed, selecting the choicest beefs, gorging and sleeping till the fat grew thick on their ribs in spite of the great cold. That was the year he won his name and fame in the range, and for the killings of his band were estimated in thousands of dollars. And that was the year the trapper, Norgaard, took up his trail.

Traps were sown everywhere on the plains in late winter. Big Foot led the pack over the Montana line, but Norgaard followed, and in the spring put his brand upon the king wolf. As he rolled in the dust one warm day, his outflung front paw had sprung a trap. He had gnawed his way to freedom, and the mangled foot, splayed in healing, remained enlarged, giving him the name by which he was ever after to be known.

Life on the range became a constant warfare. Every new scent meant danger, and the wolves dropped rapidly off, for stockmen paid big bounty on them. Another winter and Big Foot moved south into the sheep country, and his band killed with a fiendish delight. Then Norgaard came again, with a partner, for government never slept on the trail of a renegade, and the big wolf was known everywhere by his tell-tale foot.

For a long time the duel was a stalemate for the trapper. For Big Foot was too wise to follow trails any more, and with flashing fangs and threatening snarls drove the younger members of his pack away from the occasional dead chickens or penned rabbits. Soon he returned to the cattle country again. Beef blood, fresh, warm, heady, tempted him as strong drink tempts the toper.

It was shortly after this that Big Foot's mate fell victim to a spring trap. After that he became solitary, indeed, running entirely alone, driving off with the wolves who have banded up with

him. A constant restlessness and loneliness rode him now; he rarely lingered in a locality more than a day or two.

The old wolf awoke with a start. It was broad daylight, and something was padding through the brush but a few yards away. A spasm of shock, almost terror, passed through him. He rose with a roar of challenge, but his old legs gave way beneath him in mid-spring. Two forms melted away like wraiths in the weeds. Only the coyotes, nosing about as usual. He sank down, trembling.

He lay for a time, his faculties slowly coming in from the drift of dreams. He heard Stan's car start up and go chugging down the valley. Then he heard Hannah Wigle's voice calling the chickens to their corn. He crept forth and was standing but twenty feet away when the woman opened the pen gate.

The eyes of the two met, and for a moment or two surprise held Hannah rigid. What struck her now was the look of sadness and loneliness in the face of the beast, as if he were asking for companionship. What struck the old wolf, if anything, was the shadow of finality. It was now or never, he knew, for the thing he meant to do.

He moved forward stiffly, his gaze held to the woman's face. And Hannah, chirruping soft encouragement, put forth a hand and held her ground.

Twelve feet away and the crystal silence of the morning was shattered by a hard slapping report. Big Foot seemed to jerk suddenly in air, his body collapsing loosely like a figure made of straw, the gaunt jaws snapping blindly at grass and earth. Five hundred feet down the coulee a man had risen abruptly from the thickets, a smoking rifle in his hands. He came forward at a run.

Even at that distance Norgaard had been able to read Big Foot's intention. In another forty seconds he would have made shreds and scraps of the woman, and the man told her so as he stood beside the quarry he had trailed for nearly five years. He told her of the old renegade and the reward that had been posted for him. "The honor'll likely go to you, ma'am, and the reward too," Norgaard said. "Government men aren't allowed to take bounty money."

He expected some register of amazement and pleasure from the woman, at least gratitude for saving her life. Instead Hannah Wigle dropped to her knees for a minute beside the body of the old wolf; then she rose and without word hurried toward the house, sobbing like one to whom a final hope has been denied.

Norgaard stood looking after her in mute amazement.

THE END

I Knew Jack Dempsey When (Continued from page 8)

smile and extended his hand. "Glad to meet you, kid," he said. "I have heard of you."

I doubt that he had, but it was nice of him to pretend. I was encouraged to continue, "I'm hoping I can make a professional career of fighting."

He looked at me and said, "Why not? You look like you're in good shape."

"I'm having trouble with my hands," I confided. "They seem to be too brittle, and I jam them up each time I fight."

He examined my sore knuckles and said, "Maybe you don't tape them right." And then for nearly five minutes the heavyweight champion of the world—the Dempsey who was supposed to be a rough, ruthless character more like

an animal than a man—gave me, an unknown, advice on how to apply tape.

Then at the end of the ride, when he waved good-by and shouted, "Good luck!" I thought the sports writers must have this chap all wrong.

That December, when Jack fought Bill Brennan at the old Madison Square Garden, I realized how Dempsey had

acquired his reputation. In the ring he was an entirely different man. His black hair was bushy and stood up like the fur of an angry cat. He had a bluish stubble of beard that stood out as stiff as porcupine quills. His scowl frightened people thirty rows away.

When the bell sounded he bounded out of his corner, swinging with both hands. When he connected with his knockout punch, the unfortunate Brennan hit the mat so hard he sprained his ankle! Dempsey was the greatest fighter—and the most destructive—I had ever seen. I realized that if I ever hoped to beat this great champion, this man of great fighting instinct and fury, I'd have to start planning and working.

For six years I studied movies of Jack's fights—first of those with Willard and Brennan and later with Carpenter and Firpo. The more I saw, the more I respected him. He was tireless and fast as lightning, and gifted with almost superhuman strength. As Corporal McReynolds had told me, anyone who tried to stand toe to toe and slug it out with him had all the law of averages against him.

But the pictures showed me one opening in the Dempsey armor. He fought on his toes, and had to set himself for an instant before he could throw one of his lethal hooks. There was just a split second when an opponent—provided he was fast enough—could get in a straight right-hand punch. I saw both Carpenter and Firpo jar him with such blows.

We finally were matched to meet in Philadelphia in 1926. While I was training for the fight most of the newspapers agreed that Jack would make short work of me. I didn't think it bothered me until one night I was awakened by the shaking of my bed. At first I

thought that it was a mild earthquake, and then I made a revealing discovery. It was I shaking—not the bed.

Was I afraid of Dempsey? Not consciously. But, subconsciously, the newspapers had helped to give me a defeatist attitude. I read no more sports papers during the remainder of the training period.

I had encouraged the belief that I would box and run away in my match. But for years, in secret, I had practiced that hard, straight right. That would be my surprise for Jack.

Fortunately for me the fight went off just as I had planned. The first two times he rushed me in the opening round I backtracked. The third time I stepped in and hit him with a hard right. It landed perfectly and Jack, surprised and dazed, went back on his heels. I think that blow won the fight for me.

I won the decision and championship in ten rounds, and as we stood in the center of the ring he said, "All right, Gene. Good luck. Good luck."

The following day I visited him in his suite in a Philadelphia hotel. As I walked into the outer room, I could feel the resentment of Dempsey's handlers. They were crushed, disappointed and bitter—and I was the cause of it all.

For a moment I felt like turning back. What would Jack be thinking? But I went on into his room, and I have always been glad that I did.

His face was swollen and discolored, but he stretched out his hand and greeted me with a smile. We had a pleasant visit, and before I left he said, "Good luck, Champion. I hope you get more pleasure from the title than I did. It's hard to be heavyweight champion. Everything you do, they'll criticize you for it. Just don't let them get you down."

I said, "Thanks, Jack. I only hope I'm as good a champion as you were!"

It was good to reach a goal I'd worked toward for so long, but I would rather have taken the title away from anyone in the world than Jack Dempsey. He was a great sportsman, kind and generous—he still is. His name will be magic as long as the spirit of competition remains alive in the human heart.

I remember something that happened in 1929. After our second fight in 1927, Jack had retired from competition and was helping to promote the Young Stribling-Jack Sharkey bout in Miami, Florida. Jim Corbett, the old ex-heavyweight champion, went down to Miami to see the fight. Dempsey met him at the train, gave him the best accommodations and in general treated him as if he were still the titleholder.

Corbett was almost moved to tears. "Jack," he said gratefully, "this is the first time a promoter has treated me so courteously since I lost my title thirty-two years ago!"

And I have never forgotten another typical Dempsey gesture. Shortly before I retired from the ring a professor friend of mine invited me to visit him at Yale and speak to his class. I had understood I'd talk to the boys about fighting and offer some tips on keeping physically fit. Somehow, however, the discussion got around to Shakespeare, and the newspapers made a field day of it. The world's Heavyweight Champion "lecturing" Yale classes on Shakespeare! It got more space in papers than many really important news events.

Some reporters, thinking they'd get a fine satirical quote, ran to Dempsey. And the ex-champion, whom I had twice defeated in the ring, said simply, "If it helps Gene's business I'm for it!"

That's the kind of sportsman he is.

THE END

Beulah

(Continued from page 52)



It was melodic, beautiful. Why was it that after a year of hearing that voice Martha yearned for a good bawling below? Why was it that, in comparison, a fishwife's screech, or a werewolf's howl, would be so infinitely preferable?

Martha didn't know. She wasn't sure

of anything about Beulah; as she privately phrased it, Beulah had her stumped. Young Mrs. Hoge, she was always called. The "young" was part of her title. She was thirty-seven, but her husband, Dewitt Hoge, was fifty-five. She was small, a pale blonde, with blue doll's eyes. She wore dainty dresses, pearls and a dewy perfume, faint and fragrant as lilies-of-the-valley. She never swore or chewed gum. She worked untiringly for charity organizations and civic groups. She loved poetry and music and the beauties of nature. By all the standards, she was a lady. Martha was perhaps not a lady but she was—or had been—a lively, good-natured, tolerant woman. The good nature and tolerance were ebbing away. She couldn't understand why she sometimes ached to say, "Oh, yeah?" to Beulah's sweetest and most sensitive remarks.

Martha forced herself to finish the lukewarm and oversweetened tea. One thing she did know: she did not want to live in this house. Beulah had decorated the house herself; it was filled with fancy and too-small objects, smothered in pinks and blues. Martha was a stout woman who liked solid, plain, comfortable furniture. It would give my eye teeth for an ugly furnished room, Mar-

tha thought longingly. I'll tell Dewitt tomorrow that I've decided to look for a place of my own.

She knew she wouldn't. When her job had transferred her here, Dewitt had, in his undemonstrative way, been pleased. "You'll live with us," he had said. "Beulah won't take no for an answer."

The house was large; there were three servants; it had seemed sensible at the time. What could she say to Dewitt now? "I can't stand your wife; she's too sweet?"

No, she would not say anything like that, although, just sometimes, she felt that Dewitt would understand. If she said merely that she liked living alone, he would be hurt. His friends would interpret her move as an open fight between her and Beulah, and that would not be fair. Besides she felt that Dewitt needed her.

Sadly, Martha brought her attention back to the conversation. Beulah was now appreciating nature. "I didn't sleep well last night, and I was up to see the sunrise," she was saying. "And the beauty of it gave me the most wonderful feeling of rest. The colors—"

"Sunrises are always lovely in the summer," Martha said. More heartily

Clean
smells
Sweet



When you unwrap a big bar of Fels-Naptha Soap, you get the immediate impression of cleanliness. This mild *golden* soap breathes the clean odor of naptha—the gentle, thorough cleaner that dirt and grime cannot escape.

Things that are completely clean have an unmistakable perfume. It's a delicate, fresh, sweet smell that never is noticeable where there is dirt in any form. It tells you instantly—this is clean!



When you wash with Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, your sense of smell registers "CLEAN" with every swish of suds. Here's where you discover the joy of sneezeless washdays. These husky golden chips shed no powdery dust to irritate your nose. They're the original no-sneeze chips!



Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have a fresh, clean smell which *proves* that golden soap and gentle naptha, *combined*, have done a dirt removing job no tricky soap substitutes can equal . . . Next time you wash *your* baby's things make sure they're completely clean . . . Use Fels-Naptha Soap.

Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



pattern. There was only one gap. The great scene of renunciation—did it come before or after? Was there anything, actually, to renounce?

Mr. Reilly had drawn up a chair near Beulah; Dewitt was on the sofa near the piano. The entire room was emphatically feminine, with a boudoir air. Its pastels and frills were not kind to Dewitt; it seemed to Martha that, in these surroundings, her brother looked ill at ease and a little ridiculous, like a timid man in a lingerie department. Mr. Reilly, on the other hand, was made to look stronger and more virile. He swaggered, even sitting down.

When Mr. Reilly rose to say good-bye, he added, "It's been swell, and I'm not kidding." He grinned and shook Martha's hand. That grin was his passport; it announced that he was friendly, honest, cheerful—and dumber than an ox.

"Give my very best to your wife," Martha heard Beulah say. "And you know, I've a confession to make. I'm not athletic, but I've always wanted to learn to play a decent game of golf..."

Martha was left in the front hall with Dewitt. "Well," she said. "What do you think of him?"

Dewitt was polishing his glasses again. "Fine young fellow," he said.

"Beulah seemed enthusiastic about him. Didn't you think so?"

"I hope he's going to work out all right. He seems like a fine fellow."

Martha had been tired when she came back from town; she was much more tired now, and steaming with irritation. Dewitt's reserve—or ignorance—suddenly infuriated her. "All right!" she said. "It's no skin off my neck!" and thumped up the stairs.

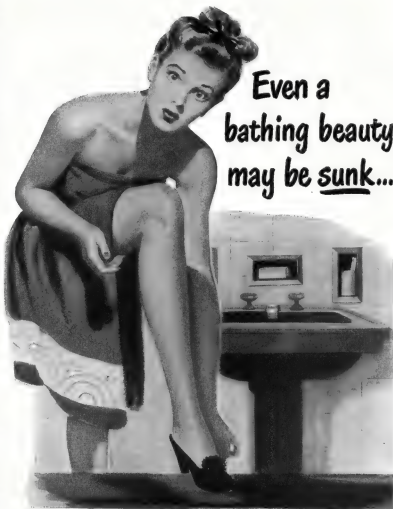
Beulah called from the porch. "Is that Martha going up? Poor darling, she gets so tired. I think she ought to see a doctor. What did she say to you?"

"She wants to be called for dinner," he said, settling down with his paper.

Upstairs in her room, Martha jerked off her dress, lay down, told herself that she wouldn't be able to sleep a wink—and immediately dozed off.

She awoke when the maid tapped on the door to remind her of dinner. Sitting up, she saw her shoes lying in the far corner where she had thrown them, toes tilted up, a mute reminder of her bad temper. I'm turning into a mean old woman, Martha thought with shame. A mean old woman with a nasty mind. What had possessed her to say such a thing to Dewitt? It was entirely possible that she had imagined everything. Perhaps her dislike of Beulah was, at base, nothing but the resentment of a middle-aged woman who had not kept her looks for a younger one who had.

Martha began to dress, determined to make a fresh effort to like Beulah Hoge and be fair to her. But, as she took a cigarette from a box designed to look like a leatherbound book, lit it and dropped the match into a china ash tray shaped like a shoe, she thought that the cigarette box and the ash tray were symbols of what was wrong. Every damn thing in this house, she thought, is fixed up to look like something else.



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may be sunk...

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Tonight you'll get along swimmingly—if you keep that bathed and beautiful air about you. If you guard your bath-freshness against the fault that's so hard to cure.

After every bath—before every date—use safe, sure Mum. Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, yes—but Mum protects underarms against risk of odor to come.



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Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evenings.

Mum safer for skin

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

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No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

The next Monday, Beulah, in a lilac linen dress, a bag of golf clubs resting beside her in the swing, was sitting on the porch with Tom Reilly when Martha came back from work. "I've had my first lesson," she said to Martha.

"And she was swell!" Mr. Reilly put in. "You wouldn't think a little thing like her would have so much power."

No, Martha hissed silently, you wouldn't. Beulah looked at Tom Reilly with grateful, blue, blue eyes. "Tom was so patient with me," she said. "I wasn't very good—well, Tom, you know I did lose eight balls. . . . But, Martha, really he has the most wonderful teaching method. I was just telling him that he ought to write a book. 'Good Golfing,' or something, by Thomas Reilly. I know it would be the most tremendous success."

Tom Reilly tried to look modest and succeeded in looking blissful. "Say! You know, that might be an idea!"

Martha nodded at them both and went inside. Tom Reilly was being cut into the exact pattern.

Martha realized that Beulah was ready to add the finishing touches when, a week later, she announced that Tom was bringing his wife out for dinner. "That's nice," Martha said, waiting.

It came. "I've heard a good deal about her, and I'm afraid"—Beulah paused, gentle and concerned—"well, I'm afraid she's quite a drawback to Tom. Socially. You know what I mean."

"Oh, yes," Martha said. For a wild moment, she considered having a talk with Mrs. Reilly. "As a friend . . . there are things you should know . . ." Then what? There was nothing definite she could say. If Beulah operated like Amanda Fife, the scandal of the country club, who clung to men on the dance floor and appeared with rumpled hair and no lipstick after each intermission—but she did not, and it was too bad. It was hard to combat sweet sentiment with just a spice of sex. Amanda made men feel guilty; Beulah Hoge made them feel misunderstood.

The night of the dinner party Beulah—who had told Mrs. Reilly over the phone that the evening was to be most informal, just a friendly little get-together—appeared in a dinner dress of gray chiffon, soft and cloudy as mist. She touched the flowers on the mantel, and then turned to her husband and Martha with a pretty little frown. "I do hope everything will be all right!"

Dewitt Hoge spoke from behind his paper. "Anything wrong with the roast?"

"Oh, no, darling, not that. I was worried about—well, Mrs. Reilly. I hear that she drinks."

"So do I," Martha announced bluntly, taking a good swig of her Manhattan. The Reillys had not yet arrived, and already Beulah was becoming daintier and more ethereal by the minute. "Don't worry about Mrs. Reilly," she added, goaded into recklessness. "Worry about me. I feel like a snootful."

Mrs. Reilly was not what Martha had expected, and Martha allowed herself a little hope. Mrs. Rutledge and Mrs.

Galloway had been pretty young women but nervously anxious, and their evenings with Beulah Hoge had left them upset, shrill and fumbling. It was Martha's observation that any woman with natural reactions was at a disadvantage with Beulah (what flesh and blood creature can fight a scented cloud?) but, watching Dolly Reilly throughout dinner, she began to wonder. Mrs. Reilly was nothing if not natural. She had a heart-warming unself-consciousness. She didn't say much but, when she did speak, she said what she meant. The effect on Beulah was disconcerting.

Beulah's specialty was poignant and effective little stories about the children at the welfare center. She directed them at Tom Reilly, who was showing an amazing capacity for appreciation, and she included his wife only by a final question. . . . and the poor little child, he was going without shoes, trying to save enough money to buy a violin. Doesn't that break your heart?"

*Golf may be played on Sunday,
not being a game within view of
the law, but being a form of
moral effort.*

STEPHEN BUTLER LEACOCK

"OTHER FANCIES"

"I wouldn't give you two cents for a violin, myself," Mrs. Reilly said.

Dolly Reilly had brown hair, cut short in bobbing curls, and a good, generous face. She wore a red dress—very red—with a three-inch belt studded with nail-heads. There was nothing wrong with the dress—actually it was cut quite simply—but its color suggested fire engines and bullfights and chemical explosions. If Mrs. Reilly noticed any contrast between her dress and Beulah's gray chiffon, it did not disturb her.

Beulah, Martha observed, had shifted ground; she had become, gradually, the gentle aristocrat. She sent kindly questions toward Mrs. Reilly: "And are you a great golfing enthusiast?"

"No," said Mrs. Reilly. "I bow!"

Beulah's eyelids fluttered in Tom's direction. "Well," she said, "I thought perhaps a mutual interest had first drawn you together."

"We did meet at a country club," Martha sensed that Beulah was working toward something. "A country club?"

"I was waiting on tables in the lunch-room," Mrs. Reilly said. Martha couldn't tell whether she was beating Beulah to the punch or announcing what she considered an interesting detail. "It was a good job," she said, "counting tips."

"Dolly, nobody's interested in hearing about tips," Tom Reilly mumbled.

Martha, who had had great hopes for Mrs. Reilly, suppressed a sigh. Natural behavior, she thought mournfully, hasn't a chance against a good, artificial act. Beulah had complete control of the conversation, and she flicked it at Dolly Reilly—little flicks, too delicate to warrant notice, too sharp to be missed. She asked Mrs. Reilly where she had gone to college; she mentioned her favorite

poets, and asked if Mrs. Reilly shared her rapture. After each question, she glanced sympathetically at Tom Reilly.

If Mrs. Reilly noticed, she gave no sign. "I don't read any poetry," she said. "Oh, that's too bad," Beulah said, and then gave a little start. "Oh, dear, I don't mean—I mean—it just seems too bad to me, because I love it so. I'm afraid that sometimes I bore people to death talking about it."

Tom Reilly shot his wife an indignant glance. "I like the stuff myself. Lovely. Yes, sir. It's too bad that some people don't try to learn anything."

"You reading poetry these days, Tom?" Mrs. Reilly asked, placid as ever. But Martha thought she saw something flicker in her eyes.

"Of course," Beulah said, addressing herself again to Mrs. Reilly. "I forgot that you didn't go to college."

"That's right," Mrs. Reilly said cheerfully, and Martha suddenly realized a great and beautiful truth: that it is impossible to snub someone who does not care. She repressed a desire to cheer. The game might go to Beulah by default, but Dolly Reilly was no victim.

Mrs. Rutledge and Mrs. Galloway had given evidence of feeling cornered when Beulah settled next to them in the living room, but Mrs. Reilly settled down easily. Martha was on the down-puffed sofa; Dewitt and Tom Reilly were talking business in the back study. "I've been looking forward to this so much," Beulah said. "I've implored Tom to bring you over." She paused, to let the implication eat its way out and then, with her habit of hitting the key words hard, she repeated, "I simply implored him."

Mrs. Reilly was apparently not distressed by any mental pictures of Beulah Hoge imploring her husband. "That so?" she commented comfortably. "Well, the boys keep me pretty busy. And then moving into a new house—"

"But he shouldn't have waited so long to bring you over! I suppose," she went on with a musical laugh, "I suppose that Tom has told you about our golf lessons. They're such fun. I've become fascinated with the game." It was at this point that Mrs. Rutledge and Mrs. Galloway had become defensive and unhappy, and their husbands had looked at them with irritation and shame. "I hope," Beulah wound up, "that you don't mind."

Dolly Reilly refused to stampee. "Mind what?"

"Well, frankly"—Beulah's voice became silvery with sincerity—"I wouldn't want you to think . . . I couldn't bear it if there were the slightest misunderstanding . . ."

"The lessons do take up a good deal of his free time," Beulah said, still in the attitude of complete confidence. "And I feel guilty about it. Oh, yes, I really do. I've told him over and over again that I don't want to interfere . . . and he insists I'm not . . . some wives, you know, are so possessive that they read the most outlandish motives into anything . . . anyone could tell that you're not that type, but still . . . well, I wanted to be sure you know that I—"

Dolly Reilly listened. Then calmly, without any warning, she uttered the

incredible words: "Listen," she said. "I don't care if Tom teaches you enough golf to win you the National Open. I only want to know what you're after. Are you trying to sleep with him? Or aren't you?"

Martha had often read the expression "silence fell," but not until this moment had she realized that silence could fall with such a crash. Silence fell, lay like a ticking bomb, and then exploded.

Young Mrs. Hoge, the sweet, pretty little woman, the delicate flower, stared at Dolly. Dolly returned the stare. Beulah tried to speak—and squawked like a woman who has stepped on a mouse in the dark. Dewitt Hoge and Tom Reilly, coming in from the hall, stared at her in astonishment. Her eyes bulged, her mouth hung open. "Disgusting!" Beulah finally managed to shriek. "Disgusting, disgusting!"

Martha watched with pure, primitive enjoyment while Beulah Hoge had a tantrum. "I hate everybody!" she screamed, and fled into the hall and up the stairs.

"Nerves," Dewitt said.

"We'd better be going," said Mrs. Reilly.

"Well," Martha said.

The summary over, no one moved. Dewitt coughed behind his hand. "Nerves," he said again. "She's very high-strung. Sometimes she wears herself out and—well, it doesn't mean anything."

Martha felt surprise, but she recognized her cue. "Oh, no," she said while Tom Reilly looked desperately for his hat and coat. "She had a very trying day today... I hope you'll understand," she said to Mrs. Reilly.

"Oh, yes," said Dolly Reilly. "Don't give it another thought."

Together, Martha and Dewitt, escorted them to the door. "See you at the office tomorrow, Tom," Dewitt said, as a benediction.

They waited there until they heard the car start down the driveway.

Martha spoke suddenly. "Dewitt," she said, "I really need a little place of my own. Closer to work. Not that Beulah hasn't been good to me—"

They both heard, from upstairs, the sound of Beulah's sobbing.

"I know," Dewitt said, and Martha had the feeling that he really did.

"Tonight—" she began, faltering. "I think I know about that, too," he said. "It's easy to misunderstand Beulah's motives. She doesn't understand them herself. It'll be all right. She still has all that charity work."

Martha looked at her brother with surprise and respect. "Dewitt Ellison Hoge," she said, "you amaze me."

He looked as mild and apologetic as always. "Fou je suis," he said. "*non pas ignorant.*"

He was upstairs, tapping at Beulah's door, when Martha finished translating to herself. "Fool, I am; ignorant, I am not."

And I worried about Dewitt! She laughed. It was the best laugh she'd had in months. I never knew he understood one word of French!

She began to laugh again as she went up the stairs, but she was tactfully silent as she passed Beulah's closed door.

THE END



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Yes . . . My Darling Daughter

(Continued from page 45)



If ever there was one! He said. "If it bothers him to ask my consent, Pen, just tell him he's in, why don't you? Or shall I ask him his intentions? One of us must get him on the line."

But alas! Hobeys blushed readily. He had a reticent reserve in feminine company. His flame, if any, would be a shy flicker, and fanning it to a thrilling blaze would make a Herculean labor look like a simple twist. The only car he drove was the butcher's truck that delivered Nina's order from the market. Hobeys' truck against Dodie's convertible!

Yet Pen still chose to wash the breakfast dishes, much as she loathed dishes. Every morning she said selflessly, "You make the beds, Mother, and I'll wash the dishes." Promptly at ten o'clock Hobeys arrived at the kitchen door with the meat. From then on, he wasn't so prompt. Once Marge Dunham, three doors down the street, had called to say, "Nina, I know it's Love, but I have company for lunch and no lamb chops. So near, and yet so far!"

All told, though, it was a task to keep Hobeys' truck neck and neck with Dodie's convertible, and Jeff was no help. His boiling point on Dodie's slant was low. He sat down to dinner that night, shook out his napkin, and looked worriedly at Pen. "Hobeys said anything definite yet?" he asked her.

Pen's expression turned indulgently tolerant. She said, "Hobeys's a good kid, of course. Strictly a moral character. He'll never commit adultery with more than one woman at a time."

Jeff's jaw dropped. A wave of red swept up from his collar. His eyes turned from Pen to Nina, and the shock in them said, "Did you hear what I heard?"

Nina turned serenely to Pen. "Not a bad thumbnail sketch, Pen."

Later Nina and Jeff had it out behind their closed bedroom door. Nina said, "But at least we know what she's thinking, Jeff, and that gives us a chance. There isn't anything she feels she can't say to us."

"Good grief, no!" Jeff fumed. "And the things she's thinking! Why, I can

just about hear what what your mother would have said to you—"

"So can I!" Nina turned her bed down. "And I could at the time. That's why I brought the book home under my coat. I think it was 'Ex-Mistress.' Something of the kind, anyhow. I kept it under my mattress."

"You?" Jeff's stare was incredulous. "Me, dear heart!" Nina turned out her bed light.

If only she could keep Jeff out of it! Pen was his daughter. They were temperamentally identical. Let those two clash head on, and she'd be only a bystander, unheard and unheeded. Let Pen read Dodie's books, for heaven's sake!

She heard the light scratch on their door, and sitting up, she turned the bed light on again, glancing toward Jeff's bed. He was sound asleep, and she signaled: "Pssst!"

Pen tiptoed in, wearing her robe and slippers and pajamas. She had washed her hair and set combs in it. She had plucked her eyebrows—two margins of inflamed skin bordered their arched line. She had enameled her nails. Pen was still a girl's body, though, and the robe hung from her shoulders as if from a hanger. Only the lively eyes hinted of days to come. All her zest for life was in them, all her laughter and impish resourcefulness. She sat down on the edge of the bed, brought her feet up, hugged her shins, put her chin on her knees, and studied Nina in speculation.

"You know, Mother," she said, "women are different today. We know life. We don't think the way you do."

"Oh?" Nina was receptive.

"We don't scream when somebody says sex. We know there is such a thing, and we know all about it."

"After all, Pen!" Nina took a bow. "And at your age?"

"Oh, I don't mean the bees and the birds, for heaven's sake!" Pen was patient. "I mean we know how men are." Nina thought it over. She said, "Hobeys?"

"Well, not Hobeys . . . maybe," Pen said. "But the ones you read about in books and—and all."

"Oh!" Nina saw the light. "That kind. Well?"

Pen's eyes probed hers and found them unabashed. She said slowly, "Well, then, do you think I look sexless in sweaters?"

Nina ran an obligingly critical eye over her. "I wouldn't say so, Pen, but I'm your mother."

"Dodie says I do. She says if I had squares marked off on me, I could be a checkerboard."

"Dodie says . . ." And Dodie prevailed.

Eventually Pen came downstairs, a full-bodied Clytie in a yellow sweater. She struck a pose. Her hands on her hips, she undulated up and down the living room. She said, "You wouldn't call me a checkerboard now, would you?"

Nina studied the effect, her head on one side. She said worriedly, "You couldn't lose anything, could you?"

At dinner Nina braced herself for Jeff's reaction. He was already carving

the roast when Pen slid unobtrusively into her chair. He let one eyelid droop in a wink to Nina.

"This roast doesn't seem as tender as usual," he said. "Pen isn't on the outs with Hobeys, is she?"

He glanced toward Pen out of the corner of his eye. He blinked and looked again furtively. His hand was static on the fork impaled in the roast. The carving knife was poised in mid-air. His eyebrows drew together. His eyes turned to Nina, and the bewilderment in them said: "Do you see what I see?"

He said it in the living room after dinner while Pen was involved with Dodie on the upstairs telephone extension. His ears plink, he said, "Holy smoke, what happened at our house?"

Nina looked up from her book. "We've gone from poverty to plenty, Jeff, and just like that!" She snapped her fingers. "Plenty is right," Jeff fumed. "And just how far does this trip take us?"

"That's the question, Jeff. What Dodie will say—"

"Dodie!" Jeff exploded. "And you think you can hold the pace?"

"I wouldn't call it holding the pace," Nina said. "Not when I've had a sixteen-year start on Dodie."

"Nina," Jeff said, "Dodie Winton was ahead of you the day she was born."

"Why, Jeff!" Nina's eyes held his until the corners of his mouth twitched, and he said, "All right, but I say you're asking for something."

"Phooey!" Nina went back to her book.

Asking for something? Not while Pen forgot her gay deceivers as often as not. Forgetting, she raced down the stairs, through the door and down the walk to the convertible. At a word from Dodie, she stopped short, and turning, came back to take the stairs in high.

"What do you know!" she told Nina, breathless, "I forgot my shape."

It wasn't this that gave Nina pause. It was the quarrel with Hobeys. He declined flatly to be part of a foursome with Dodie and Smoke Austin. He said Smoke was well on his way to being a first-class heel. He said he didn't know where Smoke got the idea he was a wolf. He said somebody was going to swing on Smoke sooner or later if he didn't keep his tongue between his teeth, and the sooner, the better. He said if Smoke was Pen's idea of a good time, she had a lot to learn.

"Why, Pen!" Nina was astounded. "All that from Hobeys?"

"Not that I care," Pen sniffed. "He's not the only man in the world, and even if he were, he's too bossy. Dodie says he's too slow to catch cold. I like Corky Crawford better, anyhow, and Corky gets the car two nights a week."

It was one for Dodie, and no doubt about it.

Corky slid up to the curb with Smoke and Dodie in the car and came down on the horn while Pen was still primping upstairs. Corky honked imperatively at three-minute intervals.

Jeff's face became choleric. There was a glint in his eyes by the time Pen came down. "Is there anything," he inquired,

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"to keep one of these impassioned males from coming to the door?"

"Dad!" Pen scoffed. "Don't be archaic."

"Archaic?" Jeff's eyes narrowed.

He laid his paper and pipe aside. He got up from his chair and took his hat from the hall closet. He opened the door for his daughter. He escorted her down the walk to the car. He opened the car door for her and closed it after her. He tipped his hat then, and turning, came back up the walk with dignity.

"That should hold them for a while at least," he said grimly to Nina. "And I bet I'll ask Tom Crawford why he doesn't teach that young cub of his some manners."

"Manners?" Nina said. "But manners don't seem to be requisite, do they?"

"They are for my daughter."

"Oh," Nina said. "I hadn't noticed it."

As usual, she reaped Jeff's harvest next morning when Pen said, "Mother! Can't you do something with Dad? Doodle says he acts like Rip Van Winkle."

"Do something?" Nina was dubious. "I doubt it, Pen. Not after seventeen years—and he's used to Hobey."

"Oh, Hobey!" Pen shrugged. "Well, if you can't do something, I can."

"At your own risk, my child," Nina warned. "In any brush with your father, you'll have to count me out."

She kept her fingers crossed—and Doodle leaped on to the next chapter. One day Pen, her eyes big, said to her mother, "Guess where we're going next time Corky gets the car? To the Alhambra Club."

The Alhambra Club? A roadhouse? Nina opened her mouth to say, "Over my dead body, young lady." She opened her mouth—and closed it. That was what Jeff would say. All she said in the end was, "You know what your father would say, don't you?"

"I know what he'd say." Pen's chin went up. "And I know I'm sixteen years old."

"It would be against my best advice, Pen."

"Mother! Don't you be like that. It's silly enough to have Dad clucking over me."

Nina thought fast. She was on her own now. Pen wouldn't mention the Alhambra Club in Jeff's hearing. Washing the breakfast dishes—fallen to her lot since the quarrel with Hobey—Nina went over and over it. What to do? She heard a step on the back porch and turned to see Hobey in the doorway with the meat.

"Oh, good morning, Hobey. Nice day, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am." Hobey blushed. His shirt clung damply to his back. Sweat streaked his face. His eyes went hopefully towards the dining-room door. His face fell. He laid his package on the table and turned to leave.

"Hobey, I—I was just going to have a Coke. Will you have one with me?" Hobey turned back. "Don't dirty a glass. Just give me the bottle."

Over the Cokes Nina said, "Hobey, do you know the Alhambra Club?"

And Hobey said. "Yes, ma'am."

"Oh!" Nina looked relieved. "I just wondered because Pen and—her friends are going there tomorrow night."

Hobey choked on his drink. He swallowed and looked at Nina. His eyes went slowly blank. He set the empty bottle on the table and said, "Thanks a lot for the Coke. I was pretty thirsty." Standing in the doorway he said, "I deliver meat there—sometimes at night."

There was that then . . . and there was the fact that for sixteen years she had worked to the end that Pen should see, but clearly; and that, seeing, she should be able to think and act for herself. No, she wouldn't mention the Alhambra Club to Jeff either.

Nina was absorbed in turning the heel of a sock when Corky's car slid up to the curb, and Corky's hand came down on the horn. Upstairs Pen lingered longer than usual. Corky honked again, and again. At last she heard Pen on the stairs.

"Night, Mother," Pen brushed Nina's cheek with her lips, and Nina fought back a sudden crazy impulse to reach out and hold her close. Pen went over to Jeff's chair, pushed the paper aside, and rubbed her cheek against his. Straightening then, she said to him, sweetly expectant. "Well?"

"Well?" Jeff said.

"Aren't you going to see your daughter to the car?"

Nina saw the gleam in Pen's eyes. She cleared her throat to warn Jeff, but his jaw shot forward.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" He laid his pipe down. "I do seem to be the only male in the vicinity with manners, don't I?" He got up, opened the door for Pen and closed it behind them.

They reached the bottom of the steps under the entrance lights. Watching through the window, Nina saw Pen take her father's arm, clinging to it. With her other hand, she gathered up the folds of her pleated skirt as if she were holding up a train. She minced down the walk with Jeff while shrieks of laughter went up from the car.

Jeff held up under fire. He opened the car door for her and closed it. Turning, he stalked stiffly back up the walk. His color was high, but there was a baffled look in his eyes as he said, "Madam, at the rate she's going, your daughter will come to no good end."

"Oh, so she's my daughter now?"

"There was no copy of 'Ex-Mistress' under my mattress, lady."

He emptied his pipe, the baffled look still in his eyes. Tamping fresh tobacco, he said hotly, "Nina, I'm right, and you know it, damn it! I'm right—and I felt like a clown."

Nina said nothing. Jeff sat back in his chair, smoking in grim silence.

Nina glanced at the clock on the mantle. The palms of her hands turned moist. She laid the sock aside and picked up a magazine. The print blurred before her eyes, but she turned the pages. She had understood Hobey. Why, of course she had! Or had she?

It was nearly ten o'clock when Jeff

laid the paper aside and looked at his watch. "The first show must be over at the movies," he said. "I don't suppose you know where your daughter is?"

Nina ran her tongue over her lips and turned a page. "Oh, yes. I always know. She's at the Alhambra Club."

"What?" Jeff was out of his chair.

"Jeff, be quiet. Let me talk—"

"Talk!" He was at the door. "Are you out of your head? It's a dive, and they're watching it for selling drinks to minors."

"Jeff, where are you going? Jeff—"

"Going? I'm going to get Pen."

"Oh, Jeff, no! Jeff please—"

The door crashed shut behind him. She heard the car start, the gears grind, the skid of wheels on gravel. Limp in her chair, she pictured Jeff at the Alhambra, stalking across the dance floor to Pen's table, with fire in his eye. She heard him say, "A word with you, young lady, if I may!" Pen would get up from her chair.

Nina shut her eyes to it and brushed her hand across them.

She was still sitting there when she heard the crunch of wheels in the drive. She heard a car door slam. She heard footsteps on the porch. The door opened, and she forced herself to open her eyes. She saw Pen in a blur, but it was Pen, Pen and Dodie. Dodie's face was tear-streaked.

"Mother, Dodie's going to stay all night," Pen said. "Can she have the guest room?"

"Yes-yes," Nina faltered.

"Come on, Dodie," Pen went up stairs. Sitting there, tense and white, Nina listened for Jeff's step. He didn't come. It wasn't Jeff's car. Hobey's truck? No, it couldn't have been. Something had happened.

Nina heard the second car then, and that was Jeff's step. He opened the door. He had got hold of himself, but his face was dead white. "Is she home?"

"In bed, Jeff. She and Dodie."

"One of the waiters said they'd ridden off in the butcher's truck." He looked at Nina, and opened his mouth to say something, stopped, then said, "Don't let it happen again, Nina. I mean it."

Upstairs the guest-room door was shut, but Pen's door was ajar. Nina stood beside Pen's bed, looking down at her in the light from the hall. She was sound asleep, her arms outflung. Nina saw her as the child she looked to be, heedless and headlong, so infinitely vulnerable. Jeff was right.

But whatever had happened, Pen lost no sleep over it. She came down in the morning, in her shorts and halter. Sprinkling sugar over her cereal, she said, "What a night!"

Nina poured herself more coffee.

"I wish somebody would tell me why all the kids are dying to get to the Alhambra Club." Pen tipped the cream pitcher over her cereal. "Just a lot of people drinking and eating, a juke box and slot machine. The waiter's coat and fingernails weren't very clean, and I saw three cockroaches crawl under a radiator, so Dodie and I ordered Cokes in the bottle and they didn't have any."

Nina waited, her eyes clinging to her

daughter. Pen finished the cereal and attacked the toast and marmalade.

"Why, we didn't even dance. I danced once with Smoke, but he kept breathing in my ear. I told him to break it up, but he didn't, so I stepped on his foot. Oh, well, we weren't coming home with them anyhow, because Corky was drinking too much." Pen shrugged. "I was going to call you."

Nina saw the opening. "We might not have been at home, you know."

"You and Dodie!" Pen drew a long weary breath and let it out in a gust. "I could call Aunt Marge Dunham, couldn't I? And ask her to send a taxi and pay for it out of my dime bank when I got here."

Nina's throat tightened and left her speechless. She heard Pen say, "But just then the light started."

"Pen, you said—you didn't say *fight*!"

"I sure did," Pen slathered marmalade on another bite of toast. "Smoke ordered more drinks and told the waiter to make it snappy. The waiter asked him where the fire was, and Smoke called him a — a name. The waiter asked him if he wanted his ears knocked off, and Smoke started to get up from his chair, but the waiter shoved him back."

The corners of the room turned dark for Nina. Pen's voice reached her faintly as if from a distance.

"I don't know what happened when the waiter came back with the drinks. I was on my way to the telephone when I saw Hobey come in. All I saw after that was the crowd and the table tipped over and the glasses broken, but Dodie wasn't there. I found her crying in the toilet behind a door. Any doughnuts?"

Nina barely managed to shake her head and say, "G-ginger cookies."

Pen came back from the kitchen with three cookies and more milk. "You wouldn't believe Dodie could be such a kid at her age, would you?"

Pen polished off the cookies and the milk, deep in her own thoughts. She stretched then, yawning. "Never again, and I do mean it!" She glanced at her watch, and suddenly she was all energy. "You make the beds, Mother, and I'll wash the dishes."

Nina took the stairs slowly, holding on to the banister. She dropped down on Pen's bed, shaking. She was sitting there smoothing the pillow when she heard Pen dashing up the stairs. She burst through the door. She said, breathless, "Gosh, I forgot my shape again."

She pulled off the apron over her head and jerked free of the halter. She fastened the gay deceivers inside her halter, and turned sideways to the mirror, craning her neck to examine the reflection of her silhouette.

Slowly doubt dawned in her eyes. She frowned at the reflection for a minute and turned to Nina. "Do I look like too darned much sex? Or don't I?"

Nina brought the tape measure from the sewing box beside her on the table. She measured Pen's hips. She measured her chest, the gay deceivers included. She studied the tape measure. "Looks like less above or more below, Pen. That is, if you want to be perfect."

"Gosh!" The doubt turned to horror. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't ask me, my child, and Dodie said—"

"Dodie!" Pen sniffed.

She ripped the halter off. Slitting there on the dressing table bench, her right ankle on her left knee, she unpinned the deceivers and slipped into the halter again.

She stood up, craning to inspect her reflection. Slowly her expression turned smug. Triumph lit her eyes. She turned to Nina and let one eyelid droop in a wink, for all the world like Jeff! Striking a pose, she said, "How's that, Mrs. Meldrum?"

"Fair enough!" Mrs. Meldrum decided. And in the nick of time, too. Pen caught the sound of wheels in the drive and dashed for the door. At the door she stopped, turning back to throw her arms around Nina and whisper in her ear, "One of us in this house knows her stuff, don't you?"

THE END

Don't Write a Book (Continued from page 11)

thereafter. If the book is listed at \$250, I make your income from it to be \$1,406.25. And from that amount you have to subtract the 10 percent for the agent, if you have one.

Granted the possibility of this better-than-average-book sale for this imaginary book of yours, how many books do you think you'd have to write every year to keep yourself, a wife and one child? If you wanted to eat almost every day you'd have to turn out five books. And if you wanted to buy clothes for the family, and perhaps go to a movie once in a while or join the local country club, you'd have to write eight or ten books.

Most people who read this and are planning to write a book are going to smile smugly to themselves and think I'm talking about someone else's book when I talk about five-thousand-copy sales. In 1947, about seven thousand authors who had books published thought the same thing. Their book, they said to themselves, their wives and their publishers, would certainly sell at least ten thousands copies. About one hundred of the seven thousand were right.

If you write a book, there are going to be things wrong with it. No matter how good it is, there are going to be spots of bad writing and several plain errors in it. And there they are, your mistakes and professional shortcomings right out in the open for everyone to inspect. What other businessman do you know who has his mistakes printed and bound and distributed as widely as possible?

Books can be very difficult for a writer's close relatives too. My parents, for example, are pretty well off, but they have been pinched from time to time during the past few years as a direct result of trying to boom my books onto best-seller lists. My father travels at lot, and the first thing he does after reaching a town is to head for the local bookstore. If they have the book he buys a stack of copies to give away in the next few days, and if the bookstore doesn't have it he complains so bitterly that the clerk feels the store has missed another "Anthony Adverse."

If your wife (or husband) has any interest in your work at all, she will drag you to the largest bookstore in town to see whether or not it is displayed in the window.

If the book is not displayed you go inside and say "just looking" to the approaching clerk. When it begins to look as though the store doesn't even have the book in stock, your wife asks the clerk about it. This can be the most horrible moment in all book writing. If he hasn't got the book you are in the

clear. You and your wife can both become anonymously indignant and stomp off with a fair chance that the man will order the book that day. However, if, when your wife asks for the book, the clerk says "Just a minute," then reaches under a dusty counter and pulls out a shopworn stack of copies, you are in trouble. The best move for the writer is to sink off down the aisle. Your wife can say, "Thank you, I just wanted to look at it," which is awfully weak. She can point to you disappearing down the aisle and say meekly, "That's my husband, he wrote it," which is worse. Out of embarrassment and as a last resort she can buy the book, thereby using up the profits you would have made on the sale of the next eight books.

Publishers are a third major drawback in the book-writing business. I'd like to be known as fearless, frank and honest, and say that publishers are no damn good, but actually I've found them to be particularly pleasant people. They are intelligent, and they don't quibble about pennies in a business deal.

The only way I can think to say anything unkind about publishers is to add that if book writers had as much money as publishers have, they could afford to be nice people, too.

Until you have done business with nice people, you won't understand how unpleasant it can be. It is like having a landlord whom you know socially—the type who is so friendly that you send out and get the plumber or the paper hanger rather than bother him. On the other hand, the nasty landlord you call three times in a nasty voice for a faucet leak and then withhold your rent. He finally sends the plumber and pays the bill.

It is the same with publishers. You hate to bother such nice people with irksome little matters like, for instance, money. It seems silly to talk about a petty few hundred dollars over popovers at the Harvard Club or over Martinis at the Ritz Little Bar. Yet one of the chronic states in which an author finds himself is one of disgust with his publisher over the amount of money spent on advertising for the new book. Every writer would like to get the send-off and follow-through that E. P. Dutton Co. and Russell Birdwell, the publicist, gave Nancy Bruff and "The Manatee" during the Forever-Amber period in American literature. Because of the fine feeling the author has for his publisher he does not say anything about it in a loud, nasty voice. He jokes about it once or twice and drops the matter. (At least, this writer does.)

Every other businessman reads the part of the contract in small print. Not

the book writer. You just can't sit down for three hours in a publisher's office and read a contract through to the bottom while he is standing around waiting to take you to lunch. So the book writer simply looks up at the publisher with a smile and says, "This okay for me to sign?" The publisher smiles and nods. The writer signs, and you both go for lunch or a drink. Even if your agent does read the contract it doesn't mean much because he probably knows your publisher better than you do in that friendly sort of way.

The book business doesn't lend itself to a businesslike approach in any way. Say, for example, that you come to a publisher broke, but with a good idea for a book. He likes it and says, "Great, Fine. Like to look at it. Best outline for a book I've seen by a new author from Sewickley, Pa., about life on a chicken farm in the postwar period."

You say that you would like to show it to them, but that you will have to have some eating money while you write it. The publisher, being this same nice guy I spoke about, says how much do you need. He is so nice about it that you settle for five hundred dollars which is not nearly enough. A contract is drawn up, and you promise to deliver the book in six months, and he promises to publish it. With reservations that is.

The publishers get smart lawyers to draw up these contracts, but they are very vague documents, nonetheless. There just isn't any way they can bind a man legally to write a good book. They can't trap you into writing a good book, and you can't trap them into publishing it just because it is good, if they don't think so. The same vagueness permeates the whole book business. And this vagueness gets into a book-writer's life. If you are writing a book, you'll find that you'll get very little consideration for your artistic temperament around the house. Often, for instance, when my wife is doing the dishes, and I am lying on the couch, she refuses to believe that I am plotting a new book. There is no way for me to prove it, of course, so I have to get up and help with the dishes.

That's all I've got to say about not writing a book. I can't wait to get fifty years older so that I can go around patting young men and women on the head saying to them with a lovable, toothless smile, "Son, don't write a book. Take the advice of this tired, gray-haired old man and don't write a book."

I'll have better reasons for not writing books by then, too. I have plans for writing several more in the next few years. Look for them at your friendly, convenient, neighborhood bookstores everywhere.

THE END



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Golden Glove

(Continued from page 58)



could say to make it seem right. "I don't want to hear."

But Mom was wound up. "Miss Cressy at the Friendly will find a fine home for the baby. Course, she can't let on where she'll be placed, but there's lots of wonderful folks wanting babies, and the Friendly has to know all about the people before they'll let 'em have one. Your baby's gonna get all the good things, Treesa. You can be sure of that."

Mom tiptoed past the foot of the bed. "Can you see, is she sleeping, Treesa?" "Yeah, Mom." From the bed she could see the porch and the basket with the little mound. "Can't I have her here?"

Mom looked quick at Treesa and then looked away. "Best not. I just got her cleaned up." Mom came back to the bed. "It will be Monday, Treesa. Miss Cressy said to have everything ready at nine o'clock. In just a few days you can start work with a free mind."

"Uh-huh."

"And not be hidden to nobody any more." Downstairs the screen door slammed. "That will be Vincent. I hope he'll be quiet and not wake the baby."

From below Vincent yelled, "Hey, Mom, has the kid gone yet?"

The water stopped running in the bathroom. "Vincent!" hollered Pearl.

"Yeah!" Vincent clattered upstairs. "The kid's going Monday. Miss Cressy's coming for it at nine."

"Hot tomato!" That was Vincent jittersburging.

"Vincent, Pearl." Mom trotted to the door. "Remember we got a baby in the house. And Treesa's got feelings."

"Well, gee, Mom, I hate sleeping in the kitchen," whined Vincent, and they tagged after her into the bedroom.

Mom was beginning, "The doctor said Treesa couldn't sleep with nobody, not even her sister. She's got to be quiet."

But Treesa said, "Oh, shush, Mom. Vincent can have his room in a couple days. Hello, Vincent."

"Hi." Vincent had on his mitt. He got set in the middle of the room and tried an imaginary twister, but Pearl was in the way.

"Oh, for gosh sake's," snapped Pearl. She was rubbing Lily Root Tonic into her hair.

Treesa raised up higher. The whole house, and they had to pile into this little room with her.

"Hey, Mom." Vincent was winding up again. "What woulda happened if Father Cassidy had found Dinty that time we was looking for him?"

"Shut your mouth."

"He'd of had to marry Treesa, wouldn't he?" Vincent let go an imaginary slow ball and lunged against the bed.

"Vincent!" Mom squeezed her hands until the knuckles showed white. "It's better this way. Besides we didn't find him."

"He was down at that Miami joint the whole time."

"But we didn't know that. Besides it's too late now," said Mom fidgeting.

"But if we had found him?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Yes, of course he'd of had to marry her."

"On twenty-eight fifty a week. Boy!" said Vincent.

"When was that week?" Viciously Pearl rubbed away. "That guy will never get off the fifty-two-twenty club."

Treesa sat up. "Well, he won the Kelley Golden Glove Tourney, didn't he?" She sank back, her head swimming, but she was glad she had said it.

"You can get five bucks at hock for them little gold gloves," said Vincent.

"Good for a case of beer. Maybe he coulda gone pro if he'd kept off his tea."

"Kept off!" snorted Pearl. "In six weeks they'd all been living on us. Him and Treesa and the baby."

"Pearl! Vincent!" Mom struggled to her feet. "It can't happen now. None of it. Dinty ain't here."

Smoothly Vincent practiced another felder. "I suppose you know his friend Bat says he's washed up with that pinball racket at Miami."

"Who?"

"Dinty."

"That don't mean nothing to us. Here, lift up, Treesa." Mom's thin hands patted out the pillow, and her face smiled down, but Treesa turned away. All the same that "us" sounded good. A month ago Mom would have said "you." For a moment Treesa thought of the "us" of Dinty and herself, but that hurt too much. Still, any kind of "us" was better than none at all.

Mom was saying, "He coulda come around here before he went away, but he didn't."

"Aw, Mom, he didn't know what happened," said Treesa.

"He might of thought. So it don't mean nothing to us where Mr. Dinty was six months ago or where he is now." Mom grabbed Vincent. "Stop that pitching, will you? And stop squabbling. The baby's going Monday. And Treesa's getting her job back at the Bixby House. Mr. Gilbrick's taking her back at only five dollars less and nothing said. So that'll give us ten of Treesa's pay. And Raymond and Pearl won't be handing out cash extra."

"And now listen." Mom smiled a worn smile. "Run down to Morey's and get fifty cents worth of ice cream. Half mocha and half strawberry. We'll celebrate sorta. Go on, the money's in the red bowl." She pushed Vincent.

But Pearl plumped on the bed. She wrapped a towel tightly around her head. Under it her face stood out sharp and red. Why was she so sore?

It wasn't Treesa's fault that her sister stood in the little glass cage at the movie palace poking tickets through a hole, and nobody ever making a pass at her. It wasn't Treesa's fault Pearl's face wasn't the kissable kind. Of course it burned Pearl up to have to pay all the shares on the house while Treesa was laid up. Twenty-two fifty was a lot of money. But she'd do the same for Pearl if she had the money and Pearl was in a fix. She'd never have to—that's where the trouble was. But it wasn't her fault that it was she Dinty picked, and not Pearl. Suddenly Treesa felt again that quick lift at the heart.

"What made you do it?" asked Pearl. "I wouldn't pull a trick like that on the folks."

"Shame take you, Pearl!" cried Mom. "If it had been anybody else, Mom!"

wailed Pearl. "But that guy, hanging around for a meal ticket."

"Take it easy, Pearl," said Vincent. "So he can't hold a job. He's a smart guy with the gloves. Bet you he could take any guy in the city if he'd hold off the bottle." Vincent kicked the door. "He's a smoothie, too. Bet you'd still go for him Treesa."

They were all staring at her again. Even Mom, the one she was sorry for.

"No."

Mom let out her breath. "Well, for heaven's sake, get out. Get half mocha, half strawberry. Treesa's got to have her sleep. The doctor said two hours a day." She pushed Vincent and Pearl. "Come on, get out."

They went.

"Mom," said Treesa. "Can't I have her in here?"

"Better not to, Treesa." Mom sighed. "You go to sleep now." And Mom left.

Quiet dropped into the room—except for the screech of the roller coaster and the jive from Jake's two blocks away. A year ago she had been on that roller coaster, and in Honey Jake's. Treesa's hand stole to her throat.

If it wasn't for them always staring at her, the little gold glove would be there now, and not in the drawer wrapped in the pink handkerchief. She knew she could never throw it away like she was going to when she went to the hospital, because she could never forget the look, half-kidding, that was in Dinty's eyes when he gave it to her. He could have got five straight cash for that little trophy, but he wanted her to have it.

"Oh, Dinty, it's solid gold."

"It better be. I batted down some good guys to win it. Hang it on your neck."

His eyes were brown with reddish glints in them. Glints that shone when he told what he could do in the ring.

But oh, Dinty, why can't you go for something real? You could have a good job by now.

But he was just a kid. So she shouldn't be hard on him, even with the drinking and hanging around the gyp joints. Because he was just a kid that needed a good influence, even if he was so cocksure of himself.

And, oh, I could have been that good influence. You'd of had that good job



THE LUCKY GIRL—*look* AT THE STERLING

EVER NOTICE how the wedding guests all flock to look at the silver first? When Ted and I set out to look over Mary's lovely gifts, we followed the crowd (of course we wanted to see the Towle Sterling we'd given her, too!) and heard them *oh* and *ah* over the lovely shining pieces.

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now if you'd stuck around. You'd almost got that job with the bakery truck when you went away. And for just a little we could have a nice life. You and me and the baby.

The reddish glints in his eyes were just the color of his hair. And when he laughed there was that turned up place at the corner of his mouth.

She must have been asleep. For a moment she lay listening to "The Stars Come Up" at Honey Jake's. Last year it was "Tell of Time."

Then she heard Raymond yelling at Mom downstairs. He was home early.

"But he slugged me. Slugged me and then he ducked out."

"Raymond, you're drunk."
"Who's drunk? Honest, I didn't have a chance. There he was, cocky as hell in Honey Jake's."

Treesa heard the stairs creak.
"Vincent, come back," came Mom's voice.

But Vincent crept on upstairs. "Dinty's back," he whispered at the door.

"Dinty?" Treesa threw her feet out of the bed. "Vincent, where is he?"

But Vincent shot downstairs. In a moment he was back again with Mom and Pearl.

"Treesa, for gracious sake, get into bed," cried Mom.

"Mom, where is Dinty?"

"Tell her," Pearl was saying, "straight out so she can see for herself."

"Mom, Dinty's back?"

"The guy's back, but he don't come around, does he?" Pearl was smiling.

"Take it easy, Pearl." Raymond had come in now.

"Tell her, Raymond," said Mom turning to him. "It's your duty. It's right she should know."

Treesa sat up. "Raymond, where's Dinty?" she asked.

And Raymond turned his head and stared at her. It was funny how, at a time like this, she could notice his black nails and pale face, a dead pale gray from breathing too much exhaust air—yes, she felt sorry for Raymond. Then she saw the red spot on his mouth where blood was trickling.

"Oh, Raymond, what'd you do to Dinty?"

"Yay, what'd Dinty do to Raymond!" cried Vincent.

Raymond turned. "How'd I know he was gonna come up with his left? I'm no slugger."

"You coulda ducked and kneed him."

"Oh, Mom, Mom, make them stop!" Treesa slung her arms under her trembling knees and drew them up.

"Raymond, where is Dinty?"

And as though she weren't even in the room Raymond went on talking to Vincent. "There he was in Honey Jake's, drinking a beer. And I says, 'You, sitting there drinking, and my sister in bed with your kid.' Then he comes up with a left hook."

"You shoulda kneed him."

"Raymond, where is Dinty?"

Raymond focused his eyes on Treesa.

"Ducked."

"Ducked?"

"Sure. Poked me and ducked out."

"So you see!" cried Pearl.

"Sure," said Mom. "Sure she sees. Didn't come around and see you, Treesa. Didn't ask how you was, or the baby. Well, 'thank God!' is all I can say. You can see now yourself what kind of a fellow he is. Treesa, you go down on your knees and thank God you're washed up with that fellow, and your baby going to folks that can do everything for it. Vincent, get that ice cream out of the ice chest. Dishes too."

"Yes, it's worked out fine. Another six months, and everybody'll forget it happened. And for us it'll be just like it was before, Raymond bringing in his twenty-five every week. And Pearl with her fifteen and Treesa's ten—we'll be living just like we was before, only better all the time."

There was a clatter on the stairs, and Vincent was in again. "Mom, he's coming! And Father Cassidy with him."

"Who's coming?"

"Dinty. Coming right to this house."

I saw him."

"Oh, my God!" Mom sank into a chair.

Dinty came in just like nothing had happened at all. "Hello, Mrs. O'Rourke. Pearl. Hyah, Vincent!" He made a pass at Vincent's hair and walked with that smooth cat walk of his past Raymond and leaned against the foot of the bed. "You get away from my girl!" yelled Mom, but Dinty kept right on looking at Treesa.

"Hello, kid."

"Hello, Dinty."

"Glad to see me, kid?"

"Sure. But you hadn't ought to slug Raymond."

Dinty grinned, and she saw it was what she remembered—sort of a crooked grin at the corner of his mouth. "I was just getting a coupla drinks. Just getting my nerve."

"Don't take nerve to see me, Dinty."

"Takes nerve to get married."

Her heart did a somersault.

"Told you I'd come around." He squeezed her foot, sticking up under the covers. "Just was looking for the right racket. Well, I got it. I'm tally man over to the new Bowlaway on the boulevard. Twenty-eight fifty a week. Say, where's my kid?"

"The kid can wait, seeing that it has already waited so long for you, my boy," said another voice. And for the first time Treesa looked away from Dinty to Father Cassidy.

Mom stood before him. "Oh, Father," she said, "they hadn't ought to get married. Treesa's got her job back, and the baby's going to folks that can care for it."

Dinty swung around to Mom. "Nuts! My kid's going nowhere. She's gonna have her own dad and mom. Treesa and me's gonna get married. Right away, ain't we, Father?"

"Well, that's just dandy, just dandy! Why shouldn't you get married?" Pearl's voice rose to a shriek. "You'll never feel the need to take care of your wife and kid, so why shouldn't you get married? I warn you, Mom. You'll have to get somebody else to pay

the Co-operative shares on the house. I ain't gonna help keep the roof over the house when that guy moves in on us."

Father Cassidy paid no heed. With his black eyes glowing, he jerked a thumb towards the door. "Come on, come on. I want everybody out."

Mom was still in front of him, wringing her hands. "Don't mind Pearl, Father. She don't mean a word; she's a good girl."

Mom and Vincent and Raymond left.

Father Cassidy looked at Pearl and nodded. Pearl left.

Then Father Cassidy walked to the bed. "Treesa," he said, "you have committed a mortal sin." His eyes looked darkly at her, but she wasn't really scared. She could hear Dinty breathing hard. He was a little scared. But he was only a kid, even if he was so cocksure of himself.

She smiled. "Yes, Father."

"You too, Dinty."

"Yes, Father," muttered Dinty.

"You must both ask forgiveness. Treesa, you are to come to the rectory as soon as they let you up. Dinty, you come tomorrow."

"Yes, Father Cassidy."

"When I think you have made your peace with God I will perform the Sacrament of Holy Matrimony."

Dinty's eyes looked scared, but Treesa knew he was saying inside, "Yes, Father."

A thin, high cry came from the porch roof. Dinty stared. "What's that?"

Father Cassidy smiled a little. "Can't you guess?"

The crying went on. "Dinty, you can bring the baby," said Treesa.

"Me? What do I know about babies?"

"You'll learn."

He stared at Treesa in fright. Then he went to the window.

"Basket and all," said Treesa. "And you can put it right near the bed. ... That's right."

Father Cassidy tiptoed out.

Dinty stood staring down at the small heap in the basket. Then he put his hands fumbling under the covers and lifted the squalling bundle, and the bundle grew quiet.

Cautionously he pulled down the covers and looked, then cast amazed eyes at Treesa. "Hey, she's got red hair!"

"What color did you think it would be?"

There was that quirk at the side of his mouth. "Well, she knows her dad all right."

Treesa watched him grinning at the bundle, and knew that the long winter was over. The right angel must have listened, seen her trouble, and come just in time. There was a feeling like spring growing in her heart. "Our baby's gonna get all the good things, Dinty," she said.

"Bet your life." Awkwardly he wagged a finger and poked the bundle. "She's one lucky kid, all right."

Mom stood in the doorway with two plates in her hands. "You and Dinty have your ice cream now," she said. Her flat, white face tried hard to smile.

THE END

Key to World Peace

(Continued from page 36)

up in the front lines were not of high caliber. Don't think that they were the kind of unfortunates you find wandering on the water fronts of New York—or wherever it is one wanders in New York. They most certainly were not—they were one of you. I saw a major general, one of the finest athletes of his time, definitely break—break because he could no longer sustain the agonies of combat. He could not talk to me without shaking, and he had to go home. This cannot be dismissed as not touching you personally.

The same emotional disorders which affect men in the stress of combat are the emotional disorders which constitute a larger problem in civilian life.

We have learned how to conquer space and have made enormous technological advances, but we cannot get along with each other. Why can't we? Because we don't know enough about the other fellow and the country in which he lives.

After the war was over, and we traveled freely about Europe, we were constantly astonished at the lack of information about America in European countries. Of course information had been withheld from these people by the Nazis. But we also found Frenchmen who had never heard of Lafayette; and an intelligent Englishman asked me, "What was this war of 1812, anyway?" These things are not important to them—although they are to us—and so they don't know about them.

Going on the theory that a man is most frightened by what he does not see, and by the unknown—we are all frightened of the dark—it is easy to see that if all the peoples of the world could understand one another, there would be no future war.

But that is only the surface. We must find out why we don't manage to understand each other. The delegates to the International Congress on Mental Health will be trying to answer that question.

It is not enough to say that a few men in the Kremlin will deny to a large number of people the chance to learn. It is not enough to say that our motives, which we think of as being altruistic and pure, are certainly misunderstood in South America. Anyone who has traveled in South America can tell you that we are misunderstood; the important thing is to find out why.

I lay stress upon this London conference because it is the first small step in finding an answer to "Why?" Whatever positive achievement this conference can bring about will certainly result in a tremendous upsurge in our prosperity here at home and will at the same time accomplish a great deal toward eliminating the causes of war.

Let me warn you that if in the measurable future we don't find some way of eliminating these wars, our grandchildren are going to find this world a most unhappy place in which to live, and this is important to me—I've lately acquired a grandson!

THE END

Evelyn Neblett's smile wins a campus beauty crown—

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



Evelyn Neblett, California Coed, captured Los Angeles City College's most coveted beauty crown when she was voted Homecoming Queen last year. But she had been an acknowledged campus beauty since her freshman year . . . the year her smile was introduced to her classmates on their college magazine cover. Now the Los Angeles-born cover girl is a student at the University of Southern California. And though her smile is sparkling in a new setting, her choice of tooth paste is the same as ever—Evelyn's winning smile is a Pepsodent Smile! She says, "Pepsodent makes my teeth shine!"

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

Like Evelyn Neblett, people all over America prefer New Pepsodent with Irium for brighter smiles. Families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the brands they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried! For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!



ANOTHER FINE
LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

The Man Who Was Wanted

(Continued from page 51)



Please come to Sheffield at once to inquire into case of forgery. Jervis, Manager British Consolidated Bank."

"I've wired back to say I shall go up to Sheffield by the one-thirty-A.M. express from St. Pancras," said Holmes. "I can't go sooner as I have an interesting little appointment to fulfill to-night down in the East End, which should give me the last information I need to trace home a daring robbery from the British Museum to its instigator—who possesses one of the oldest titles and finest houses in the country, along with a most insatiable greed, almost mania, for collecting ancient documents. Before discussing the Sheffield affair any further, however, we had perhaps better see what the evening paper has to say about it," continued Holmes, as his boy entered with the Evening News, Standard, Globe and Star. "Ah, this must be it," he said, pointing to a paragraph headed: "Daring Forger's Remarkable Exploits in Sheffield."

Whilst going to press we have been informed that a series of most cleverly forged checks have been successfully used to swindle the Sheffield banks out of a sum which cannot be less than six thousand pounds. The full extent of the fraud has not yet been ascertained, and the managers of the different banks concerned, who have been interviewed by our Sheffield correspondent, are very reticent.

It appears that a gentleman named Mr. Jabez Booth, who resided at Broomhill, Sheffield, and has been an employee since January, 1881, at the British Consolidated Bank in Sheffield, yesterday succeeded in cashing quite a number of cleverly forged checks at twelve of the principal banks in the city and absconding with the proceeds.

The crime appears to have been a strikingly deliberate and well-thought-out one. Mr. Booth had, of course, in his position in one of the principal banks in Sheffield, excellent opportunities of studying the various signatures which he forged, and he greatly facilitated his chances of easily and successfully obtaining cash for the checks by opening banking accounts last year at each of the twelve banks at which he presented the forged checks, and by this means becoming personally known at each.

He still further disarmed suspicion by crossing each of the forged checks and paying them into his account, while, at the same time, he drew and cashed a check of his own for about half the amount of the forged check paid in.

It was not until early this morning, Thursday, that the fraud was discovered, which means that the rascal has had some twenty hours in which to make good his escape. In spite of this we have little doubt but that he will soon be laid by the heels, for we are informed that the finest detectives from Scotland Yard are already upon his track, and it is also whispered that Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the well-known and almost world-famed criminal expert of Baker Street, has been asked to assist in hunting down this daring forger.

"Then there follows a lengthy description of the fellow, which I needn't read but will keep for future use," said Holmes, folding the paper and looking across at me. "It seems to have been a pretty smart affair. This Booth may not be easily caught for, though he hasn't had a long time in which to make his escape, we mustn't lose sight of the fact that he's had twelve months in which to plan how he would do the vanishing trick when the time came. Well! What do you say, Watson? Some of the little problems we have gone into in the past should at least have taught us that the most interesting cases do not always present the most bizarre features at the outset."

"So far from it, on the contrary, quite the reverse," to quote Sam Weller, I replied. "Personally nothing would be more to my taste than to join you."

"Then we'll consider it settled," said my friend. "And now I must go and attend to that other little matter of business I spoke of to you about. Remember," he said, as we parted, "one-thirty at St. Pancras."

I was on the platform in good time, but it was not until the hands of the great station clock indicated the very moment due for our departure, and the porters were beginning to slam the carriage doors noisily, that I caught the familiar sight of Holmes's tall figure.

"Ah! here you are Watson," he cried cheerily. "I fear you must have thought I was going to be too late. I've had a very busy evening and no time to waste; however, I've succeeded in putting into practice Phileas Fogg's theory that 'a well-used minimum suffices for everything,' and here I am."

"About the last thing I should expect of you," I said as we settled down into two opposite corners of an otherwise empty first-class carriage, "would be that you should do such an unmethodical thing as to miss a train. The only thing which would surprise me more, in fact, would be to see you at the station ten minutes before time."

"I should consider that the greatest evil of the two," said Holmes, sententiously. "But now we must sleep; we have every prospect of a heavy day."

It was one of Holmes's characteristics that he could command sleep at will; unfortunately he could resist it at will also, and often and often have I had

to remonstrate with him on the harm he must be doing himself, when, deeply engrossed in one of his strange or baffling problems, he would go for several consecutive days and nights without one wink of sleep.

He put the shades over the lamps, leaned back in his corner, and in less than two minutes his regular breathing told me he was fast asleep. Not being blessed with the same gift myself, I lay back in my corner for some time, nodding to the rhythmical throb of the express as it hurtled itself forward through the darkness. Now and again as we shot through some brilliantly illuminated station or past a line of flaming furnaces, I caught for an instant a glimpse of Holmes's figure coiled up snugly in the far corner with his head sunk upon his breast.

It was not until after we had passed Nottingham that I really felt asleep and, when a more than usually violent lurch of the train over some points woke me again, it was broad daylight, and Holmes was sitting up, busy with a Bradshaw and boat timetable. As I moved, he glanced across at me.

"If I'm not mistaken, Watson, that was the Dore and Totley tunnel through which we have just come, and if so we shall be in Sheffield in a few minutes. As you see I've not been wasting my time altogether, but studying my Bradshaw, which, by the way, Watson, is the most useful book published, without exception, to anyone of my calling."

"How can it possibly help you now?" I asked in some surprise.

"Well it may or it may not," said Holmes thoughtfully. "But in any case it's well to have at one's finger tips all knowledge which may be of use. It's quite probable that this Jabez Booth may have decided to leave the country and, if this supposition is correct, he would undoubtedly time his little escapade in conformity with information contained in this useful volume. Now I learn from this Sheffield Telegraph which I obtained at Leicester, by the way, when you were fast asleep, that Mr. Booth cashed the last of his forged checks at the North British Bank in Saville Street at precisely two fifteen P.M. on Wednesday last. He made the round of the various banks he visited in a hansom, and it would take him about three minutes only to get from the bank to the G.C. station. From what I gather of the order in which the different banks were visited, he made a circuit, finishing at the nearest point to the G.C. station, at which he could arrive at about two eighteen. Now I find that at two twenty-two a boat express would leave Sheffield G.C., due in Liverpool at four-twenty, and in connection with it the White Star liner Empress Queen should have sailed from Liverpool docks at six thirty for New York. Or again at four-fifty-a boat train would leave Sheffield for Hull, at which town it was due at four thirty in time to make a connection with the Holland steam packet, Comet, sailing at six thirty for Amsterdam."

"Here we are provided with two not unlikely means of escape, the former

being the most probable; but both worth bearing in mind."

Holmes had scarcely finished speaking when the train drew up.

"Nearly five past four," I remarked. "Yes," said Holmes, "we are exactly one and a half minutes behind time. And now I propose a good breakfast and a cup of strong coffee, for we have at least a couple of hours to spare."

After breakfast we visited first the police station where we learned that no further developments had taken place in the matter we had come to investigate. Mr. Lestrade of Scotland Yard had arrived the previous evening and had taken the case in hand officially.

We obtained the address of Mr. Jervis, the manager of the bank at which Booth had been an employee, and also that of his landlady at Broomhill.

A hansom landed us at Mr. Jervis's house at Fulwood at seven thirty. Holmes insisted upon my accompanying him, and we were both shown into a spacious drawing room and asked to wait until the banker could see us.

Mr. Jervis, a stout, florid gentleman of about fifty, came puffing into the room in a very short time. An atmosphere of prosperity seemed to envelop, if not actually to emanate from him.

"Pardon me for keeping you waiting, gentlemen," he said, "but the hour is an early one."

"Indeed, Mr. Jervis," said Holmes, "no apology is needed unless it be on our part. It is, however, necessary that I should ask you a few questions concerning this affair of Mr. Booth, before I can proceed in the matter, and that must be our excuse for paying you such an untimely visit."

"I shall be most happy to answer your questions as far as it lies in my power to do so," said the banker, his fat fingers playing with a bunch of seals at the end of his massive gold watch chain.

"When did Mr. Booth first enter your bank?" said Holmes.

"In January, 1881."

"Do you know where he lived when he first came to Sheffield?"

"He took lodgings at Ashgate Road, and has, I believe, lived there ever since."

"Do you know anything of his history or life before he came to you?"

"Very little I fear; beyond that his parents were both dead, and that he came to us with the best testimonials from one of the Leeds branches of our bank, I know nothing."

"Did you find him quick and reliable?"

"He was one of the best and smartest men I have ever had in my employ."

"Do you know whether he was conversant with any other language besides English?"

"I feel pretty sure he wasn't. We have one clerk who attends to any foreign correspondence we may have, and I know that Booth has repeatedly passed letters and papers on to him."

"With your experience of banking matters, Mr. Jervis, how long a time do you think he might reasonably have calculated would elapse between the presentation of the forged checks and their detection?"

Are you in the know?



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- ☐ Fair play
- ☐ All's fair in love
- ☐ Leave the field to Sue

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- ☐ Orange
- ☐ Cerise

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"Well, that would depend very largely upon circumstances," said Mr. Jerviss. "In the case of a single check it might be a week or two, unless the amounts were so large as to call for special inquiry, in which case it would probably never be cashed at all until such inquiry had been made. In the present case, when there were a dozen forged checks, it was most unlikely that some one of them should not be detected within twenty-four hours and so lead to the discovery of the fraud. No sane person would dare to presume upon the crime remaining undetected for a longer period than that."

"Thanks," said Holmes, rising. "Those were the chief points I wished to speak to you about. I will communicate to you any news of importance I may have."

"I am deeply obliged to you, Mr. Holmes. The case is naturally causing us great anxiety. We leave it entirely to your discretion to take whatever steps you may consider best. Oh, by the way, I sent instructions to Booth's landlady to disturb nothing in his rooms until you had had an opportunity of examining them."

"That was a very wise thing to do," said Holmes, "and may be the means of helping us materially."

"I am also instructed by my company," said the banker, as he bowed us politely out, "to ask you to make a note of any expenses incurred, which they will of course immediately defray."

A few moments later we were ringing the bell of the house in Ashgate Road, Broomhill, at which Mr. Booth had been a lodger for over seven years. It was answered by a maid who informed us that Mrs. Purnell was engaged with a gentleman upstairs. When we explained our errand she showed us at once up to Mr. Booth's rooms, on the first floor, where we found Mrs. Purnell, a plump, voluble, little lady of about forty, in conversation with Mr. Lestrade, who appeared to be just concluding his examination of the rooms.

"Good morning, Holmes," said the detective, with a very self-satisfied air. "You arrive on the scene a little too late; I fancy I have already got all the information needed to catch our man!"

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Holmes dryly, "and must indeed congratulate you, if this is actually the case. Perhaps after I've made a little tour of inspection we can compare notes."

"Just as you please," said Lestrade, with the air of one who can afford to be gracious. "Candidly I think you will be wasting time, and so would you if you knew what I've discovered."

"Still I must ask you to humor my little whim," said Holmes, leaning against the mantelpiece and whistling softly as he looked round the room.

After a moment he turned to Mrs. Purnell. "The furniture of this room belongs, of course, to you?"

Mrs. Purnell assented.

"The picture that was taken down from over the mantelpiece last Wednesday morning," continued Holmes, "that belonged to Mr. Booth, I presume?"

I followed Holmes's glance across to where an unfaded patch on the wallpa-

per clearly indicated that a picture had recently been hanging. Well as I knew my friend's methods of reasoning, however, I did not realize for a moment that the little bits of spiderweb which had been behind the picture, and were still clinging to the wall, had told him that the picture could only have been taken down immediately before Mrs. Purnell had received orders to disturb nothing in the room; otherwise her brush, evidently busy enough elsewhere, would not have spared them.

The good lady stared at Sherlock Holmes in open-mouthed astonishment. "Mr. Booth took it down himself on Wednesday morning," she said. "It was a picture he had painted himself, and he thought no end of it. He wrapped it up and took it out with him, remarking that he was going to give it to a friend. I was very much surprised at the time, for I knew he valued it very much; in fact he once told me that he wouldn't part with it for anything. Of course, it's easy to see now why he got rid of it."

"Yes," said Holmes. "It wasn't a large picture, I see. Was it a water color?"

"Yes, a painting of a stretch of moorland, with three or four large rocks arranged like a big table on a bare hilltop. Druidical, Mr. Booth called them, or something like that."

"Did Mr. Booth do much painting, then?" enquired Holmes.

"None, whilst he's been here, sir. He has told me he used to do a good deal as a lad, but he had given it up."

Holmes's eyes were glancing round the room again, and an exclamation of surprise escaped him as they encountered a photo-standing on the piano.

"Surely that's a photograph of Mr. Booth," he said. "It exactly resembles the description I have of him?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Purnell, "and a very good one it is too."

"How long has it been taken?" said Holmes, picking it up.

"Oh, only a few weeks, sir. I was here when the boy from the photographer's brought them up. Mr. Booth opened the packet whilst I was in the room. There were only two photos, that one and another which he gave to me."

"You interest me exceedingly," said Holmes. "This striped lounge suit he is wearing, is it the same that he had on when he left Wednesday morning?"

"Yes, he was dressed just like that, as far as I can remember."

"Do you recollect anything of importance that Mr. Booth said to you last Wednesday before he went out?"

"Not very much, I'm afraid, sir. When I took his cup of chocolate up to his bedroom, he said—"

"One moment," interrupted Holmes. "Did Mr. Booth usually have a cup of chocolate in the morning?"

"Oh, yes, sir, summer and winter alike. He was very particular about it and would ring for it as soon as ever he waked. I believe he'd rather have gone without his breakfast almost than have missed his cup of chocolate. Well, as I was saying, sir, I took it up to him myself on Wednesday morning, and he made some remark about the weather and then, just as I was leaving the room, he said, 'Oh, by the way, Mrs.

Purnell, I shall be going away tonight for a couple of weeks. I've packed my bag and will call for it this afternoon.'"

"No doubt you were very much surprised at this sudden announcement?" queried Holmes.

"Not very much, sir. Ever since he's had this auditing work to do for the branch banks, there's been no knowing when he would be away. Of course, he'd never been off for two weeks at a stretch, except at holiday times, but he had so often been away for a few days at a time that I had got used to his popping off with hardly a moment's notice."

"Let me see, how long has he had this extra work at the bank—several months, hasn't he?"

"More. It was about last Christmas, I believe, when they gave it to him."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Holmes carelessly, "and this work naturally took him from home a good deal?"

"Yes, indeed, and it seemed to quite tire him, so much evening and night work too, you see, sir. It was enough to knock him out, for he was always such a very quiet, retiring gentleman and hardly ever used to go out in the evenings before."

"Has Mr. Booth left many of his possessions behind him?" asked Holmes.

"Very few, indeed, and what he has are mostly old useless things. But he's a most honest thief, sir," said Mrs. Purnell paradoxically, "and paid me his rent, before he went out on Wednesday morning, right up to next Saturday, because he wouldn't be back by then."

"That was good of him," said Holmes, smiling thoughtfully. "By the way, do you happen to know if he gave away any other treasures before he left?"

"Well not just before, but during the last few months he's taken away most of his books and sold them, I think, a few at a time. He had rather a fancy for old books and has told me that some editions he had were worth quite a lot."

During this conversation, Lestrade had been sitting drumming his fingers impatiently on the table. Now he got up. "Really, I fear I shall have to leave you to this gossip," he said. "I must go and wire instructions for the arrest of Mr. Booth. If only you would have looked before at this old blotter, which I found in the wastebasket, you would have saved yourself a good deal of unnecessary trouble, Mr. Holmes," and he triumphantly slapped down a sheet of well-used blotting paper on the table.

Holmes picked it up and held it in front of a mirror over the sideboard. Looking over his shoulder I could plainly read the reflected impression of a note written in Mr. Booth's handwriting, of which Holmes had procured samples.

It was to a booking agency in Liverpool, giving instructions to them to book a first-class private cabin and passage on board the *Empress Queen* from Liverpool to New York. Parts of the note were slightly obliterated by other impressions, but it went on to say that a check was enclosed to pay for tickets, etc., and it was signed J. Booth.

Holmes stood silently scrutinizing the paper for several minutes.

It was a well-used sheet, but fortunately the impression of the note was

well in the center, and hardly obliterated at all by the other marks and blots, which were all round the outer circumference of the paper. In one corner the address of the Liverpool booking agency was plainly decipherable, the paper evidently having been used to blot the envelope with also.

"My dear Lestrade, you have indeed been more fortunate than I had imagined," said Holmes at length, handing the paper back to him. "May I ask what steps you propose to take next?"

"I shall cable at once to the New York police to arrest the fellow as soon as he arrives," said Lestrade, "but first I must make quite certain the boat doesn't touch at Queenstown or anywhere and give him a chance of slipping through our fingers."

"It doesn't," said Holmes quietly. "I had already looked to see as I thought it not unlikely, at first, that Mr. Booth might have intended to sail by the Empress Queen."

Lestrade gave me a wink for which I would dearly have liked to have knocked him down, for I could see that he disbelieved my friend. I felt a keen pang of disappointment that Holmes's foresight should have been eclipsed in this way by what, after all, was mere good luck on Lestrade's part.

Holmes had turned to Mrs. Purnell and was thanking her.

"Don't mention it, sir," she said. "Mr. Booth deserves to be caught, though I must say he's always been a gentleman to me. I only wish I could have given you some more useful information."

"On the contrary," said Holmes, "I can assure you that what you have told us has been of the utmost importance and will very materially help us. It's just occurred to me, by the way, to wonder if you could possibly put up my friend Dr. Watson and myself for a few days, until we have had time to look into this little matter?"

"Certainly, sir, I shall be most happy."

"Good," said Holmes. "Then you may expect us back to dinner about seven."

When we got outside, Lestrade at once announced his intention of going to the police office and arranging for the necessary orders for Booth's detention and arrest to be cabled to the head of the New York police; Holmes retained an enigmatical silence as to what he purposed to do but expressed his determination to remain at Broomhill and make a few further inquiries. He insisted, however, upon going alone.

"Remember, Watson, you are here for a rest and holiday and I can assure you that if you did remain with me you would only find my program a dull one. Therefore, I insist upon your finding some more entertaining way of spending the remainder of the day."

Past experience told me that it was quite useless to remonstrate or argue with Holmes when once his mind was made up, so I consented with the best grace I could, and leaving Holmes, drove off in the hansom, which he assured me he would not require further.

I passed a few hours in the art gallery and museum and then, after lunch, had a brisk walk out on the Manchester

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Road and enjoyed the fresh air and moorland scenery, returning to Ashgate Road at seven with better appetite than I had been blessed with for months.

Holmes had not returned, and it was nearly half past seven before he came in. I could see at once that he was in one of his most reticent moods, and all my inquiries failed to elicit any particulars of how he had passed his time or what he thought about the case.

The whole evening he remained coiled up in an easy chair puffing at his pipe and hardly a word could I get from him.

His inscrutable countenance and persistent silence gave me no clue whatever as to his thought on the inquiry he had in hand, although I could see his whole mind was concentrated upon it.

Next morning, just as we had finished breakfast, the maid entered with a note. "From Mr. Jervis, sir; there's no answer," she said.

Holmes tore open the envelope and scanned the note hurriedly and, as he did so, I noticed a flush of annoyance spread over his usually pale face.

"Confound his impudence," he muttered. "Read that, Watson. I don't ever remember to have been treated so badly in a case before."

The note was a brief one:

The Cedars, Fulwood,

September sixth.

Mr. Jervis, on behalf of the directors of the British Consolidated Bank, begs to thank Mr. Sherlock Holmes for his prompt attention and valued services in the matter concerning the fraud and disappearance of their ex-employee, Mr. Jabez Booth.

Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, informs us that he has succeeded in tracking the individual in question who will be arrested shortly. Under these circumstances they feel it unnecessary to take up any more of Mr. Holmes's valuable time.

"Rather cool, eh, Watson? I'm much mistaken if they don't have cause to regret their action when it's too late. After this I shall certainly refuse to act for them any further in the case, even if they ask me to do so. In a way I'm sorry because the matter presented some distinctly interesting features and is by no means the simple affair our friend Lestrade thinks."

"Why, don't you think he is on the right scent?" I exclaimed.

"Wait and see, Watson," said Holmes mysteriously. "Mr. Booth hasn't been caught yet, remember." And that was all that I could get out of him.

One result of the summary way in which the banker had dispensed with my friend's services was that Holmes and I spent a most restful and enjoyable week in the small village of Hathersage, on the edge of the Derbyshire moors, and returned to London feeling better for our long moorland rambles.

Holmes having very little work in hand at the time, and my wife not yet having returned from her Swiss holiday, I prevailed upon him, though not without considerable difficulty, to pass the next few weeks with me instead of returning to his rooms at Baker Street.

Of course, we watched the develop-

ment of the Sheffield forgery case with the keenest interest. Somehow the particulars of Lestrade's discoveries got into the papers, and the day after we left Sheffield they were full of the exciting chase of Mr. Booth, the man wanted for the Sheffield Bank frauds.

They spoke of "the guilty man restlessly pacing the deck of the Empress Queen, as she ploughed her way majestically across the solitary wastes of the Atlantic, all unconscious that the inexorable hand of justice could stretch over the ocean and was already waiting to seize him on his arrival in the New World." And Holmes after reading these sensational paragraphs would always lay down the paper with one of his enigmatical smiles.

At last the day on which the Empress Queen was due at New York arrived, and I could not help but notice that even Holmes's usually inscrutable face wore a look of suppressed excitement as he unfolded the evening paper. But our surprise was doomed to be prolonged still further. There was a brief paragraph to say that the Empress Queen had arrived off Long Island at six A.M. after a good passage. There was, however, a case of cholera on board, and the New York authorities had consequently been compelled to put the boat in quarantine, and none of the passengers or crew would be allowed to leave her for a period of twelve days.

Two days later there was a full column in the papers stating that it had been definitely ascertained that Mr. Booth was really on board the Empress Queen. He had been identified and spoken to by one of the sanitary inspectors who had had to visit the boat. He was being kept under close observation, and there was no possible chance of his escaping. Mr. Lestrade of Scotland Yard, by whom Booth had been so cleverly tracked down and his escape forestalled, had taken passage on the Oceania, due in New York on the tenth, and would personally arrest Mr. Booth when he was allowed to land.

Never before or since have I seen my friend Holmes so astonished as when he had finished reading this announcement. I could see that he was thoroughly mystified, though why he should be so was quite a puzzle to me. All day he sat coiled up in an easy chair, with his brows drawn down into two hard lines and his eyes half closed as he puffed away at his oldest briar in silence.

"Watson," he said once, glancing across at me. "It's perhaps a good thing that I was asked to drop that Sheffield case. As things are turning out I fancy I should only have made a fool of myself."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I began by assuming that somebody else wasn't one—and now it looks as though I had been mistaken."

For the next few days Holmes seemed quite depressed, for nothing annoyed him more than to feel that he had made any mistake in his deductions or got onto a false line of reasoning.

At last the fatal tenth of September, the day on which Booth was to be arrested, arrived. Eagerly but in vain we scanned the evening papers. The morn-

ing of the eleventh came and still brought no news of the arrest, but in the evening papers of that day there was a short paragraph hinting that the criminal had escaped again.

For several days the papers were full of the most conflicting rumors and conjectures as to what had actually taken place, but all were agreed in affirming that Mr. Lestrade was on his way home alone and would be back in Liverpool on the seventeenth or eighteenth.

On the evening of the last named day Holmes and I sat smoking in his Baker Street rooms, when his boy came in to announce that Mr. Lestrade of Scotland Yard was below and would like the favor of a few minutes' conversation.

"Show him up, show him up," said Holmes, rubbing his hands together with an excitement quite unusual to him.

Lestrade entered the room and sat down in the seat to which Holmes waved him, with a most dejected air.

"It's not often I'm at fault, Mr. Holmes," he began, "but in this Sheffield business I've been beaten hollow."

"Dear me," said Holmes pleasantly, "you surely don't mean to tell me that you haven't got your man yet?"

"I do," said Lestrade. "What's more, I don't think he ever will be caught!"

"Don't despair so soon," said Holmes encouragingly. "After you have told us all that's already happened, it's just within the bounds of possibility that I may be able to help you with some little suggestions."

Thus encouraged Lestrade began his strange story to which we both listened with breathless interest.

"It's quite unnecessary for me to dwell upon incidents which are already familiar," he said. "You know of the discovery I made in Sheffield which, of course, convinced me that the man I wanted had sailed for New York on the Empress Queen. I was in a fever of impatience for his arrest, and when I heard that the boat he had taken passage on had been placed in quarantine, I set off at once in order that I might actually lay hands upon him myself. Never have five days seemed so long."

"We reached New York on the evening of the ninth, and I rushed off at once to the head of the New York police and from him learned that there was no doubt whatever that Mr. Jabez Booth was indeed on board the Empress Queen. One of the sanitary inspectors who had had to visit the boat had not only seen but actually spoken to him. The man exactly answered the description of Booth which had appeared in the papers. One of the New York detectives had been sent on board to make a few inquiries and to inform the captain privately of the pending arrest. He found that Mr. Jabez Booth had actually had the audacity to book his passage and travel under his real name without even attempting to disguise himself in any way. He had a private first-class cabin, and the purser declared that he had been suspicious of the man from the first. He had kept himself shut up in his cabin nearly all the time, posing as an eccentric semi-invalid person who must not be disturbed on any account.

Most of his meals had been sent down to his cabin, and he had been seen on deck but seldom and hardly ever dined with the rest of the passengers. It was quite evident that he had been trying to keep out of sight, and to attract as little attention as possible. The stewards and some of the passengers who were approached on the subject later were all agreed that this was the case.

"It was decided that during the time the boat was in quarantine nothing should be said to Booth to arouse his suspicions but that the pursers, steward and captain, who were the only persons in the secret, should between them keep him under observation until the tenth, the day on which passengers would be allowed to leave the boat. On that day he should be arrested."

Here we were interrupted by Holmes's boy who came in with a telegram. Holmes glanced at it with a faint smile.

"No answer," he said, slipping it in his waistcoat pocket. "Pray continue your very interesting story, Lestrade."

"Well, on the afternoon of the tenth, accompanied by the New York chief inspector of police and detective Forsyth," resumed Lestrade, "I went on board the Empress Queen half an hour before she was due to come up to the landing stage to allow passengers to disembark."

"The purser informed us that Mr. Booth had been on deck and that he had been in conversation with him about fifteen minutes before our arrival. He had then gone down to his cabin and the purser, making some excuse to go down also, had actually seen him enter it. He had been standing near the top of the companionway since then and was sure Booth had not come up on deck again since."

"At last," I muttered to myself, as we all went down below, led by the purser who took us straight to Booth's cabin. We knocked but, getting no answer, tried the door and found it locked. The purser assured us, however, that this was nothing unusual. Mr. Booth had had his cabin door locked a good deal and, often, even his meals had been left on a tray outside. We held, a hurried consultation and, as time was short, decided to force the door. Two good blows with a heavy hammer, broke it from the hinges, and we all rushed in. You can picture our astonishment when we found the cabin empty. We searched it thoroughly, and Booth was certainly not there."

"One moment," interrupted Holmes. "The key of the door—was it on the inside of the lock or not?"

"It was nowhere to be seen," said Lestrade. "I was getting frantic for, by this time, I could feel the vibration of the engines and hear the first churning sound of the screw as the great boat began to slide slowly down towards the landing stage."

"We were at our wits' end; Mr. Booth must be hiding somewhere on board, but there was now no time to make a proper search for him, and in a very few minutes passengers would be leaving the boat. At last the captain promised us that, under the circumstances, only one landing gangway should be run out and, in company with the

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purer and stewards, I should stand by it with a complete list of passengers ticking off each one as he or she left. By this means it would be quite impossible for Booth to escape us even if he attempted some disguise, for no person whatever would be allowed to cross the gangway until identified by the purser or one of the stewards.

"I was delighted with the arrangement, for there was now no way by which Booth could give me the slip.

"One by one the passengers crossed the gangway and joined the jostling crowd on the landing stage and each one was identified and his or her name crossed off my list. There were one hundred and ninety-three first-class passengers on board the Empress Queen, including Booth, and, when one hundred and ninety-two had disembarked, his was the only name which remained!

"You can scarcely realize what a fever of impatience we were in," said Lestrade, mopping his brow at the very recollection, "nor how interminable the time seemed as we slowly but carefully ticked off one by one the whole of the three hundred and twenty-four second-class passengers and the three hundred and ten steerage from from my list. Every passenger except Mr. Booth crossed that gangway, but he certainly did not do so. There was no possible room for doubt on that point.

"He must therefore be still on the boat, we agreed, but I was getting panic-stricken and wondered if there were any possibility of his getting smuggled off in some of the luggage which the great cranes were now beginning to swing up onto the pier.

"I hinted my fear to detective Forsyth, and he at once arranged that every trunk or box in which there was any chance for a man to hide should be opened and examined by the customs officers.

"It was a tedious business, but they didn't shirk it, and at the end of two hours were able to assure us that by no possibility could Booth have been smuggled off the boat in this way.

"This left only one possible solution to the mystery. He must be still in hiding somewhere on board. We had had the boat kept under the closest observation ever since she came up to the landing stage, and now the superintendent of police lent us a staff of twenty men and, with the consent of the captain and the assistance of the pursers and stewards, etc., the Empress Queen was searched and re-searched from stem to stern. We didn't leave unexamined a place in which a cat could have hidden, but the missing man wasn't there. Of that I'm certain,—and there you have the whole mystery in a nutshell, Mr. Holmes. Mr. Booth certainly was on board the Empress Queen up to, and at, eleven o'clock on the morning of the tenth, and although he could not by any possibility have left it, we are nevertheless face to face with the fact that he wasn't there at five o'clock in the afternoon."

Lestrade's face as he concluded his curious and mysterious narrative, bore a look of the most hopeless bewilderment I ever saw, and I fancy my own

must have pretty well matched it, but Holmes threw himself back in his easy chair, with his long thin legs stuck straight out in front of him, his whole frame literally shaking with silent laughter. "What conclusion have you come to?" he gasped at length. "What steps do you propose to take next?"

"I've no idea. Who could know what to do? The whole thing is impossible, perfectly impossible; it's an insoluble mystery. I came to you to see if you could, by any chance, suggest some entirely fresh line of inquiry upon which I might begin to work."

"Well," said Holmes, cocking his eye mischievously at the bewildered Lestrade, "I can give you Booth's present address, if it will be of any use to you?"

"His what?" cried Lestrade.

"His present address," repeated Holmes quietly. "But before I do so, my dear Lestrade, I must make one stipulation. Mr. Jervis has treated me very shabbily in the matter, and I don't desire that my name shall be associated with it any further. Whatever you do you must not hint the source from which any information I may give you has come. You promise?"

"Yes," murmured Lestrade, who was in a state of bewildered excitement.

Holmes tore a leaf from his pocket book and scribbled on it: Mr. A. Winter, c/o Mrs. Thackray, Glossop Road, Broomhill, Sheffield.

"You will find there the present name and address of the man you are in search of," he said, handing the paper across to Lestrade. "I should strongly advise you to lose no time in getting hold of him, for though the wire I received a short time ago—which unfortunately interrupted your most interesting narrative—was to tell me that Mr. Winter had arrived back home again after a temporary absence, still it's more than probable that he will leave there, for good, at an early date. I can't say how soon—not for a few days I should think."

Lestrade rose. "Mr. Holmes, you're a brick," he said, with more real feeling than I have ever seen him show before. "You've saved my reputation in this job just when I was beginning to look like a perfect fool, and now you're forcing me to take all the credit, when I don't deserve one atom. As to how you have found this out, it's as great a mystery to me as Booth's disappearance was."

"Well, as to that," said Holmes airily, "I can't be sure of all the facts myself, for of course I've never looked properly into the case. But they are pretty easy to conjecture, and I shall be most happy to give you my idea of Booth's trip to New York on some future occasion when you have more time to spare."

"By the way," called out Holmes, as Lestrade was leaving the room, "I shouldn't be surprised if you find Mr. Jabez Booth, alias Mr. Archibald Winter, a slight acquaintance of yours, for he would undoubtedly be a fellow passenger of yours, on your homeward journey from America. He reached Sheffield a few hours before you arrived in London and, as he has certainly just returned from New York, like yourself, it's evident you must have crossed on the same boat. He

would be wearing smoked glasses and have a heavy dark mustache."

"Ah!" said Lestrade, "there was a man called Winter on board who answered to that description. I believe it must have been he, and I'll lose no more time," and Lestrade hurried off.

"Well, Watson, my boy, you look nearly as bewildered as our friend Lestrade," said Holmes, leaning back in his chair and looking roguishly across at me, as he lighted his old briar pipe.

"I must confess that none of the problems you have had to solve, in the past, seemed more inexplicable to me than Lestrade's account of Booth's disappearance from the Empress Queen."

"Yes, that part of the story is decidedly neat," chuckled Holmes, "but I'll tell you how I got at the solution of the mystery. I see you are ready to listen."

"The first thing to do in any case is to gauge the intelligence and cunning of the criminal. Now, Mr. Booth was undoubtedly a clever man. Mr. Jervis himself, you remember, assured us as much. The fact that he opened banking accounts in preparation for the crime twelve months before he committed it proves it to have been a long-meditated one. I began the case, therefore, with the knowledge that I had a clever man to catch, who had had twelve months in which to plan his escape."

"My first real clues came from Mrs. Purnell," said Holmes. "Most important were her remarks about Booth's auditing work which kept him from home so many days and nights, often consecutively. I felt certain at once, and inquiry confirmed, that Mr. Booth had had no such extra work at all. Why then had he invented lies to explain these absences to his landlady? Probably because they were in some way connected, either with the crime, or with his plans for escaping after he had committed it. It was inconceivable that so much mysterious outdoor occupation could be directly connected with the forgery, and I at once deduced that this time had been spent by Booth in paving the way for his escape."

"Almost at once the idea that he had been living a double life occurred to me, his intention doubtless being to quietly drop one individually after committing the crime and permanently take up the other—a far safer and less clumsy expedient than the usual one of assuming a new disguise just at the very moment when everybody is expecting and looking for you to do so."

"Then there were the interesting facts relating to Booth's picture and books. I tried to put myself in his place. He valued these possessions highly; they were light and portable, and there was really no reason whatever why he should part with them. Doubtless, then, he had taken them away by degrees and put them somewhere where he could lay hands on them again. If I could find out where this place was, I felt sure there would be every chance I could catch him when he attempted to recover them."

"The picture couldn't have gone far for he had taken it out with him on the very day of the crime . . . I needn't

bore you with details . . . I was two hours making inquiries before I found the house at which he had called and left it—which was none other than Mrs. Thackery's in Glossop Road.

"I made a pretext for calling there and found Mrs. T. one of the most easy mortals in the world to pump. In less than half an hour I knew that she had a boarder named Winter, that he professed to be a commercial traveler and was from home most of the time. His description resembled Booth's save that he had a mustache, wore glasses.

"As I've often tried to impress upon you before, Watson, details are the most important things of all, and it gave me a real thrill of pleasure to learn that Mr. Winter had a cup of chocolate brought up to his bedroom every morning. A gentleman called on the Wednesday morning and left a parcel, saying it was a picture he had promised for Mr. Winter, and asking Mrs. Thackery to give it to Winter when he returned. Mr. Winter had taken the rooms the previous December. He had a good many books which he had brought in from time to time. All these facts taken in conjunction made me certain that I was on the right scent. Winter and Booth were one and the same person, and as soon as Booth had put all his pursuers off the track he would return, as Winter, and repossess his treasures.

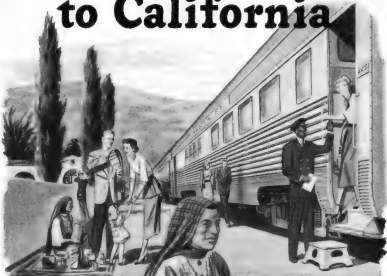
"The newly taken photo and the old blotter with its telltale note were too obviously intentional means of drawing the police onto Booth's track. The blotter, I could see almost at once, was a fraud, for not only would it be almost impossible to use one in the ordinary way so much without the central part becoming undecipherable, but I could see where it had been touched up.

"I concluded therefore that Booth, alias Winter, never actually intended to sail on the Empress Queen, but in that I underestimated his ingenuity. Evidently he booked two berths on the boat, one in his real, and one in his assumed name, and managed very cleverly to successfully keep up the two characters throughout the voyage, appearing first as one individual and then as the other. Most of the time he posed as Winter, and for this purpose Booth became the eccentric semi-invalid passenger who remained locked up in his cabin for such a large part of his time. This, of course, would answer his purpose well; his eccentricity would only draw attention to his presence on board and so make him one of the best-known passengers on the boat, although he showed so little of himself.

"I had left instructions with Mrs. Thackery to send me a wire as soon as Winter returned. When Booth had led his pursuers to New York, and there thrown them off the scent, he had nothing more to do but to take the first boat back. Very naturally it chanced to be the same as that on which our friend Lestrade returned, and that was how Mrs. Thackery's wire arrived at the opportune moment it did." **THE END**

Editor's Note: We are aware that there are several inconsistencies in this story. We have not tried to correct them. The story is published exactly as it was found except for minor changes in spelling and punctuation.

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Marriage Is No Honeymoon

(Continued from page 62)



auburn-haired girl about whom people, meeting her for the first time, said, "Well, I'll be darned, she certainly doesn't look as though she had a son that age!"

Laura certainly didn't, any more than she looked as though she objected to living on a traveling salesman's modest income, which was part of what bothered Fred. Looks didn't count. It was the sort of thing you couldn't understand unless you knew Laura well, unless you lived with her. After eight years of marriage, Fred knew her so well that he wasn't surprised, three Sundays later, to find himself guiding the old car cautiously through the crosstown traffic toward the West Side highway. He wasn't surprised at all. Merely sullen.

"Isn't this fun?" Laura said and, when he didn't answer, she said, "Well, Tommy and I think it's fun, don't we, Tommy?"

"You bet," Tommy said. "Come on, Pop. Pass that guy in the green job. Who does he think he is?"

"A careful driver," Fred said. "What I'm trying to teach you to grow up to be. Pull your noggin in out of that window or I'll have to put you in the back seat."

"Aah, gee," Tommy said. "You're always picking on me these days."

This had not occurred to Fred before and, even though he didn't think it was true, it came as an upsetting surprise to learn that his son felt it. So he pushed the car harder than he thought was good for it and managed to pass the green limousine, which cheered Tommy considerably. Fred drove glumly for a while, with a kind of, subdued ferocity, wondering why he had objected to this trip, trying to figure out why a visit to Binnie's new farm and her new husband should fill him with so much distaste and what, if anything, it could possibly have to do with the frightening thing that was happening to him and Laura.

"There he goes again," Tommy shouted. "Come on, Pop. You can drive better than he can. Let's show him."

The excitement in the boy's voice, and his confidence in his father, plus the tangy autumn air, worked their magic. Fred, pushing into the back of his mind the crucial role the old car played in earning the family income, gave the old jalopy the gun and, as Tommy had

confidently predicted, they did it again. They left the green car behind and, even though it kept catching up with them, under Tommy's excited urging they continued to pass it regularly during the next hour and a half. When Fred turned off the Taconic Parkway and they lost the limousine he was feeling surprisingly good.

"Well, son, that takes care of him," Fred said with a laugh. "I guess he decided to quit and head for Albany. Now what?"

"We stay right on this cutoff until Drafton," Laura said, checking the written instructions Binnie had sent against the road map spread on her lap. "Then left on Twenty-two for three miles, left again to a gravel road, then straight to the top of the hill, and there they are."

The instructions proved to be intelligent and accurate, which was more than Fred had expected of Binnie. This added so much to his unexpected sense of well-being that, when they pulled up in front of the rambling white farmhouse, he actually remembered to offer his arm to Laura when they got out of the car. The sense of well-being did not last long, because Binnie came bursting out of the house in a pair of blue velvet slacks and a white cashmere sweater, on which was pinned a spectacular diamond brooch. Fred, suddenly aware that Laura's tweed suit dated back to their courting days before the war and that her new suit was still merely one of several unattained goals on their highly detailed budget, told himself angrily that velvet slacks and diamond brooches added up to a singularly inappropriate outfit for a girl who had written that all she did these days was raise Black Angus cattle.

"Darlings," Binnie said, throwing her arms around Laura, with whom she had gone to school. "How marvelous that you could come, and how grand to see you, and look, oh, just look!" Binnie squealed as she hauled Tommy out of the car. "He's grown so," Binnie said. "Why, he's as big as Spike, and Spike's eight, a whole year older."

"It's the diet and the air on Grove Street," Fred said. "Where is Spike? I haven't seen the kid since—" Fred stopped, not only because the word divorce always bothered him, but also because he had always liked Binnie's first husband, Burt Parker, who was Spike's father. "I haven't seen the kid for more than a year," Fred said. "He must be quite a boy."

"Oh, he is," Binnie said. "Wait till you see him. He's out in the big barn right now with Hank and the vet. They're inoculating the herd today against Bang's disease. Did you ever expect to see the day when this denizen of the night clubs would be prattling away about vets and Bang's disease?"

"Could I go to the barn?" Tommy said. "I want to see the cows."

"Of course, darling," Binnie said, and then, to Laura, "Shouldn't he have something to eat first?"

"I'm not hungry," Tommy said. "I want to see the cows."

"I'll tell you what," Laura said. "Let's

just have a glass of milk and maybe some bread and butter or a sandwich, to fortify our little tummy until dinner time, and then we'll all go out to the barn. All right?"

"Aah, gee," Tommy said. "I want to see the cows."

"You will, in a minute, darling," Binnie said, taking Tommy's hand. "First let's go see what we can find in the kitchen."

What they found in the kitchen, it seemed to Fred, could have been duplicated only by pooling the rear quarters of two or three of New York's more elegant restaurants. The unpretentious lines of the rambling old house had not prepared him for the long rows of gleaming copper pots and built-in cabinets, the two refrigerators with double doors, the enormous electric range, the deep-freeze unit, the dishwasher, the shiny metal sinks, and two maids in starched uniforms, one of them basting a turkey that looked as large as a St. Bernard. Fred's mind, working overtime on its distressing trick of comparing what he had with what other people had, came up with an acid sharp picture of the kitchen on Grove Street that also served him and Laura as a dining room.

He turned on his heel, leaving to the four women the problem of making up a snack for Tommy, and he went to hunt for a bathroom. What he found, off the butler's pantry, was such an elaborate affair made of sheet glass and mauve-colored tile, that it made him feel uncomfortable as he washed from his hands the dust of the long drive. When he came out and managed—after prowling through an elaborately decorated library, a den, a dining room, and a study—to reach the living room, he discovered Binnie and Laura curled up on a downy red couch that could have been purchased only from a discarded movie set.

"Where's Tommy?" he said.

"He scooted off to the barn," Binnie said. "Would you like a drink, darling?"

"I never touch it before the sun is over the yardarm," Fred said, wishing Binnie wouldn't call everybody darling or, if she had to, that she would make an exception in his case. She was a leggy blonde with a somewhat mechanical but nevertheless attractive smile, who had inherited from her actress mother almost as much sex appeal as she had inherited money from her railroad-building father. Fred imagined his dislike for Binnie was due to his upbringing. His father had been a minister in Providence and Fred, who knew he was old enough to know better, knew also that he had never been able to shake off the boyhood conviction that a woman who got a divorce, and remarried almost immediately, was somehow either dissolute or not quite nice. "Is it safe for Tommy to go off to the barn like that all by himself?" he said. "I thought we were all going?"

"He's safer than he is in his own bed on Grove Street, darling," Binnie said. "And we'll all go over in a minute. I just want to catch you and Laura up on the divorce, and the farm, and Hank

before I take you over to meet him. You'll love Hank, darling. I'm sure you will."

Fred doubted this. With the exception of Burt Parker, he had always found it as difficult to like men who married rich women as he did to boost his own income beyond the point where any expenditure, aside from the basic necessities of food, clothing and shelter, could be made without elaborate weighing of pros and cons.

"Please stop pacing and sit down," Laura said. "You make me so nervous, I can't hear a word Binnie is saying."

Laura glared, and Fred sat down. He took a cigarette from a silver box on a drum table with a beautiful old leather top, and he listened while Binnie explained that she had met Hank at a cocktail party just about the time it was beginning to become perfectly plain that she and Burt Parker were all washed up. It seemed that Hank had been pretty much in the same boat, marking time in a marriage with which both he and his wife had become bored, holding together the pretense of a relationship merely because they had three children, making themselves miserable because they didn't really know what to do about it. Then, too, Hank's salary, as credit manager for a jewelry firm on Fifth Avenue, was scarcely large enough to keep one household going, let alone the two that would result from a divorce.

"Well, we clicked right away," Binnie said as she snuggled more deeply into the preposterous red couch. "So I decided to do something about it at once. You know me."

Fred, who did, snuffed out his cigarette and wondered, as he watched Laura's enraptured face, whether he had been wise to turn down Binnie's offer of a drink. His wife's uncritical admiration for the details of her friend's expensive but rather tawdry affairs bothered Fred. What had happened to Laura's once very sound sense of values? he asked himself worriedly, as Binnie explained that first, she had talked to her own husband, and she had to admit that Burt Parker had been very reasonable about the whole thing. Then, she had talked to Hank's wife, who had been even more reasonable, once Binnie made it plain that she was prepared to make a cash settlement for Hank's freedom. From then on the whole thing had been clear sailing.

It turned out that Hank hated his job and had always wanted to raise Black Angus cattle, an ambition that Binnie had been secretly pursuing herself for goodness knows how many years. So she had bought this place, and they'd moved into it along with the masons and the plumbers and the carpenters, not to mention the decorators. Now that it was all done—except for painting the outside of the house, of course, and putting up a few more small out-buildings—she wouldn't swap her present life for all the fancy parties and gala opening nights New York had to offer in a lifetime.

"What about Hank's children?"

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IN RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

Laura said. "You said there were three."

"They're all in their teens and away at school," Binnie said. "So that's been no problem, and as for Spike, honestly, it's been wonderful. Hank's children are all girls, and perfectly charming creatures, but Hank's always really wanted a boy, and he's taken Spike to his bosom as though he were his own."

"How about Spike?" Fred said, disregarding the irritated glance Laura gave him for interrupting. "How has he taken to Hank? Doesn't he miss Burt?"

"That's been the most wonderful part of it," Binnie said in a gush of enthusiasm. "You know how Burt is. The thing that was wrong with our marriage was that he wasn't really a father any more than he was a husband. He was just a man who came home now and then to sober up. Spike loved him, of course, when he did come home, because Burt was always wonderful fun. But after the short game was over, Burt would be gone again. Spike's made a complete transference to Hank. He thinks of Hank as his father now because Hank is always around. Burt comes driving up from New York every now and then, and Spike is glad to see him, of course, just as I am, but after Burt leaves, why, it's just as though he hadn't been here at all. Spike forgets all about him, just as I do. Just wait till you see Hank and Spike together."

"Do we have to wait much longer?" Fred said. "I want to meet Hank, and I'm getting a little nervous about Tommy."

"Oh, darling, you're so silly," Binnie said, and she laughed as she stood up. "You're just like all city slickers. You think a farm is the Mato Grosso or something, with pythons and lions and things." She caught up a mink coat from the floor near the couch and threw it around her shoulders. "Come see for yourself," she said. "We have almost an hour before dinner."

The barn may not have been the Mato Grosso, with pythons and lions and things, but it did not impress Fred as the safest of places. A hundred or more head of huge black cattle were milling about in a soggy mess of straw and manure and spilled feed. In the approximate center of the seething mass, kneeling unconcernedly on the flap of a wooden stanchion mounted on wheels, was a neat little man with rimless eyeglasses. He was wearing a long white coat and holding a hypodermic syringe that looked at least ten inches long.

"The vet," Binnie said in a whisper. "That's Hank, driving them into the stanchion."

Hank was tall and thin, with a carefully trimmed mustache dabbed onto one of those conventionally handsome faces that it is always difficult, later, to remember in detail. He had a sort of nervous elegance that, it seemed to Fred, would have looked more appropriate in a hand-tailored lounge suit than in the gaudy dannel shirt and the blue jeans tucked into the tops of the

somewhat derailing boots. Hank nodded to the group in the doorway as he drove a steer into the stanchion, and then pushed his way through the grunting animals.

"Hank, darling," Binnie said. "This is Laura and Fred, at last."

They all shook hands, and made appropriate remarks.

"We'll be finished in about a half hour," Hank said. "That'll give me a chance to join you for a quick one before we light into that turkey dinner."

"Where's Tommy?" Fred said. "And Spike?"

"On the grain chute," Hank said.

Fred looked up and saw his son, sitting beside Spike Parker, on a wooden ledge at the top of a ladder.

"Come on, darling," Binnie said. "I'm going to show Laura the turkey run."

"You go ahead," Fred said. "I'll watch this for a while."

The girls walked out, and Fred climbed to the top of the ladder. "Hi, boys," he said. "Remember me, Spike?"

"Yes, sir," Spike said politely. "How are you, sir?"

"Fine," Fred said. "You?"

"Fine, sir," Spike said. "Thank you, sir." Fred found the boy's politeness vaguely troubling, but he couldn't figure out why.

"Ain't that some needle, Pop?" Tommy said. "It's for like when I was vaccinated, only this is Bang's disease. Pop, ain't that some needle?"

"Isn't," Fred said. "Not ain't. Don't fall off, now. You, either, Spike."

"No, sir," Burt Parker's son said politely. "I'll see that he doesn't, sir." Again Fred was troubled by the boy's subdued tone. He wondered, as he climbed back down the ladder, whether Spike, a year ago, had actually been livelier. As he walked across to the house, Fred saw another car in the driveway, the green limousine he had been passing at regular intervals along Taconic Parkway. Fred patted the beautiful tender, and went into the house.

"Look who's here, darling," Binnie gurgled from the ridiculous couch. "A surprise visitor."

"Why, Burt," Fred said, shaking hands with Burt Parker. "How are you?"

"Well," Burt said and Fred saw at a glance why it had been possible for him to pass the powerful green car so frequently. Burt Parker was pretty drunk.

"Good to see you again," Burt said. "Drove up to see my boy for a couple of hours, and damned if I didn't forget where to turn off. Guess the old brain isn't working the way it used to, eh?"

Fred guessed it wasn't, either, but he didn't say so. There were enough people, including Binnie, who said Burt Parker's brain would never again work the way it used to. Even the most promising young architect in the world becomes less promising if he keeps his talent and his liver pickled in alcohol.

"You must be doing well," Fred said. "Judging by that green job outside."

"Isn't it a beauty?" Burt said. "Oh, I'm doing great. I've decided to take the eight hundred bucks that add up to all my worldly goods and go down to Mexico for a year or two and see if I can lose the taste for expensive whis-

ky I picked up while married to our hostess, here. Another thing I'm going to try to see is what happens if I lock myself in a room with a drawing board again. Maybe I'll find a piece of my talent still kicking around that Binnie's money didn't manage to kill off."

"Darling," Binnie said with a pout. "I don't think it's fair to blame me because you didn't design Radio City."

"That's right," Burt said quietly. "I'm not being fair, am I? I'm being—"

He shrugged and turned back to Fred. "I wanted to see Spike before I left, and I didn't want his last sight of his old man to be unequal to the splendor he's grown accustomed to, so, I borrowed the limousine from an old but foolish friend. Clever, don't you think?"

"Very clever, darling," Binnie said. "Only don't you think the impression would be even better if you laid off the gin for a while?"

"Not really," Burt said, walking across to the cocktail shaker. "I'm going to be awfully sober in Mexico for the next couple of years. Want one of these, Fred? I'm having one more before I go out and find my boy."

"You don't have to," Laura said. "Here they come."

Hank came in, holding Spike and Tommy by their hands. Spike greeted his father politely and Hank shook hands with strained heartiness.

"Let's take our drinks to the table," Binnie said. "Burt has to start back by three, and he'll want some time with Spike alone, won't you, Burt?"

Burt Parker didn't answer. He was already moving toward the dining room, managing to keep his drink reasonably level as he told his son about the new limousine's amazing pick-up.

After dinner Hank took Tommy back to the barn. Binnie and Laura walked off to look at the silos and, in excitedly girlish tones, relive what they obviously felt were some of the more thrilling moments of their days at school. Fred went out to the porch, where he sat worrying about the uneasy feeling that enveloped him and watching Burt Parker demonstrate the fine points of the limousine to Spike.

The big man, sitting behind the wheel with the boy in his lap, would let Spike start the car. They would guide it up the road together for several hundred yards, then they would return to the driveway.

They did it over and over again, with waning enthusiasm but dogged persistence, like a couple of old friends who, meeting after many years, begin an animated conversation and find, after a few minutes, that they have but a single, worn-out subject to talk about and are afraid to drop it for fear of being left speechless. The difference between Burt's relaxed, lumbering easiness and the boy's tense politeness, made Fred so uncomfortable that, after a while, he wandered over to the barn.

He peered in, but he couldn't see anybody, not even the vet. The following animals were stomping around and Fred, remembering suddenly that Hank had taken Tommy back here after dinner, felt a stab of panic. He looked up at the ledge over the grain

chute, trying not to think of his son's trampled body. He started toward the deserted stanchion in the middle, but the pawing animals drove him back. Then he heard voices. He turned and ran out around the side of the barn. He stopped short. Hank and Laura were sitting on a feeding trough, talking.

"Oh, how I envy you," Laura was saying to Binnie's brand-new husband, and it was the tone of her voice as much as the word that brought the hard, sick knot into the pit of Fred's stomach. "Having all this, knowing you no longer have to worry. How I wish I were in your shoes."

"It's nice, I must admit," Hank said with a satisfied chuckle. "It makes you forget bills and going to an office every day and worrying about the rent," he said. "Things called responsibilities."

"I know," Laura said. "I wish I could forget some of those responsibilities."

"Maybe you've forgotten more of them than you think," Fred said. "Where's Tommy? I thought he was with you, but I can't find him in the—"

"Now, relax, old man," Hank said. "The kid's perfectly safe. Why don't you calm down and—"

"I don't want any of your damned advice," Fred said. "I want to know where Tommy is."

"Binnie took him down the road to show him the turkey runs," Hank said. "I'll go get him."

Hank hurried around the barn, and Fred stood there, looking at his wife.

"That was a delightfully gracious way to talk to your host," Laura said acidly. "He may be your host, but he's not mine," Fred said. "He's just a guy whose sweepstakes ticket won, and now he doesn't have to work any more. I'm sick of him and his wife and their gracious life. I've had more than enough, beginning with that hogwash your friend Binnie started spilling off that damn fool couch onto that insane rug from the minute we arrived."

"If we had that damn fool couch and that insane rug in our luxurious little three-room estate on Grove Street," Laura said, "I might find living with you more palatable than you've managed to make it these last few months."

"If you find it as unpalatable as all that, I'm sure we can do something about making it more appetizing," Fred said, amazed by the savagery with which the words came out, yet knowing bitter relief that the showdown was here at last.

It wasn't Laura's tenacity that had been sending their marriage down hill. It was her bitterness about the three rooms on Grove Street, and the frantic budgeting that never seemed to help. She had expected more of him, just as he had expected more of himself, and neither one of them had been willing to acknowledge that he didn't have it in him to provide more.

"After the blueprint and round-by-round instructions you've had today from your school chum," Fred said brutally, "the details that will leave you free to find yourself a male equivalent of dear old gold-plated Binnie shouldn't be difficult to arrange."

"That will suit me fine," Laura said

in a small, hard voice. I'll see my father's lawyers, first thing tomorrow."

"Burt has to leave," Binnie called. "Come say good-by, darlings."

Fred and Laura joined the group around the green limousine.

"Everybody be good, now, and I'll send you post cards of Popocatepetl," Burt Parker said. He turned to his son. "You won't forget your promise to write, will you?"

"No," Spike said politely. "I won't."

There was a flurry of final good-bys, and the green car roared off.

"Well," Fred said, "I guess we'd better be pushing along, too."

Hank went off to get the basket of vegetables that one of the maids had picked from the garden for Fred and Laura to take back to town with them. Fred went back to the barn to retrieve Tommy's cap. Finally, he and Laura were settled on the front seat of their old car, and the basket of vegetables and Tommy were settled on the rear seat. Hank was standing stiffly beside the car, while Binnie told them gaily to give her regards to the big town, and come again soon. Then she discovered Spike was not there.

"He's probably hiding somewhere," Hank said. "He's shy, and you know how Parker's visits upset him."

"That's true," Binnie said. "Well, I'll say good-by for Spike, then."

Finally Fred managed to get the car rolling. He drove in silence, glad that Tommy had fallen asleep on the rear seat. After he swung off the cut-off, he couldn't remember whether the next turn was right on Twenty-two or left, but he didn't seem to be able to bring himself to ask Laura. He was almost relieved when the wheel lurched suddenly in his hand, and the car ground to a lumpy, sickening halt. He got out and looked at the tires.

"Flat," he said.

Laura didn't answer. Fred went around to open the luggage compartment, in which the spare and the tools

were kept. He started to put the key in the lock, then saw that the compartment was not closed. He lifted the lid and stared. "Listen," he said. "What's going on here?"

The sound of his voice caused Laura to come quickly around to the back of the car. She looked into the luggage compartment. "Spike," she said. "For heaven's sake."

"Don't take me back," Spike said. "I want to go to New York."

Fred and Laura looked at each other and then Laura lifted the boy out.

"Spike," she said. "We can't take you to New York, darling. You belong with your mother, on the farm."

"I want to be with my dad," the boy said. "I don't want to be up there with him! I want to—!" His even, grave, polite little voice broke, and then he was clutching Laura tightly around the neck, and his small body was shaking with sobs. "Please don't take me back," he wailed. "Please take me to New York. I want to be with my dad. I—"

His voice disintegrated into a stream of incoherent sobs and Fred, catching Laura's eyes across the boy's shoulder, bit his lip and dipped down to the luggage compartment. "I'll try not to be long," he said as he started loosening the nuts that held the spare in place.

As Fred finished and the car eased off the jack with a final bump, Tommy woke up. "What happened, Pop?"

"We had a flat," Fred said, and then he saw his son's glance stop on Spike. "We'll have to take Spike back to—"

"No," Spike sobbed. "Please don't take me back. I want my dad."

"How did he get here?" Tommy said. "Did he follow us?"

"Well," Fred said. "Sort of."

He avoided his son's eyes as he picked up the tools and carried them around to the back of the car. He fastened the flat tire in place and came around to hold the front door for Laura, who worked herself gently into the car, hold-

ing Spike in her arms. Fred got in, and started the motor.

"Ma," Tommy said from the back seat, "what's he crying about?"

"Why, Spike is tired," Laura said. "He wants to go home."

Fred started back toward the farm. "Fred," Laura said. "Couldn't we—"

He shook his head. "I thought the same thing, but I don't see how," Fred said. "Burt's going to Mexico, and Binnie's Spike's mother. When a kid gets caught in the middle like this, third parties are just helpless bystanders."

"That damned Binnie," Laura said, and she stopped. She looked up into the mirror over the windshield, at her own son on the rear seat, and Fred looked up, too. Tommy was sitting very straight. His small face was expressionless but, as he stared at the other boy whose face was hidden on Laura's shoulder there was a hint of something in Tommy's eyes that no parent would want to see twice. "What shall we say to Binnie?" Laura said.

"It won't matter what we tell her," Fred said. "She'll know why he did it. Besides, it's not Binnie's feelings I'm thinking about."

He looked up into the mirror again, and Laura looked up, too, and the eyes of husband and wife met over the head of their son. Laura's face contracted slightly, with the beginnings of something that only a person who had lived with her for a long time would understand. "Fred, let's not—"

"Let's not what?" Fred said.

"Let's not buy me that new fall suit we've got on the budget. Let's put the money into a few yards of bright chintz, instead, and cover the couch in the living room," she said in a way that made her husband wonder if tenacity was such a bad thing, after all. "It's quite a nice little place we have on Grove Street," Laura said. "All it needs is a spot of color here and there to give us a fresh perspective." **THE END**

Zerzura, Lost Oasis of Treasure (Continued from page 21)

an enormous number of diamond-studded and golden utility objects, gold coins and jewelry, marble carvings and pottery. Within the city walls is a broad blue lake—a resting place for migratory birds—which gives the place its name. Zazur, the root word, means "sparrow" or "starlings," so that Zerzura may be translated as "Place of Little Birds."

This elusive oasis was sought for centuries by wealthy Arabian sultans, Egyptian emirs, lowly desert tribesmen, and more recently by European archaeologists and explorers.

The Bramley Expedition, scheduled to get under way late this year will be the eighteenth since 700 A.D., the date of the earliest known search.

The Zerzura legend is kept alive, too, by a lot of circumstantial evidence. Treasure is constantly being dug up in Egypt, Libya and the Sudan. An estimated one hundred sixty million dollars' worth—and more that is actually priceless—has been found since 1900. Secluded tombs have yielded it, as well as ancient ruins which sometimes are

exhumed by capricious desert winds.

Perhaps more compelling is the fact that at least two other once-legendary cases—Owenat and Merga—have been discovered in the last fifty years. In 1910, Bedouin herdsmen looking for strayed sheep along the Libyan-Sudan border stumbled on Owenat and found only a couple of water holes and a cluster of withered palms. But excavations co-financed by Alexandria merchants and the Egyptian Government brought up more than ten million dollars' worth of ancient Greek coins and gold dishes. Hieroglyphics on slabs of stone positively identified the spot.

Merga, a lush oasis in the Sudan, had turned up a few years earlier in the path of a desert caravan which had wandered off its course during a sandstorm. The remains of an old fort and some flint implements were unearthed, but no treasure. Egyptologists claimed there were signs the place had been rifled several hundred years earlier.

What heartens desert explorers is that Zerzura is named along with

Owenat and Merga in the chronicles of El Bekni, an Arab historian whose work is dignified by a shelf in the British Museum. El Bekni describes all three oases as hiding places of valuables filched from the Pharaohs. "Two down and one to go!" is the rallying cry of Zerzura enthusiasts.

A determined search for Zerzura by air has never been made because of the risk of a forced landing in soft sand. If a low-flying plane came down in the desolation of the Sand Sea, it probably would lie there till the end of time. However, Douglas Newbold, a prominent member of the Royal Geographical Society, flew high over the desert in 1928 and spotted the gleam of water in a grassy, craterlike depression about forty miles north of the Merga Oasis. This checked with the twenty-three-year-old report of a dying Bedai guide who'd told of finding in approximately the same position, a hollow, half a mile wide, with palms, a lake and ruins.

A reference to the lost oasis, which

seems to have obsessed a great many desert habitues, is made in a medieval work called "The Book of Hidden Pearls." Written by an unknown Arab author, this quaint volume purports to give the sites of about four hundred different treasure caches scattered over the wastes of Northern Africa. It offers astrological aids to discovery and emphasizes the possible value of incantations and fumigations as means of locating the treasures. Of one particular hoard, the book assures the seeker that a useful vision concerning its precise whereabouts will come to him if he sleeps for three nights on the nearby tomb of a saint.

True, most bona fide explorers admit that "The Book of Hidden Pearls" is a very poor guide, but few hesitate to quote from it when pressed for additional evidence that Zerzura really exists. They point out that the author devotes a paragraph each to the since-discovered oases of Owenat and Merga—and was no more than one hundred miles off the mark in either case.

As part of an official campaign to rid the land of so many treasure-seeking expeditions, "The Book of Hidden Pearls" was translated into French in 1916. The Egyptian Government figured that the book's publication in a more widely read language would discourage further explorations because of the ridiculous, fairy-tale terms in which it was written. But within a year of its appearance in French more explorers were tracking up Egypt and Libya than ever before. As Professor Maspero, renowned French archaeologist, woefully observed: "The Book of Hidden Pearls" has been the cause of more damage to ancient monuments than all the ravages of war."

To the average Arab, Zerzura is a synonym for wealth and happiness. The word is used in several commonplace sayings. For example, a dreamer or a romantic idealist is said to be "living in Zerzura." And an Arab woman who pleads with her poverty-stricken husband to buy her a new robe may get this pungent response: "You'll get it, my little guinea hen—when I find Zerzura!"

Twenty-eight years ago Zerzura suddenly took on a religious significance for approximately three million Moslems of a puritanical sect called the Senussi. They believed that the glittering oasis city is a sort of interim heaven wherein reside one thousand Senussi tribesmen who were chased into the desert by the Italians and were never heard of again. A devout Senussi hopes to join his brethren in Zerzura, convinced that their demigod—dead for over one hundred years—has returned from his place beside Allah to watch over them.

No such fantastic legend is likely to destroy the greater legend of Zerzura itself. Too many men in history have sought it, and too much that seems credible has been recorded down the ages. Now, in 1948, Major Jennings Bramley plans to comb the region south of Dakhla. That's where Zerzura lies, he avers—somewhere in fifty thousand square miles of scorching hot and sand.

But does it?

THE END

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only



WHAT SINGLE MISTAKE THREATENS HER ONCE HAPPY MARRIAGE?

- A. This foolish wife failed to take one of the first steps usually important to marital compatibility.
- Q. What is that first step so vital to continual marital congeniality?
- A. A wise wife practices sound, safe feminine hygiene to safeguard her daintiness with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching . . . "Lysol" in proper solution.
- Q. Aren't salt or soda effective enough?
- A. No, indeed! Homemade "makeshift" solutions can't compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. "Lysol" is gentle to sensitive membranes, yet powerful against germs and odors . . . effective in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Kills germs on contact—stops objectionable odors.
- Q. Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?
- A. Many leading doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone. Safe to use as often as you want. No greasy after-effect. Three times as many women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene as all other liquid products combined!

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol." Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is safer than "Lysol" . . . no other product is more effective!

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What's Happening to Music (Continued from page 47)

easy to find the angle any more," Berlin says.

Fortunately for the people who write and publish popular music, people still are falling in love. But the way they tell each other about it has changed.

"Nowadays," Berlin explains, "it would sound pretty corny to say 'I'll Be Loving You Always.'"

"People have taken on an edge of sophistication, so today you have to approach love obliquely. A good theme might be, 'I Haven't Started Hating You This Week.'"

Irving Berlin has often been given the credit for having invented ragtime. The proof is supposed to be "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

"People seem to think," Berlin says impatiently, "that I sat down at the piano and was suddenly inspired to play a new kind of rhythm never before heard by the human ear." Apart from its assault on his modesty, the legend also bothers Berlin because it runs counter to his belief that in all the history of popular music there have been few real originators. Most song writers and musicians, he claims, have adapted the work of other people.

Even the historians of jazz have never been able to discover who played the first musical note in ragtime. Most of them are agreed, however, that the first ragtime music was pounded out in the parlors of the old New Orleans red-light district.

These musicians could not read or write a note of music, so melodies had to be passed along from ear to ear. From places like Pete Lala's basement cabaret, ragtime traveled upriver on the Mississippi side-wheelers to St. Louis, and from there to Chicago. "It was just beginning to be heard in New York when Berlin wrote 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.'"

There have been numerous explanations of ragtime and how it got its name and who discovered jazz and what is swing, some of them in the earthy words of jazz prophets like Eddie Condon and some in the scholarly language of expert sociologists.

"I don't believe a word of it," Irving Berlin says. "I don't believe anyone ever told himself, 'Today I'm going to write a new form of music.'"

As an example, Berlin likes to explain the origin of "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Around 1910, there was a sudden vogue for songs without words. Wanting to get in on a good thing, Berlin wrote an instrumental number which became an instantaneous flop.

Like every successful song writer, Berlin never gives up on a song. Maybe, he decided, the song would go over better with words. He rummaged around in his collection of songs and found one that had been as big a flop as his instrumental number.

"One of the words in this song was 'Alexander,'" he recalls. "I liked the sound of that word. It seemed to fit the music. Starting with that I fitted the rest of the words to the music."

"What really occurred," says Berlin

explains it, "is that 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' just happened to come along when people were ready to accept ragtime. It crystallized the whole ragtime movement, and I cashed in on the work of a lot of other people."

Trying to define why people will begin singing and whistling and wanting to listen to one song and pass up a thousand others is like trying to pick up loose mercury with a boxing glove.

Berlin, has written more than eight hundred songs but doesn't believe anyone will ever predict the public's taste with sufficient accuracy to earn a dime in royalties. He is convinced the public never knows what it really wants in music. But it knows what it likes when music is played.

It helps a song, Berlin admits, to have it played endlessly by radio bands, or to have it spotlighted in an elaborate Broadway or Hollywood production. But no matter how relentlessly the words and music of a song are poured into listeners' ears, recordings and song copies won't begin to move from the shelves of music stores until people have decided they really like it. Berlin's faith in the power of music to sell itself is boundless, and he believes that a song played only a few times in some obscure place has a chance to sweep the country.

For all his expert craftsmanship—and he is generally regarded as the best song writer in the business—Irving Berlin has achieved exactly the right blend of music in some of his best songs partly through accident. In 1933, when he was writing the words and music for "As Thousands Cheer," he decided he needed a simple, old-fashioned melody for one of the scenes. "I looked around and came up with a number I had written in 1917, when young Americans were marching off to war, and the song writers were telling them to keep their chins up. The melody sounded just right. But the words, 'Smile and show your dimple,' were out of place."

Berlin sharpened his pencil and got to work on a new set of lyrics:

"In your Easter bonnet
with all the frills upon it,
You'll be the grandest lady
in the Easter parade."

"Those words," Berlin says in explaining the phenomenal success of the song, "did for the music what 'Smile and show your dimple,' had failed to do."

Out of all his years of writing the kind of music that "takes" so frequently, Berlin has arrived at a belief which the global politicians might do well to ponder. "People," Berlin is sure, "don't change. Their taste in music and books and clothing and food may change. But down in their hearts, people never change."

For proof, Berlin points to the fact that the most consistently successful song writers of today are writing about the same basic interests which appealed to people half a century ago—love of a man for a woman, friendship, mother.

This fact has also led Berlin to a theory which is at odds with nearly all the rest of the music world. He maintains that there is no such phenomenon as a music cycle. People always want the same thing from music: real sentiment that will make them cry and laugh and maybe help them dream a little. The music of Jerome Kern, Vincent Youmans and George Gershwin, is just as popular today as it ever was. Moreover, the younger generation, for all its jive publicity, likes the same kind of music its grandparents liked. The other day, when six young high-school girls were interviewing Berlin for their school newspaper, he asked each to name a song which exactly suited her taste in music.

"Five of them," he said. "named 'I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover.'"

Songwriting has often been accused of being nothing more than a profession of imitators. The accusation doesn't disturb Irving Berlin. He believes that a certain amount of imitation is desirable and that every writer of either popular or classical music has to go through a period of imitation.

"It's the way he learns his craft," Berlin explains. "How he applies that learning is the measure of his originality."

"As a matter of fact, every new form of music—including American jazz—was started by musicians improvising on the work of other musicians. My father was a cantor in a synagogue. On Friday nights, when he sang old Hebrew melodies which were his favorites, he sang them with a slight flourish. The interpretation somehow reflected the way the music affected him, and at the same time stamped his personality on the music."

This is the way music assumes form, Berlin believes. It isn't manufactured but comes out of peoples' systems, out of their hearts and stomachs and throats. Finally, after years of such basic expression, someone begins to write it down. "The key," Berlin explains, "is improvisation."

Not long ago, while Berlin was sitting in the home of a friend, someone began to play a recording.

"The music," Berlin recalls, "had a wonderful, strange beat. I got so interested I asked who had written it. My friend told me, 'You did, Irving. It's 'Blue Skies.''" Probably without realizing it, the band had taken a few basic chords out of my music, improvised all the rest and just about succeeded in creating a new composition."

This sort of thing, but on a lesser scale, recently caused a lot of trouble in Russia. The Soviet government condemned several of its most famous contemporary composers for allowing capitalistic strains to infiltrate Russian music.

The man who wrote "God Bless America"—which many people have come to believe is our national anthem—is somewhat mystified at the idea of a musical note being able to set patriotism of any kind. "Music alone," he says, "can't propagandize. You've got

to have the words to go with it."

The experience of song writers and music publishers in the last war further emphasizes this contention. Nearly everybody was trying to sell the public songs patterned after "Over There," which servicemen and their families sang with fervor during World War I.

Except possibly for the music that Berlin wrote for "This Is The Army" during the second World War, the song that turned out to be the best war song of all was "White Christmas." Its history, which Berlin delights in telling, furnishes proof of many of his theories about popular music.

"If anyone had told me in 1939, when I wrote 'White Christmas,' that it would turn out to be a hit, I would have laughed at him," Berlin is frank to confess. "In that year I was busy writing songs for the picture 'Holiday Inn.' At best, songs about holidays are seasonal, so I wasn't looking forward to anything startling."

"But the movie wasn't released until 1942. The men who had gone off to war longed to be home; the families and sweethearts they left behind them were longing to have them home. The song said what was in people's hearts."

Whenever song writers and music publishers gather now to talk out their problems, the conversation usually ends on the cliché that there really isn't anything wrong with the music business that a few solid hits could not cure overnight. For a reason no one in the publishing business can explain, there are less good songs being written and published right now than at any time in the recent past. It is a peculiarity of the popular music industry that a few big hits will carry the whole industry along. People who go to a music store intending to buy one particular hit often will leave with five or six other songs.

For this reason, a lot of people in Tin Pan Alley are looking hopefully to Irving Berlin. He has been known to have as many as four songs on the Hit Parade at the same time. There is a chance that music's problems may be solved as a result of the music Berlin wrote for the picture, "Easter Parade," which contains some brand-new Berlin songs together with some old ones he has dusted off.

Like anyone in the music business, Berlin is cautious about predicting whether any of the songs from the picture will become hits. It may well be that people will pass up all of the new songs and begin singing and whistling some of the old ones like "The Girl on the Magazine Cover," "I Love A Piano," "I Wanna Go Back to Michigan," and perhaps even the one called "Snooky Ookums." The most recent of these was written in the early 1920's; some go back to 1911.

In that case, it would only serve as convincing proof of what Irving Berlin describes as the underlying factor which has helped music to become ninth largest industry in the United States, and which he is sure will pull the business out of its present doldrums: "People don't change." **THE END**



Having a Baby is a natural

and happy event, and today it is safer than ever before. This comes largely from better maternal care, improved medical techniques, and the success of sulfa drugs and penicillin in fighting infection.



Babies, too, have a better chance now. The mortality rate during the first month of life has dropped more than 25% since 1925 —and the rate for the first year of life is down nearly 50%!



The three cardinal principles of maternal care!

1. Go to the doctor or maternity clinic early in pregnancy.

To provide the right care for the mother, medical supervision should begin as early in pregnancy as possible. Continued supervision will help protect both mother and baby during and after delivery. So, follow-up visits to the doctor or clinic should be made at regular intervals.

2. Follow the doctor's or nurse's suggestions faithfully.

By following medical advice on diet,

weight, exercise, and rest; by avoiding mental strains, mothers help assure good health. Healthy mothers generally have healthy babies and recover more quickly.

3. When possible, take advantage of modern medical facilities.

From 1935 to 1945 the percentage of babies born in hospitals more than doubled, and maternal and infant deaths declined at a rapid rate. While obstetrical care has improved, the best conditions and equipment are usually found in hospitals.

• Today, many public and private agencies, including your Public Health Nurses, stand ready to help expectant mothers. For further important information about maternal care, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, 808-B, "Information for Expectant Mothers."

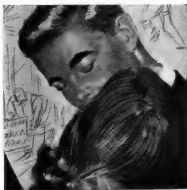
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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

The Luck (?) of the Irish

(Continued from page 55)



tidy. She's got a name you can sing—Catherine Callahan."

"So far you got no reason for the whisky," I said. "And?"

"I met her last Friday night," said Willie. "I'm at a party at Charlie Shane's house. I'm sittin' there mindin' my own business, when all of a sudden I look up and see this girl in the doorway. I look at her. Wham! You know?"

"I know," I said. "It was a long time ago, but I know."

One of the punks let out a yell; the pinball machine had started to go nuts. One of the balls was stuck against a bumper. Red and green lights were flashing all over the board, bells were ringing like it was Easter, and ten-cent tickets were pouring out of the slot. Finally it stopped.

Willie was looking over at it happily. "Just like that," he said. "Bells. Lights. One more drink, Mike."

I poured him another.

"We get to talkin'," said Willie, "after Charlie has introduced us. My heart's jumpin' around like I'm ten years old, and she looks as if she's likin' it too. She works in a big department store, and she's nuts about hamburgers with relish, and she lives with her mother, and she's got a poodle named Henry. This I get little by little; we can't do much talkin' because of this big joker who's planted himself right next to us. He's breathin' down my neck, and lookin' as if he'd like to run me through a dull meat grinder. He's the guy who brought Catherine to the party, and he don't want any competition. Phelan Kerrigan. A hell of a name. You ever know anybody okay named Phelan?"

"Never," I said. "A low name. A name for a horse thief."

"Well, this guy don't go around stealin' no horses," said Willie. "In fact, he don't do anything wrong at all. Phelan's good to his mother. Phelan's got a steady job. Phelan saves his money. Phelan almost ain't human."

"You know a lot about him," I said. Willie snorted. "Couldn't know much more," he said bitterly. "For a week now I been takin' Catherine out every other night. The other nights she's out on the town with—Phelan." Willie said

the name as if it didn't taste very good. "Every time I'm with her it's Phelan this, Phelan that, until I'm almost nuts. I hear he's taken her to the movies, so I take her to a musical—lots of songs, lots of laughs, six bucks a copy. What do I get? Isn't Phelan smart and economical, spendin' his money on movies instead of throwin' it away on shows? Okay, so I get smart and prop her up for a soda afterwards, instead of goin' to a club, and while she's sinkin' in her straws into it she starts talkin' about the hot spot Phelan took her to after the movie, and how good the band was."

"A tough dame to beat," I said. "She's all the time after me about a steady job, too," said Willie. "Where do you get your dough?" she says. "A grown man ought to go to work in the mornin' and come home at night," she says. The way I was brought up, you shouldn't ask a ten-dollar bill no questions. I tell her I make my livin' with my head. She gives me 'Hmph! You mean you live by your wits?' I should get a job in a bank or somethin', she says. I'd look fine in a bank, wouldn't I?"

"It'd be a broad-minded bank that'd let you get more than three feet inside the door," I said. "Look, Willie, you've only known this dame a week. You sure you want to marry her?"

"Am I sure!" asked Willie. "Was Louis sure he had the Dutchman in the second Schmeling fight? Did Ruth know he was gonna hit that homer in Chicago? Am I sure, he says."

"Okay, okay," I said. "So you're sure. So what's with her? Did you even ask her yet?"

"No," said Willie. "Maybe she might say no. It's six, two and even she would say no right now. First I figure I gotta fix Phelan's wagon."

"I know a couple of guys could be talked into ticklin' him with pool cues," I said. "And cheap. I guarantee he don't walk or talk until Christmas."

"That's a sweet thought, Mike," said Willie, "and I'm touched. But I can't play it that way. No, somehow I got to unseal her on Phelan."

He stood up and straightened his hat in the mirror, pulled out a couple of dollar bills and put them on the bar. "See you," he said. "Wish me luck."

"You need it," I said. "So long, Willie. Take care."

"What else?" grinned Willie. He walked out into the sunshine.

Willie came back two days later, early on a rainy Sunday afternoon. A couple of Sunday regulars were down at the end of the bar by the door, calming down the trembles with a few last beers, but Willie didn't pay any attention to them. He came up to where I was standing and sat down. He didn't look as bad as he had the last time, but he didn't look too good either.

"What's the matter, kid?" I said. "No good news?"

"Gimme a big beer," was all that Willie said. While I was drawing it he pulled a little black notebook out of his hip pocket and slapped it on the bar.

"Case history," he said, patting the

notebook with one hand while he used the other to hoist the beer. "In here's everything about Phelan that anybody could find out. J. Edgar Hoover couldn't do one it better."

"And it's all good?" I asked.

"It's like tryin' to hang a rap on an Eagle Scout," said Willie. "From the material I got, the guy's one sh-r-t step from watchamacallit—canonization."

He thumbed the notebook open, drained his beer, and began to read: "Phelan Kerrigan. Thirty-one. Works at Empire Life Insurance Company, Fourth and Twenty-seventh. Been there for eight years. Makes one-fifteen a week, sellin' insurance, and saves most of it."

"Where'd you get all this?" I asked.

"Here and there," said Willie. "Mostly from a couple of guys in his office; I followed 'em into a bar yesterday. A little rye buys a lot of talk. And lots I get from Catherine."

He frowned down at the book again: "Doesn't smoke," he said. "Doesn't gamble; I thought maybe I might be able to damage him in a blackjack game or somethin', but Phelan wouldn't touch a pack of cards with gloves on. Tough guy in a fight, and very touchy. A guy said somethin' wrong to him a couple of months ago at a party, and then they hadda pour water on him for ten minutes by the clock to wake him up. All I get is a mouthful of loose teeth if I get in a fight with him. This has strictly gotta be a brain job."

"Look, Willie," I said. "Give up. Get smart. This setup is not for you."

"There's a little more," said Willie. "Doesn't drink." Except maybe two or three times a year he'll have a highball or two, with somebody else buyin'. One witness thinks he remembers Phelan buyin' a drink once, back in 1940, but he's a pretty old guy, and maybe his memory's goin'. "When he isn't out with Catherine, he spends most of his time with his widowed mother."

"I suppose he don't beat her," I said.

"And this part kills me, Mike. 'A good Irishman. Church every Sunday at the cathedral. Vice-president, no less, of the Sons of the Sod.' They're the boys who meet every month and get nice and beery about Limerick and Cork, and sure Ireland must be heaven. How'm I gonna convince Catherine she shouldn't marry a guy like that?"

"Cash in," I said. "Just give up, Willie."

"Give up, hell!" said Willie. "There's gotta be a way to trip this joker up. And O'Hara's the man to find it."

"Sure, sure," I said. "You'll trip him up. And I am Mrs. Calvin Coolidge."

"Okay, wise guy," said Willie. "Wait and see."

"I'll wait," I said. "But I don't think I'll see."

Came Tuesday and Willie was back again, wearing a grin you could get unburned from. "Hello, Mrs. Coolidge," he said. "Draw me a fast beer."

He'd just had a shave, and his suit was pressed, and his hat was cocked down over his right eye.

"Mike," he said, after he'd tossed half the beer down his throat, "did you know you were talkin' to the craftiest guy north of Forty-second Street?"

"Not until right this minute," I said. "I took Catherine to the movies last night," said Willie dreamily. "We held hands all through two pictures."

"Crafty like my little grandson," I said. "That sounds like one of his nights out. He's pushin' eleven."

Willie gave me a dirty look. "It's what I did after the movies that counted," he said. "I went home and did three hours of heavy thinkin'. Then this mornin' I went and saw a couple of guys. Phelan don't know it yet, but he's a dead duck right now. And the answer was right here in the notebook right along. All I hadda do was put the things together the right way."

"You ain't gonna discourage her with what's in that book," I said.

Willie smiled at me as if I was a little feeble-minded. "Listen to this, Mike," he said. "Saves his money. Takes a drink now and then. Good Irishman. Touchy in a fight. What does that mean?"

"It means you better go look for another girl," I said.

"Maybe that's what the average guy would do," said Willie. "But I ain't no average guy. I got a plan."

"I'm listenin'," I said.

"What's comin' up?" Willie demanded. "What but Saint Patrick's Day? Next Wednesday every good Irishman in town will be liftin' a glass in praise of the guy who was so handy with snakes."

"Everybody but Phelan," I said. "The way I heard it, he ain't layin' out no money for whisky."

"I know," said Willie. "But what if he don't have to pay? What if a bartender keeps settin' 'em up?"

"Come introduce me right now to this bartender," I said.

"There's a place right across the street from where Phelan works," Willie said. "Ye Old Shamrock, Ladies Invited. I was in there last week. I give the owner two horses, and they both romp home." He held up two fingers. "Him and me are now like that."

"I still don't get it," I said.

"Phelan leaves work at five thirty on the nose every day," said Willie. "Never late and never early. Always the same route; down Fourth past Ye Old Shamrock to the subway. Point One: how do we get him inside Ye Old Shamrock?"

"You're hidin' in the door with a lasso," I said. "Like in the movies."

"You got rocks for brains," said Willie. "Ye Old Shamrock's got a banner on it, see? And it says in big green letters: FREE DRINKS FOR THE IRISH TODAY! COME IN AND DRINK ON THE HOUSE IF YOU CAN PROVE YOU'RE AN IRISHMAN! UP THE REBELS!"

"What's the matter, your friend gone crazy?" I said. "He puts up that sign, every bum inside of five miles'll be there with a thirst and a brogue."

"I know," said Willie impatiently. "I thought of that too. It goes up two minutes before Phelan comes along, and it comes down as soon as he gets inside. That way, maybe we get only three, four guys to feed whisky to."

"You're sure it gets him into the bar?" I asked.

"Can't miss," said Willie. "I can see it now. Phelan gets out of work, and he's walkin' down the street, hummin' "

Most of life's luxuries
come high . . .
but anyone can afford
MARLBORO
America's Luxury Cigarette



Plain Ends
Ivory Tips
Beauty Tips (red)

Merely a Penny or Two More!

a little song. He just happens to be walkin' with one of the guys from his office that I've had a few drinks with. This guy don't like Phelan, and he does like whisky, so when I let him in on the pitch he can't say yes fast enough.

"They see the sign on Ye Old Shamrock, and they stop dead. 'Free drinks!' says my man. 'What's holdin' us up, Phelan?' Maybe Phelan hems and he haws, but free drinks, he thinks. I'm an Irishman, he thinks, and this is St. Patrick's Day, and this ain't gonna bruise my wallet at all. My friend takes him by the elbow. In they go."

"Seems to me you're goin' to a lot of trouble to pour some free whisky into an enemy," I said.

"This is just the beginnin'," Willie said. "Did I ever tell you about Large James Moran?"

"No," I said. "Who's he?"

"Large James," said Willie, "is a broth of a boy from Ulster and he's a very rough man in a brawl. Him and me have a sort of uneasy noddin' acquaintance. He knows I'm a Dublin man, but he sort of likes me anyway. I slipped him a fast ten once when he went broke in a crap game, and the big elephant ain't ever forgotten it."

"Okay," I said. "Where does this loogan fit in with Phelan?"

"Phelan's in Ye Old Shamrock," said Willie. His eyes were gleaming. "He's got five good healthy drinks in him by this time, and he's feelin' no pain. In comes Moran. He slides up to the bar next to Phelan and calls for a whisky. They get to talkin'. With it bein' Saint Patrick's Day, what do they talk about but Ireland? Moran drinks his drink and says a couple of black things about the south. Phelan naturally lets go with a few remarks about the north. Moran suggests that they step outside. The crowd pours out on the street. Large James pouts Phelan in the chops, and Phelan sits down. Phelan's a pretty good fighter, so he gets up. He sits right back down again, if I know Large James. And then, wham!—around the corner I come with Catherine."

"You got a black heart, Willie," I said. "There's her drunken bum of a hero," said Willie triumphantly, not paying any attention to the interruption, "tyin' down in the gutter. No matter how good he treats his poor old mother, no matter how much he saves his money, he's nothin' but a street fighter. Off we go. Good-by, Phelan. And with Phelan out of my road, you'll soon be meetin' Mrs. Willie O'Hara."

"Pretty complicated," I said, "but could be. Will Large James play ball?" "Play ball?" laughed Willie. "He wouldn't take even a quarter for the job. There's nothin' suits me more," he says, "than bouncin' a Dublin man on Saint Patrick's Day. Present company excepted, of course."

Wednesday afternoon a little before five Willie came through the door again. He had on a green bow tie, and there was a green handkerchief sticking out of the top pocket of his coat.

"Well, Mike," he said, as he came over to the bar. "How do I look?"

"Like somebody's been waterin' you

regularly," I said. "What's a matter, no green shoes?"

"No Irish spirit in you at all, Mike," said Willie. "Come on, a quick drink."

I poured him a short drink. "All set?" I asked.

"Sure," said Willie, putting down the empty glass and popping a clove into his mouth. "I just went over the schedule again with the bartender and Large James. Phelan passes Ye Old Shamrock at five thirty-five. He'll be workin' on his fifth drink at six five. At six seven Large James waddles into the bar. At six fifteen he asks Phelan outside. At six sixteen I come up with Catherine. I told her we'd meet Phelan, and the two of us would bury the hatchet, this bein' Saint Patrick's Day. She thinks it's a fine idea." He looked at his watch. "Now I'm off to check the battelfield. Then I meet Catherine." "Check," I said. "Come back later with a blow-by-blow."

Willie nodded and went out.

It was eight before he got back. I told Tommie, the night man, to take over the whole bar for a while, and I motioned Willie down to one end.

"Everything go okay?" I asked him.

"Everything went beautiful," said Willie. "Start pourin' and I'll tell you."

I gurgled out a double Irish for him.

"First I case the Shamrock," he said.

"I'm in a doorway across the street, with my hat pulled down to here. Up goes the sign at five thirty, and I see a couple of guys stop and then break their necks gettin' into the bar, but them I don't care about—I'm watchin' for Phelan. Five minutes later along he comes, right on time, and my inside man's with him. They slow down, and they argue for a minute or two, and then they go in. The bartender sneaks down the sign, and I cross the street."

"One fast look inside is all I need. Phelan's got his foot up on the rail, and he's got a drink in front of him that's dark enough to pass for tea—must be at least a triple, I figure. So far, so good, so I flag a taxi and get over to Catherine's. She's all excited about us meetin' Phelan."

"It's nice to see you two men become friends," she says. "My two handsome Irishmen."

"Ha-ha, I think to myself. After Large James gets through with him, we'll see how handsome he is."

"We pass a pleasant ten minutes at her apartment, and I get to kiss her twice, which is par for the course, with her old lady in the next room. I keep sneakin' looks at my watch, and at six sharp I steer her outside and into a taxi."

"We pull up for a red light right around the corner from Ye Old Shamrock at six fifteen on the button, and I cross my fingers and hold my breath. There's a crowd millin' on the street as we swing around the corner."

"The cab pulls up to the crowd, and there in the middle is Phelan, down on the ground, with Large James sittin' on his chest and bouncin' his head against the pavement, like he was playin' One-Two-Three-O'Leary. Everybody's yellin', and two men are on

Large James's back, tryin' to pull him off Phelan before they gotta call the coroner. They derrick him up, and Catherine gives a little gasp when she sees it's Phelan that's underneath. He's got a black eye and a bloody nose, and he's lost a couple teeth, and he don't look too pretty. He gets up and sort of staggers around after they haul Large James off him, and he sees Catherine in the window of the cab.

"Phelan-Ker-ri-gan!" she says, as if she don't trust her eyes.

"Phelan comes weavin' over to us. You coulda smelt the whisky all the way up to Yonkers."

"Catherine!" he says. "Splain ever-thin', darlin'." he says. "Just lil argument, tyn' lil argument . . ."

"Explain!" she says. She's all frozen up tight, and she gives him one of those looks. "There'll be no explainin' for you," she says. Then she turns to me.

"Tell the driver to go on, Willie. Let's get away from this drunken beast."

"And off we go, leavin' Phelan there on the sidewalk with his jaw hangin' down. I never see a sadder-lookin' guy." Willie pushed his glass over.

I filled it again and said, "Looks like you're in, huh? Worked perfect."

Willie grinned again, a slow grin, and then he looked down at his glass.

"Well, Mike," he said, "I'll tell you. Ridin' away in that cab I was the happiest guy in town. And then I look over at Catherine, and she's still snortin' away to herself about the way Phelan looked, and how he turned out to be a horrible person. She's got a funny cold glint in her eye that's never been there before. And I get to thinkin'."

"What now?" I said.

"You see," said Willie, "what kind of dame is this, I figure, who'd leave an Irishman flat like that, and on Saint Patrick's Day? There's the poor guy standin' there bleedin', and what does she do? Runs right out on him! Maybe I'd be bleedin' someday—what then? The more I think, the less I like it. When we get back to her house I stay right in the cab and give her a fast good-by and a pat on the back, and tell her I'll call her up some time. Then me and the cab driver go roarin' back to Ye Old Shamrock, for I figure I better scrape up what's left of Phelan, as long as it was me got him into this."

"Was he breathin'?" I asked.

"He was doin' a little better than that," said Willie. "I guess Catherine got him so mad he didn't care any more. I found out he turned around and give Large James a belt that sent him spinnin' into a lamppost, and maybe he ain't even awake yet. Phelan's back at the bar when I get there, curin' his wounds with more whisky. You know, he ain't really a bad sort of guy."

"You don't say," I said.

"Yeah," said Willie. "We even got a little friendly. He's over at a dentist gettin' his mouth fixed up, and he's gonna take me over to the Sons of the Sod party tonight."

"That's nice," I said. "But if I was you I wouldn't go lookin' at no girls."

"Who, me?" laughed Willie. "Don't worry. You, ya're talkin' to a thinkin' man, Mike."

THE END

The Next Voice You Hear

(Continued from page 35)



executives of broadcasting companies could call their chief engineers to ask who was playing tricks, the news commentators were on the air joking about the hoax. People left their bridge games to telephone to their friends and ask gaily, "Did you hear it?" The late editions of the newspapers gave the story a moderately good play. A New York Times editorial writer risked a guess. Probably a practical joker in the Long Lines Division of the Telephone Company, he surmised, had hooked all of the transcontinental circuits together for a few seconds, thus permitting his voice to be heard simultaneously over every radio network.

However, by morning the news reports from Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and Australia were in, and it was public knowledge that the broadcast had been world-wide and multilingual. There was not a shop, not an office in which it did not automatically become the topic of the day. Meeting at the water cooler or on the fire escape for a cigarette one man would ask another, "What do you think of it?" The answer, whether the city was Denver, Antwerp or Singapore, was almost invariably, "I don't know." It can be safely said that no day in history has heard the humble words "I don't know" spoken oftener than that first Tuesday in March, 1950. Urban and suburban wives phoned their husbands' offices all morning long. "Have you found out about it?" they demanded. "Well, call me back if you hear anything."

There was general relaxation when, shortly after lunch*, Dr. C. Rountree Petra, professor of electrical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, issued a statement to the press. "The so-called heavenly broadcast of Monday evening," said Dr. Petra, with a sniff, "is easily explained. A single broadcasting station of high power, with multiple transmitters manned by linguists, could perpetrate such a hoax without difficulty. I have no doubt that something of this nature was done, although the motivation is obscure in view of the expense entailed."

Russia was at once suspected. The

*For the sake of simplicity all references to time are keyed to the Eastern seaboard of the U. S. A.—The Editors.

Kremlin indignantly denied complicity, upon which suspicion in many minds became certainty.

The sun went down. In the lavender dusk of early March, factories, stores and offices closed. Managers of movie theaters knew by seven o'clock that business was going to be bad. By eight the ammeters in the power stations were registering heavy loads. "Every radio in the city must be on," an Omaha supervisor scribbled on his Tuesday evening report. Nor were listeners disappointed. Exactly at nine thirty-eight, while Fibber McGee and his doctor friend were exchanging insults, they faded out and the serene, friendly voice spoke again. The second message was briefer than the first. It was:

"Do not be afraid. I only want to convince you that I really am God and that I am visiting you this week."

This time, observers stood in the control rooms of all the broadcasting companies. Direction finders, including the extremely sensitive instrument of the Federal Communications Commission, took a hasty 'fix' while the Voice was on the air. But no sign of trickery was discovered. The direction finders simply pointed towards whichever broadcasting station was nearest to them. Russia was absolved, at least tentatively. The Petra theory of a super-station was utterly discredited. Television receivers glowed with a golden light and showed what appeared to be a small section of a complex but very beautiful pattern.

On Wednesday the newspapers gave page after page to the Voice. Experts by the dozen were interviewed. The

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A

Black

the Ace
of Suedes

JOHNSON,
STEPHENS
& SHINKLE
SHOE CO., St. Louis

unanimous view of those scientists who could be reached for comment—some of them seemed to be hiding—was that the Voice was a man's. Here a teacher of diction in Hollywood went chemists and physicists one better. The man, he insisted, from his accent was Massachusetts-born, had attended Groton.

"If it were actually God speaking," pointed out a professor of logic, E. R. Matthias of the University of Idaho, "he would not find it necessary to use the radio. God, we may presume, is logical. It is illogical to neglect those millions of human beings who do not own radio sets. Therefore, this is not God speaking."

Ministers of the gospel were more reserved in their statements. Members of a little known sect in the Ozarks, the Redemptianists, wrapped themselves in sheets and gathered on a hilltop to await the imminent end of the world, but their infantile antics were deplored. "Even if the voice be not the Lord's," said an Episcopal bishop who had been deeply moved by the broadcasts, "it reminds us of something too many of us forget. God is here with us."

Plain citizens, rather surprisingly, were less skeptical than their intellectual and spiritual leaders. A typical "Inquiring Reporter" column in the Des Moines Register, for instance, ran: The Question: What do you think of the Voice? The Answers: Sallie da Silva, housewife, 2113 Granger Street. "If it really is God, He has just the kind of voice I always thought He would have. It is a kind voice, and I am sure He means us no harm." Howard Ellsmere, 434 Dacoma Avenue. "Sure it could be God. I think this is just about what God would do, remind us He is here. Because that is all it would take, brother! If we know He is here we will all behave a heck of a lot better." The "heck" was the reporter's. Mr. Ellsmere had used a stronger word.

Wednesday evening prayer meetings across the nation were enthusiastically attended; most churches had installed radios. The third utterance was the briefest of all, intended evidently to answer some of the questions which had been raised. It consisted of only three words. To the indignation of those who believed God must be somber and funeral, the words were delivered with a fatherly chuckle. They were: "It is I."

Like the others the third message somehow crept into the coils and condensers of every radio transmitter in operation, including even those of ships at sea which were designed for code and did not have microphones. This last was a sort of absent-minded miracle which suggested a possible answer to the question why, if the Voice really belonged to God, He was using the radio. A pronouncement out of the empty sky would have been frightening and might easily have caused widespread panic. But people were used to hearing voices on the radio. The Lord was simply using the radio stations as a convenient means of introducing Himself gradually, without too great a shock. He was being considerate.

His knowledge of human psychology, beyond question, was superb. (This is not surprising, when one comes to think of it.) The very brevity of His, "It is I," message went far towards convincing those who had a liking for modesty and understatement. In England, for instance, a number of people of considerable authority now stated their belief that it was actually God speaking. In Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, in the United States the same thing occurred. Lias Plum, a Nantucket cod fisherman, put it: "He ain't talky. It's Him."

On Thursday another device was employed. It takes all kinds of people to make a world—and God, Who, of course, knew this as well as we do, put on a display of miracles on Thursday for the ignorant and the superstitious. Miracles occurred about fifty miles apart all around the globe; so many, indeed, that the newspapers filled whole editions with them, printing them in small type and numbering them like the Hundred Neediest Cases.

Most of the miracles were small, modest affairs. Oranges in the Hobart Street Market in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, rolled up the wall and aligned themselves on the ceiling, where they spelt out the words, "Men are my sons and therefore brothers," in a pretty frame of parsley. A lion in the Copenhagen zoo got out of his cage, strolled into the countryside until he spied some sheep in a field and deliberately lay down with them. It was a bit too early in the year for him to find a lamb. In Pasadena, California, a nervous woman, whose husband gritted his teeth in bed, leaped from the Arroyo Seco bridge in an attempt to end it all. She remained suspended in mid-air over a eucalyptus tree for forty-five minutes until a fire engine thrust an extension ladder up to her—a lesson in patience.

There was no discernible pattern in these minor miracles unless it was that the queerer ones—those most likely to get themselves talked about—took place in remote, backward areas. Thus it was in an Irish seacoast village, Spiddal on Galway Bay, that a farm laborer known as "Banty" O'Shea, on the point of running over a little girl with a bicycle, went sprawling on the cobbles as his bicycle was turned into stone. Not only was the bicycle turned into stone, but it became a public fountain with both of its stone handle bars spouting pure spring water. Such a happening made more of an impression on the Irish than any number of full-page advertisements in the Dublin papers would have done. Visitors to Spiddal are permitted to sit on the bicycle, Fee, sixpence; Mr. B. O'Shea, Proprietor.

These earlier miracles, small though they were, had a wildly infuriating effect upon many persons who had been troubled but little by the deep, dynamic voice on the radio.

In the Chamber of Deputies in France there was a near-riot, with members hurling epithets like "Camel" back and forth and charging one another with a betrayal of rationalism and the spirit of the Revolution—all because a school

of herring with tri-color fins swam up the Seine startling the drowsy fishermen.

A certain Bostwick B. Sinkle, vice-president of a garden-hose company of Urbana, Illinois, who had risen to his position by falsifying the books and getting another man fired for theft, and who boasted that his personal motto was, "To hell with everybody but me," threw a luncheon meeting of the Urbana Junior Chamber of Commerce into pandemonium. "I know somebody in this room is out to get me," he shouted, "and I know who it is. Well, let me tell you this! Anybody that pulls any fake miracles around my house is going to get both barrels of a shotgun!"

Consciences long buried were sending up tender green stalks like tulip bulbs.

Beyond doubt the angriest man in this country, however, was Walter P. Valerian of New York City, president of the Association for the Advancement of Iconoclasm and Atheism. Earlier in the week Mr. Valerian, alarmed by the direction the wind was taking, had taken newspaper space and radio time to advertise: "There is no God and we can prove it!" But the miracles drove him to drastic measures. Sending out telegrams by the handful, he summoned members of his association in all parts of the country to hurry to New York by plane for a mass demonstration of protest.

The Lord's Thursday evening broadcast was quite lengthy and had a theological tone. It was:

"Every pebble beneath your feet, every drop of water is a miracle; but since you have lost your ability to feel awe I have had to perform today these other miracles which are a suspension of natural law. My willingness to break the law should show you how deeply I love you, but the fact that I have done so will now lend encouragement to those very doubters who have the hardest shells. They will point out to you that an omniscient, omnipotent being would not need to break his own laws. Let me tell you something which has long bewildered men. Even an omnipotent deity must limit his own powers. Otherwise creation would be complete and perfect in the moment of its birth—a magic trick and not a genuine creation. God works; and there can be no work where there is no resistance. However, this will not convince the die-hards. Hence on the morrow, Friday, I shall perform several sizeable miracles during the forenoon. And promptly at noon I shall sink the continent of Australia beneath the sea for one minute."*

Sometimes, in March, the snowbanks look as solid as white marble. But the warmth of the lengthening days, although they do not show it, has weakened them. A day a little bit sunnier than the rest comes along, and all at once the solid snowbanks are gone and the brooks are roaring. . . . Much the same sort of thing happened after the Thursday evening broadcast. Disbelief

*The hour was stated in each listeners' local time.

melted away. Literally overnight, people by tens of millions became certain that the Voice was God's.

Around the shrines in India crowds of the devout stretched as far away as the eye could see. Virtually the entire Moslem world was trudging the roads towards Mecca. Endless parades of weeping, laughing suppliants, with religious images and lighted candles, thronged the streets of European cities. Firecrackers rattled day and night in the yellow dust of China.

The Australian radio stations took over the air, with all available networks rebroadcasting. God had chosen exactly the right continent for His final demonstration. People of another country might have put on a craven scramble for rowboats. Not the Australians! "There is no sign at all here of funk," came the calm, good-humored voice of the Melbourne announcer. "Nobody's got the wind up. The general attitude is that a minute under water can do nobody any harm and may do some of our citizens a lot of good. We feel concern for babies and the elderly, but we are sure that God—and if He brings this one off there will be no doubt about His being God!—will see to it that they come to no serious harm."

Arrangements were made for blimps to circle over Melbourne and Sydney and transmit eye-witness accounts of Great Flood II.

Extras were on the streets before breakfast Friday morning. God had promised "sizeable" miracles for the forenoon, and they were quite sizeable. In the United States every last ounce of metal owned by the Army, the Navy and the Air Force was gone from its accustomed place. The whole huge tonnage of it, from buckles to battleships, neatly cut up into scrap, lay piled ready for the furnaces around the steel mills of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Consternation was felt. Was this favoritism? True, the United States was one of two nations whose war potential was feared by other peoples of the world. But what about the other? Had nothing happened to Russia's military equipment?

Something had. It did not come out until midmorning. By then the outrage felt by the Kremlin was sufficient to blast aside its own censorship. All of the shining rows of Russian tanks, planes and siege-guns were gone. In their place stood rank upon rank of manure carts, each cart bearing a neat placard with a quotation from Lenin: "Peace, Bread and the Land."

Through the ambassador at Washington, the U. S. S. R. laid an anguished protest before the Council of the United Nations. "We charge," the pale, perspiring ambassador thundered, "an international conspiracy of capitalist encirclement!" This was too much for the delegate from Burma, Mr. Pa Ku. Mr. Pa Ku actually giggled. The giggle infuriated the Russian delegation so much that, as one man, it rose from its collective seat to stalk from the council chamber. At this juncture something still more humiliating took place. Unseen hands gripped each delegate by the seat of his trousers and



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returned him sternly to his chair.

As for the protest meeting of the athletes in New York, people merely smiled when they read what happened there. Barely had the group of demonstrators led by Mr. Valerian marched into Times Square when God turned every last one of them into an angel. Arched, sweeping wings, with feathers of purest white, grew abruptly out of their shoulder blades, and over their heads appeared halos of bright gold. They had a frightfully embarrassing time of it trying to speak away in taxi-cabs, they could not get their overcoats on over their wings, and they could not get their hats on over their halos.

The announcer and reporters flying over Australia grew almost incoherent with tension as the second hands of their watches swept away eleven fifty-eight, eleven fifty-nine and, finally, the dot of noon. The BBC man, however, chatted along as coolly as if he were describing a cricket match. "As predicted," he said, "the continent is now sinking. The rate is quite rapid; about that of a modern passenger lift, I should say. There; the last church steeple has disappeared. The water is a swirl with floating objects. Dear, dear, what a clutter people do keep about their houses! Now the hilltops are under. . . . Fifty seconds, fifty-five. . . . yes, she's popping up again. Right! Up she comes, good old Australia, none the worse for her little drenching!"

Landing craft raced for the shore; this instant there was a shore to race for. The first citizen to be reached by an announcer juggling a portable transmitter was a certain Col. Humphrey Arbuthnot, D. S. C., Retired. "Tell the radio audience, sir," panted the announcer, "did you really go under?"

"Don't be an ass," trumpeted the colonel. "I'm dripping, aren't I? Beastly ocean poured right into the room. Tons of it! Didn't break the windows. Had the foresight to open 'em. Good show, what? I say, you wouldn't have a dry towel about you, would you?"

God's broadcast of Friday evening was devoted to picking up loose ends.

"I urge the hysterical paraders and the fanatics bent on founding new religions to disband," He said. "We have too many religions as it is. . . . Must my evil mean that the world is coming to an end? Behave with dignity that I may be proud of you. And for heaven's sake stop committing suicide. I know this is difficult for you to believe, but we have problems here too, and one of them is housing. Anyhow suicide gets you nothing; I shall just have to send you back again, or send you on to make the same mistake on another level. There is no final death; a soul has many dimensions; it dies in only three. . . . Now listen to your soul; do as it bids you. Good night."

Saturday was a busy, busy day. The dictators of half a dozen Latin countries resigned and gave their handsome silk sashes to their daughters. An international banking cartel with headquarters in Portugal went out of business because its directors felt that their methods, never too admirable, had become unwelcome if not obsolete. Officers of the CIO and the AF of L met in Detroit. "Be it resolved," they proclaimed, "that labor and management have the single duty of supplying goods to consumers. We request that labor-management disputes from now on be arbitrated by a consumers' jury." Several large corporations in England, France, Holland and the United States discharged their paid lobbyists and announced new operating policies. Small businessmen by the hundreds of thousands experienced a similar change of heart. Typical of these latter was Jaime Diaz, a garage owner of Mexico City. Calling his mechanics together, Señor Diaz said, "From now on, amigos, when we charge a customer for a new distributor coil let us actually put in the coil."

It was the lesser malefactors who were the lucky ones, the men, women and children who spent Saturday re-

turning stolen books to public libraries repaying old loans, sending gifts to forgotten aunts in old ladies' homes, and so on. The real evildoers sat alone in darkened rooms with their memories and prospects. They enjoyed neither.

For ninety-nine percent of the human race, it was astounding what a happy, friendly, pleasant place the Earth had become by Saturday night. There were celebrations everywhere, from Bombay to Bermuda—some of them more colorful than wise. A bunch of Loop taxi drivers in a Chicago bar, for instance, sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," with such emphasis on the 'He' as to make it perfectly obvious that they were singing about the Lord. This was bad taste, beyond question. Still, the Lord apparently took no offense. It is even possible that He was amused.

His Saturday evening broadcast was His farewell. Those who heard it will never forget His voice. It is impossible to describe it. Perhaps, though, it will not be irrelevant to say that it had the gentleness, the fondness, the infinite patience of the voice of an older brother teaching a beloved younger brother to skate, or make a kite, or whistle.

All across the world the radios hummed. Then there came silence and the beautiful Voice. It said:

"Forgive me, dear friends, for my trespass in coming to you at I have. It was necessary. Now I shall take my leave. You will find that most of your problems remain with you. You still have pain and unhappiness; you still need to feed and clothe and govern yourselves. You still confront uranium. Need I tell you why? Surely it must be plain to you that, if God exists, He must from the very fact of His existence have a purpose. Surely you see what your part in that purpose is. A planet is a school. Live, dear children, and learn. And now—until we meet again, good-by."

On the Seventh Day, we presume, He rested. **THE END**

Why Envy Me? (Continued from page 27)

on their persons, from seven in the morning until six at night, twenty-five or thirty pounds of heavy material, composed of brocade, velvet and metal lace.

But there is one fixed rule of "Central Casting." If you call in for work you cannot refuse any assignment offered you, unless a hazard is involved.

After my fitting I was told to check with Station M, a telephone center set apart for the purpose of lessening the strain on the main exchange, where calls come in at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five a minute.

Station M informed me I was to report as fitted at six A. M. the following day without make-up.

On "Amber" there were from ten to twenty make-up men and women, and fifteen hairdressers, and from six to eight women from "wardrobe." They had arrived one-half hour before the extras and were ready for us.

We soon learned why we were told to wear no make-up for "Amber." A

special technicolor base had been devised for this picture, and it would be put on by experts at the studio.

Now for the costume. When fully dressed for "Amber" we were carrying pounds and pounds of material hanging from our hips, besides extra hair, heavy jewelry, and other gewgaws.

The third operation was the elaborate hairdressing job.

At luncheon, during work on pictures such as "Amber," the more important members of the cast remove their costumes, but not the extras. We walk to the commissary in them, then back, have our make-up and hair checked to see that all is in perfect order, and await the next sequence, which may involve standing or dancing with only short rest periods until six o'clock.

I once was asked why extras always looked so bored while dancing, and I answered, "You would too if you danced for eight straight hours without any music." We were given only a few

beats by the musical director to set the tempo. Then we are on our own. In most dance sequences, music would spoil the dialogue being recorded by the principals, who are perhaps talking in each other's arms.

Costume pictures are the only ones in which the extra is not expected to furnish her own wardrobe. And I must say an extensive wardrobe is not the only major expenditure of this profession. Our cleaning bills are enormous. The rate of pay ranges from \$22.23 for dress extras to \$9.45 for crowd extras.

For technicolor jobs we usually are asked to bring a change of costume, to avoid too many pawns of one color. White and red are strictly taboo, because these are the colors of the stars.

Any discussion of Hollywood extras and their jobs is incomplete without a mention of Cecil B. deMille. He consistently uses thousands of them. He gives work to dozens of the old guard, men

and women, who once bore great names in the silent-screen days.

During shooting of the fair scene in his picture, "Unconquered," deMille appeared on the set and, looking about, remarked, "Where are my people? I want familiar faces around me."

An extra, who was once a writer, said to me, "They say he is hokum. He is; he is good hokum."

Director George Cukor is always particularly careful to treat extras as human beings earning a living like himself.

Some time ago in one of his pictures, Joseph Cotton had a scene with a boy of ten, a handsome lad who, we discovered, is the son of Laurence Olivier by his former wife, Jill Esmond. The boy seemed to know his theater. He was walking down the street with Cotton, and coming towards them was Ingrid Bergman. Mr. Cotton swept off his hat in greeting and young Olivier stopped short.

"What is wrong?" asked Cukor.

"Not much use in going on, sir," replied young Olivier in tones that were the compounded voice of the whole British nation. "Mr. Cotton had his hat in front of my face."

"He did," replied Cukor, forcing back a smile. "We will see that it doesn't happen again. Come, Joe, let Master Olivier's face be seen."

Such are the human, unexpected events that break up our day and save us from complete monotony. I love my job because I know I am an integral part of a structure that brings the whole world within reach of millions. But don't let those pretty dresses fool you. This life is no snap.

THE END

How Accurate Are the Polls?

(Continued from page 33)

Anyone familiar with sampling principles will know that that is a pointless question. The number of people polled has very little to do with accuracy. It is safe to say that no nationwide poll in the history of this country ever went wrong because too few persons were reached. A survey which predicts an election within five percent is generally regarded as "amazingly accurate." Yet this degree of accuracy can be attained with from six hundred to nine hundred ballots! Only a few thousand ballots are needed to obtain a high degree of precision in opinion sampling.

In the case of the Gallup Poll the minimum sample is three thousand, although this is greatly increased in election years to permit reporting of state-by-state figures. A three-thousand-ballot sample means, incidentally, that any one person's chance of being polled in any one survey are three thousand out of ninety million (the estimated total number of adults), or about one chance in thirty thousand.

Dramatic proof that the number of ballots has little to do with accuracy was the failure of the Literary Digest poll. The Literary Digest sent out ten million ballots in 1936 and had a nineteen percent error, wrongly forecasting the election of Alfred M. Landon as President. The Literary Digest polled people whose names had been taken

Hello Good-Looking!



Blackie: "Get away from the mirror, Whitey—someone might think we're conceited."

Whitey: "Well, Blackie—a bit of conceit on our part may be pardonable, considering our popularity."



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from telephone books and from lists of automobile owners. This was a nonrepresentative sample. Poor people without telephones or automobiles were not included. Yet they were the most pro-Roosevelt, and their exclusion from the poll fatally biased the results in favor of the Republicans.

The failure of the Literary Digest demonstrates a fundamental principle of all public-opinion polling:

Size of sample is the least important factor. The most important factor is the character of the cross section.

Whereas the Literary Digest relied on mere numbers, the modern sampling surveys rely on something entirely different—small but representative samples. Just what is a representative sample?

It is one which has the proper proportion of (1) people from each state, (2) people from the upper, middle and lower economic groups, (3) men and women, (4) farmers and residents of small towns, medium-sized cities and big cities, (5) adults of all age groups, and (6) Democrats, Republicans and members of other political parties. If the sample is faulty, no piling up of ballots can eliminate the error.

Do polls influence election results? That question comes up in every election campaign. It is based on the old band-wagon theory—that people will join the side that seems likely to win.

While the band-wagon theory sounds plausible, thirteen years of polling show that it has little validity, at least so far as general elections are concerned. If the band-wagon theory is right, then the candidate shown ahead in the first poll must inevitably increase his lead in subsequent polls as people climb on the band wagon. Actually no such pattern is found. As often as not the leading candidate either loses ground or stays the same.

In fact, we poll takers are even wondering whether presidential campaigns have much influence on voting sentiment. Judging by the last two presidential elections—1940 and 1944—the campaign effort may be a waste of time.

We have found that people make up their minds pretty early about the party for which they are going to vote. Right after the nominating conventions about eighty percent of the voters have decided how they will vote, and evidence shows that usually they don't change much as the campaign progresses. The other twenty percent make up their minds later on, but they divide pretty much the way the eighty percent do. The situation this year may prove different. But past evidence does raise the question whether campaigns change as many votes as the politicians suppose.

Polls raise a question, too, about another common assumption in politics. People often talk about the "woman's viewpoint" in politics, and candidates usually make a great play for the support of women voters. But polls have found that women not only do not vote differently from men, but that usually their political ideas are formed for them by their menfolk.

Women are much less interested in

politics than men are, and the voting rate among women is much lower.

That fact has a bearing on one of the major problems of election forecasting. That is the problem of *turnout*, i.e., who will take the trouble to vote on election day and who won't.

If everyone were compelled by law to vote, or if the persons who are not going to vote this November were to have the same attitudes as those who are, then this problem likewise would never arise. Unfortunately that is seldom the case.

The United States, leading champion of democracy, has one of the poorest voting records of any democratic nation. This November, we estimate, approximately fifty-eight million votes will be cast. If the same proportion were to vote here as voted in Italy in the historic election last April eighteenth, our turnout would be eighty million this year. If the proportion were to be the same as in France the total ballots cast this November would be more than seventy million. We talk loudly about democracy here but in voting, lag far behind not only Italy and France but also England, Canada, Australia and many others.

If you want to forecast an election accurately there is obviously no point in polling people who aren't going to vote. The problem, then, is how to tell in advance who will vote and who won't. We have tried scores of experiments with different types of questions to sort out those who will actually vote from those who will stay at home, but there is still no test which can be applied with complete accuracy. We are continuing to experiment this year.

Another headache of forecasting is the *human factor in interviewing*. Since the fiasco of the Literary Digest straw-vote poll (mail ballots), no national polling organization has used mail ballots in election predicting except for experimental purposes. Instead, opinions are gathered by interviewers. This system has demonstrated itself as far superior in reaching an accurate cross section, but it, too, has its limitations.

If interviewers fail to follow instructions, or if, either intentionally or unintentionally, they bias results, their failings are certain to affect polling accuracy. Some interviewers fail to get enough interviews among the poorer and more ignorant voters, where interviewing is hardest to do.

To protect themselves most polling organizations have had to devise ways of checking closely on the work of their field staffs. Their success in this respect is evidenced by the accuracy which polling results have achieved in spite of interviewing problems.

Still another headache of election forecasting is the *time factor*. The last polls taken before an election usually reflect sentiment as of a week before voting takes place, sometimes longer. Any major event which might change sentiment in the final days or hours before election cannot be reflected in polling results. We have, however, set up machinery to take a nation-wide poll at the

last minute, with interviewers telegraphing in their results. By use of this "telegraphic poll" national opinion can be measured in less than twelve hours.

Two other rather obvious headaches of forecasting are *corruption at the polls* and *weather*.

Dishonesty of election officials in counting the ballots may contribute in a small way to errors of forecasting in certain states or cities.

Bad weather usually affects the farm vote more than the urban vote, and it is a more important factor in states with poor roads than in those with good roads. Since bad weather is more likely to reduce the farm vote than the city vote, and since the farm vote in Northern states is likely to be more Republican than Democratic, bad weather usually hurts the Republicans.

How reliable have polls been? How well have they stood the test of time?

Oddly enough, one of our problems is that people think polls are more accurate than they really are. We expect to be pretty close in forecasting the outcome in November, but we don't expect to score a bull's-eye. Accuracy within three or four percent would be well within the range of good performance.

All polling organizations in the United States have had the experience of making predictions with perfect accuracy. And then they have made forecasts about which they were none too happy. But any review of polling accuracy must take full account of all forecasts, good and bad. This can be done without fear because the great majority of election predictions have been remarkably good.

Modern polls have in the past twelve years forecast a grand total of 392 elections in eight different nations. The average error has steadily been reduced. For the whole twelve-year period and the 392 elections it has been 3.9 percent, but the average error for the last few years, the period beginning in November, 1944, has been only 2.9 percent. In each case the forecasts apply to popular votes cast.

Here in the United States the Gallup Poll has made 197 forecasts in the years since 1935. Crossley, Inc., directed by Archibald Crossley, has made 115. The Fortune Survey conducted by Elmo Roper, has made twelve predictions.

Some of these predictions achieved remarkable accuracy. Crossley made twenty-three predictions and the Gallup Poll thirty-three predictions with an error of one percent or less, while Roper made two predictions with that degree of accuracy. A special pre-election Fortune Survey, released to newspapers on November 4, 1940, gave forecasts of the popular vote for Roosevelt not only for the nation but for nine sections of the country, based upon polling data as of the end of October. The average error of the Roper predictions in these nine areas was 7.3 percent. Except for those sectional figures, Mr. Roper's record is excellent; his prediction of the popular vote for the nation in 1940 and 1944 erred by less than one percent, which was more accurate than any of the other polls nationally.

On the basis of the published figures,

the comparative accuracy of the national polls since 1935 may be summarized as follows:

	No. of Forecasts	Average Error
Roper	12	5.7%
Crossley	115	4.0
Gallup	197	3.9

My own feeling, after careful study of the factors involved in election forecasting, is that during the next ten years the accuracy will be increased but that, in the period immediately ahead, the average error will, in all likelihood, not fall below two percent. Predictions of bull's-eye accuracy will, of course, continue to be made on occasion. But there is always danger that the public will begin to attribute a degree of accuracy to poll predictions which polling organizations cannot maintain, and do not claim.

One thing I can predict right now is that after the November election somebody is going to beat us over the head because we didn't show the division of electoral votes. Predicting electoral votes is an almost impossible feat. The reason is plain. A mere handful of popular votes out of a total of thirty million cast in the ten largest states could change as many as 249 of the 531 electoral votes of the country.

An objection to polls, brought forward this year by the Wallace forces, is that some voters may be reluctant to tell an interviewer how they plan to vote. The theory is that if social and community leaders are against a given candidate, some people will be reluctant to admit that they are for him.

Poll takers guard against this source of possible error by using a secret ballot. Interviewers are supplied with padlocked boxes. The voter is handed a ballot and a pencil, instructed to indicate his choice without showing the interviewer how he voted, and then to fold his ballot and insert it in the locked ballot box. In this way the voter expresses his preference without anyone knowing how he voted.

In the past we have found that the results of secret ballots do not differ vitally from the results obtained by the open-interview method. To me this fact is interesting because it indicates something fundamental about Americans.

One of their heartening characteristics is their utter frankness in giving their opinions. They enjoy it. The problem, interviewers say, is not to persuade them to talk but to stop them. At a time when freedom of speech is muffled behind iron curtains in so many parts of Europe, this frankness seems to me to be a wonderful thing.

And people take their opinions seriously. The reason this democracy is so strong is that everybody thinks his opinion is important.

Of course the opinions that people give in a poll are sometimes pretty naive. To me the classic remark of the 1948 presidential campaign is what a voter in a small town in Colorado told our local interviewer: "The Democrats have done a lot of good in sixteen years so now I'm willing to let the Republicans do likewise!"

THE END



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Comrade Casey

(Continued from page 39)



back to roaring streets. He passed a stranded ship which was used as an aquarium. He passed several piers to which were moored various cruisers, yachts and sailboats. Casey liked boats, and he slowed down. Eventually he came to another pier, flanked on both sides by charter fishing cruisers. They were moored stern to the dock, on both sides—forty or so of them. A sign said: "Admission Free." So Casey walked out on that pier.

He watched two or three boats come in from the Gulf Stream and unload their catches. A crowd formed around each one until the last fish had been thrown or dragged onto the dock. Casey thought that he would like to go out on the ocean and pit himself against a few big fish; it might help reduce his anger.

But it would cost sixty-five dollars a day, more than four times his capital. Not that he was a capitalist. . .

By and by he observed that some of the mates and skippers hosing down their boats were arguing—rather violently. He liked arguments. He sauntered up to listen.

The men—fishing guides—were debating a rate cut. Some thought that, if they reduced their price a third, the increased volume of business would more than make up the difference. Others stood pat for the current high price.

It was, Casey thought, an amateur discussion of economics; he listened with amused tolerance.

A big, heavy man they called Beets argued for status quo. A little blue-eyed guy of fifty-odd—a flinty man with a grin like unsweetened lemonade—was all for reduction. People on the dock saw another boat coming—openly displaying three sailfish flags—and hurried to its berth to see the big catch. Casey might have gone, too, but just at that point the man called Beets said to the little man—his name apparently was Pop—"You're talking like a lousy damned communist."

Pop's grin stayed—and stayed acid. "So what?"

"So we aren't listening to any commie talk on this man's pier."

Pop said, "I'll say what I please. It's a free country. I say we're going on a soak-the-rich policy when there aren't enough rich customers left to soak.

Half the guys on the pier, including me, are starving this spring—"

Beets was a man swift to wrath, and with it went the color of countenance which had given him his nickname. He'd been picking up his boat, and he had a bait knife in his hand. He walked over toward Pop now, and his face was dark red. He said, "I told you, Pop, to quit talking like a commie rat."

The listening mates and skippers were standing on a platform below the dock level, and Casey leaned over a rail above them. They were strangers, and they had a right to argue as they pleased about their own business. But Casey had been angry for four days, and he was spoiling for battle. Moreover, his creed had been insulted. So—with some surprise but also with a feeling of relief—he heard himself say, "I resent that 'rat'!"

Beets looked up toward the rail, and his eyes met Casey's. "You do? And who the hell are you, may I ask?"

Pop spoke quickly. "Keep it in the family, Beets."

Casey said, "I'm a communist. And any man that calls commies rats, calls me a rat. So my opinion of him is too low to be expressed in a public place."

He felt better.

The fishing skipper's face turned malignant. "You're a commie, eh? Always wanted to see one." Then he began to curse.

Casey listened—even smiled a little. Finally he said, in a breathing space, "I have half a mind to come down there and take that knife away from you and throw you in the harbor."

Beets looked at the knife in his hand and tossed it aboard his boat. "Come on," he said. "Can you swim?"

Several men moved forward, and Pop spoke to Casey. "Look, fellow, scram. Beets used to be a pro wrestler, for one thing. For another, you'll get arrested, fighting on this dock."

It didn't do any good. There was a second when a golden spark flickered in Casey's light brown eyes. Then he vaulted over the rail and came all the way down, easily, his long legs taking his weight without a sound. A fight was what he needed.

Somebody grabbed Beets, but he shook free. He rushed Casey, and Casey clipped him hard as he came in. It didn't faze Beets. He kept coming. Casey backed a little, feinted, and put stuff in the next one. A Angel, nothing happened. Beets's head rocked a bit, the malignance in his eyes was intensified, but he came forward for more. Pop grabbed him, and he shook off Pop. Casey swung and missed. And then the lights went out for Casey.

Beets looked down at him and up at the circle of guides. He made a few remarks about communists and went back to his boat. Pop, aided by two mates, heaved Casey aboard his cruiser, which was called the Angel. Not many people had even noticed the commotion; they were too busy looking at the three sailfish.

When Casey opened his eyes, he was lying on a bunk, looking up at a rack of life preservers. He remembered . . . He

took a whiff of the clean paint smell on the Angel, and a squirt at the afternoon, visible as a square of blue sky above the ladder. Then Pop came from his galley with a towel soaked in ice water.

"You around already?" His grin was still ironical.

Casey reached for the towel, lay back dizzily, and swabbed his face. The cold water felt fine.

"I'm okay," he said. "That guy must be very good."

"He is."

There was quite a long silence. Pop—his name was Jason McVeigh, and he hailed originally from Salem, Massachusetts—looked at the lean young man, the sharp profile, the utterly determined jaw, the reckless eyes, the red hair, the long, sinewy body. He may have been thinking of another young man—not too unlike Casey—who had been his son until the telegram came from the War Department. His son—and the Angel's mate, summers, when he wasn't in college. He may have been thinking of that; he didn't say. What he did say was, "So you're a commie. Party member?"

The light brown eyes were direct. "No. Not yet. I'm hoping to be. I got out of service only two years ago. Been helping a few strikes. Making some speeches."

"Come down here to organize?" Pop asked.

"No." Casey's eyes fixed on some heavy rods and big reels which lay on the opposite bunk. "Nice boat. What do you catch with those derricks?"

There may have been a different light—a twinkle—deeply hidden in the eyes of the older man. "Sports fishing isn't for revolutionaries like you. It's a luxury. Stalin probably wouldn't approve of it."

Casey sat up—and lay back again. He was better, but not ready to walk away from the scene of his misfortune. He chuckled a little—his first chuckle in four days. "Yeah. I know. My uncle had a boat—a young yacht. I worked on it summers. He took other rich guys like himself out for white martinis. I cut bait and scrubbed decks. But I even like doing that. You see, I came from the poor branch of the family."

"Quite a coincidence," Pop said.

"What is?"

The older man took time to light a pipe. "You came down here looking for a mate's berth?"

Casey thought that over. He had done no such thing. He had come down there because he was angry. He had extended his embittered walk along the Miami quay because he did know, and like, boats. He had gone out on the fishing pier because he particularly knew fishing boats. He hadn't been thinking of a job. Wasn't he rich? Potentially rich, at any rate? Still—as soon as he had figured his way out of the mess he was in—he'd be poor again. Broke.

He was not, if the truth were admitted, in very good graces with the communists he knew and revered. They thought him too hotheaded. And too

undisciplined. Too prone to debate communist dogma. The left-wing leaders of a West Virginia union might put him back on the payroll again—and they might not. In the latter case, he'd need a job. But he'd thought about work in a mine or a factory; not about work on the Southern ocean. The idea stirred him, and he quashed it.

Finally he said, "I didn't come down here looking for anything . . . A fight, maybe." He chuckled some more.

Pop peered into his pipe bowl. "Oh! I see. Just having fired a mate, I thought it was a coincidence that a prospect came along. So I hauled you aboard."

The young man on the bunk shrugged. "You wouldn't take me, anyhow. Not with everybody on the pier knowing I'm a commie."

"I'd try you out, and if you were a good fishing man, I'd take you." Pop's voice was musing, reminiscent. Maybe, once more, he was thinking of his own dead son. "What in hell makes so many of you young lugs go for this commie stuff? Isn't the country we've got good enough for you? I know youngsters get a rebellious streak in 'em for a while. I can remember when I thought I was a wobbly and a socialist myself, years back. Still—this business of going for another nation—"

Casey did sit up then. "Communism," he said with dignity, "is not national. People think communists are tools of the Soviet—"

"They know it, son."

"—when they're really agents of the world future."

Pop's patience snapped. He said a few brief and salty words.

Casey shrugged again and put down the towel. "I'm going. Thanks for pulling me in here. Sorry I made trouble for anybody." He walked through the boat, up the ladder, and out into the cockpit. The glare hurt his eyes, and he stopped for a moment. Pop came up behind him. "If you want that job, son, it still may be open for a few days."

"Thanks."

The older man watched him go down the dock and out of sight among the people. He shook his head.

On the street, Casey gave one last look at the fishing dock. The outriggers of the boats against the blue sky filled him with a young man's yearning—a yearning to be free and foot-loose, out on the deep ocean watching a bait and not worrying about the world and humanity, not enraged at the dirty trick that had been played on him. He decided, presently, that he might as well go and do what he had traveled all the way to Miami to do. So he started once again for the Sumner Building. It was late, and he hurried.

The reception room of the Dixie-Sweet Home-Bake Company was empty. A modernistic room—cool green and pale floor lamps that had metal shades. Casey sat down. The place made him nervous. Signs of opulence and elegance always gave him a very jittery



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feeling. It was almost six o'clock. A few clerks went through the room, talking, paying no attention to him. He realized that he should have phoned—that Horace Bevilan, the manager of the company, had undoubtedly departed long since.

Casey had almost decided that he would be obliged to call another day, when a girl came into the reception room from the hall that led, evidently, to the offices. She was a blonde, tall and supple but not thin. Her skin indicated she liked the sun and that the sun liked her, for it had applied a special shade of brown to her, a light and lustrous tea color. Her dress was white; her shoes and pocketbook and wide-brimmed hat were green. She had bright red lips and warm topaz eyes. But the most noticeable thing about the girl was her hair which showed smooth above her hat—a halo rather than a head covering—and which fell to her shoulders in a page-boy bob, not as light as pure gold, but as sparkling, and as smooth where it cascaded as it was where her hat held it in place. A girl who made his nerves jump. She was carrying a book. She walked straight up to him. "Has anybody taken care of you?" It was a voice to match—soft, deep, assured.

"Not since I was a child," Casey answered.

She didn't seem to be greatly amused. "The office is closed. Whom did you wish to see?"

"Horace Bevilan—the general manager." Casey was glad he had decided to take a bit in his teeth and make his call at the office. This was quite a lot of girl. "Probably, though," he went on, "being the management, he's left long since. Playing golf, no doubt."

The girl shook her head. "He's here. Busy, right now. And he doesn't play golf." She thought that over. "He fishes."

She would have gone back, then, to announce him. But his eye fell on the title of her book, and he leaped out of his seat as if it had stung him. "Marx!" he said sharply.

"Marks? What marks?" She looked at the book. "Oh! 'Das Kapital'?"

"Are you reading it?"

"Certainly."

"In German?"

"The book's in German—so I'm reading it in German." Her topaz eyes lighted oddly as she looked at him. "I tried to get it in English, but I couldn't find an English copy in Miami. I did find the German text, though. So I'm reading that." She added, unnecessarily so far as Casey was concerned "Karl Marx inspired modern communism—and this is his basic book."

"I know." He was excited. "What do you think of it? Don't tell me that you—?" He broke off. It was too much to hope that this sun-colored and shapely item of undiluted gorgeousness was pro-communist, like himself.

"Twaddle."

"What!"

"Piffle."

Casey, restored to his habitual young man's bitterness, felt disdain

rising in him. "One of the great thinkers of all times. And you call his book twaddle. A natural reaction, I suppose, in a woman of bourgeois background, obsolete ideas—"

The girl didn't get mad. On the contrary, a twinkle came into her eyes. "It's Karl Marx who's really obsolete. After all, he is dated by almost a hundred years. His stuff isn't scientific. He doesn't know anything about modern psychology. The idea that human beings can improve their lot by first improving their economic circumstances is perfectly ridiculous. It's putting the cart before the horse. Psychology has made it unmistakably plain that, if people are to change for the better, they have to change inside themselves, individually, first. Otherwise, you just get a society that's materially more determined but psychologically still as instinct-ridden and custom-dominated as ever. Blind. So that requires a tyranny—and where are you?"

Casey was crimson. He said finally, "You don't know what you're talking about! Psychology, my eye!"

"Have you read Freud, Adler, Jung?" "Why should I?"

The twinkle was augmented by the dimples of a beginning smile. "To stay in this argument. After all, you can't discuss a science you don't know."

What she might have said after that—and what crisis of rage Casey might have endured—failed to materialize. Three men came from the hall that led to the offices. They looked, Casey thought absently, like workmen, men of the masses, coming from the sanctum sanctorum of management where, no doubt, they had taken a beating. They said, "Hello, Miss Kennedy," and went out.

"You may see Granddad now," the girl said.

"Granddad!"

"Horace Bevan. He's my granpa. I work here for him. In the personnel department. I majored in psych at the University of Miami . . . Come along, Mr. Casey."

She knocked on a door and pushed it open. "You still here, Xan?"

"I've brought in the newcomer. Mr. Casey—my grandfather, Mr. Bevan."

Casey had confidently expected to hate the man on sight. But things were different from his expectation. There was the girl, for one thing; exactly the sort of girl he had always envisaged when he had let himself imagine what the ideal girl ought to look like. There was, also, the fact that she had known all the time who he was. Finally, there was Bevan himself.

An oldish man—but not an old man. Lean and towering. Gray hair—not much of it—combed back rather untidily over a large head. A very friendly mouth. Eyes something like the girl's—brown and clear and full of light. He was standing. He had been putting papers in a brief case, and his straw hat was lying on his desk. He looked more like a professor than an executive; and his office was filled with books, littered with magazines, and altogether more like a professional study

than a place of business, a headquarters of capitalist oppression.

"So you're J. D.'s nephew!" Mr. Bevan eyed Casey with what seemed to be approval. "J. D." had been, of course, the uncle who had owned Dixie-Sweet Home-Bake, and who had died and willed it to Casey.

"I found him," the girl explained, "twisting a metaphorical hat, outside."

"Should have come right in, son. After all, you own the place."

"I'm going," the girl said. "I'm late." Mr. Bevan nodded to her and she went, after bidding them both good-night. Casey felt a definite loss.

There are but two powers in the world, the sword and the mind. In the long run the sword is always beaten by the mind.

—Maxims of Napoleon
by K. J. Fredericks (1923)

"Got your uncle's red hair. Look something like him when he was your age." Mr. Bevan seemed to be pleased by these facts. He went on, "J. D. was pretty keen about you. He detested your cousins—his brother's youngsters. Selfish lot. Seeing you takes me back many years."

Casey said, "I didn't know you'd been with my uncle so long."

"We began together. J. D. had the ambition and the imagination. I had nothing but the organizing skill. And I don't like to be the top man. I like to be the first mate. Still, your uncle virtually retired years ago. I suppose, actually, I've been the skipper for quite a while. It seems like a lot of responsibility, now that he's gone. Too much. I'm glad you're coming into the business."

"I'm not."

Horace Bevan smiled briefly. "How can you help it?"

"That's what I'm here to talk about."

The older man pulled out a desk drawer, leafed through papers. "Lemme see," he said. "You're a communist." That made him chuckle, and he kept his eyes on the papers. "You should have seen your uncle when he came back from overseas and announced you'd become a red! Wonder he didn't have a stroke right then! I tried to tell him all young men have a rebellious phase—"

"This," Casey said coldly, "is no phase."

Horace Bevan seemed not to have heard. "—and J. D. wouldn't listen. Said he'd raised you from a pup. Said you always were a perverse ingrate. Those were the mildest terms he used."

Casey again got out of a chair as if it were painful to sit in it. He walked back and forth.

"Look. My uncle was a hypocrite. He fought his way up in the so-called good old American style from a poor, back-country-Carolina kid. His sister happens to be my mother. He got rich.

My dad stayed poor and died young. My mother brought me up. As soon as I could, I started working. Uncle Jerome helped. Oh, sure. He helped find jobs for me. And he hired me to work on his big place in Asheville. Mow lawns, tend furnaces, wash cars, rake lawns, clean cellars. When I got big enough—take care of his boat—paint it—serve as mate—sweat my guts out for marbles. My cousins were better off, but Uncle Jerome disliked them. He just liked me. So he saw to it that I came up the hard way."

"As he did, himself."

Casey was preoccupied with the remembered shame of being the nephew of a rich uncle; a lad who had grown up knowing wealth only as things he had to take care of for small wages, knowing the embarrassment of the country boy in a city school, wearing patched clothes and never going to games or to parties because there are always ashes to be removed, lawns to roll, gardens to weed. "My uncle," he said grimly, "saw to it that I learned the workman's point of view. He had nobody but himself to blame—if he considered it blameworthy—that I turned out to be a communist."

"You mean—you're a commie because of self-pity?"

Casey blazed. "Certainly not! But—" "That's the motive of most of them—if you really analyze them."

Casey leaned over the desk. "My convictions are intellectual! When I went to the university, I already knew what a sham our capitalist system is. I learned there about socialism—about Russia. I joined a club of radicals. We went to labor meetings; we carried placards in strikes; we learned about the life of the worker. And we studied Marx." He shrugged. "Nothing in the Army changed me any. And when I got out—I was ready. I know a good many leaders in the leftist movement. They started me working with miners in West Virginia. Then—this crazy thing happened—"

"Why do you think J. D. left you the business instead of your cousins?"

"Pure spite! The last dirty trick of a man without feeling or principle! He thought it would make me turn against my beliefs and become a capitalist rat, like him!"

"Hasn't faded you?"

"Not a particle!"

The older man rocked back in his chair a little. "Well—according to the will—you've got two choices. You can step in and take charge. Or you can sign the business over to your cousins. But you can't give it away or sell it. And you can't take out the profits and give them away. That's the will. What's your decision?"

"I've got sixty days to make it."

"Sixty days to decide whether you're man enough to learn—and then take charge—of a fine, profitable, liberally run business, or whether you'll go back to the coal pits and all that brabble about the workers' revolution. Workers' revolution! Slavery—in the end."

"Wage slavery, the American way—"

Horace interrupted. "Listen, son. Save it. I know more about labor—and

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men—and the world—than you'll learn for decades. And I think there are all sorts of people who fall for the communist line: emotional people, unstable people, fools, the avaricious and stupid, people who fancy they are thinkers but who don't study facts, the ignorant—plenty of folks. I feel sorry for them because, when you fall for the red line, you miss the far greater dream of freedom we're trying to run this country by. You stand there thinking that inheriting this business is a grim and dirty trick fate played on you—

"What else is it?" Casey snapped.
"Whatever you make it. I grew up in Dixie-Sweet, Angus. I love it. It's made me independently rich. I can quit tonight and go fishing the rest of my days. If you decide to take charge and want that—why—he fumbled among some papers—"here's my resignation." Casey pocketed it. He supposed that he should have felt triumphant. Actually, he felt merely hollow.

"Or I can stay here," Horace continued, "and help you learn how to manage your property. That's up to you, Angus. I think your uncle loved you and did the best he knew how. He believed responsibility would cure your radicalism. Maybe he didn't understand you, but you're no child to understand. Personally, I find it hard to bear a guy who thinks a fortune is a shameful thing. And it's harder to bear a guy who's willing to betray the ideals of his countrymen for another set of ideas that have only produced the most horrible slave nation—perhaps barring Germany—in all history. You decide. Take your sixty days, if you like. I'm going home. I'm tired. Our bakers want to strike again—that was the committee you saw leaving—"

Casey's eyes gleamed. "Strike? What's their grievance?"
"More dough. Isn't that usually the thing employees call a grievance?"
"More dough!" Casey was sardonic. "They are probably starving. And you sit here—"

Horace Bevan put his hat on the back of his head. "Their basic pay is eighty-two fifty a week, and they're not starving. Furthermore, they signed a nonstrike agreement a month ago that was supposed to be good for a year, and they're threatening to rip it up already. I've kept every agreement I ever made in business, son—and they've broken dozens. Which is neither here nor there... "How much dough you got?"

"Enough."
Horace took an envelope from his desk. "Your uncle's lawyers instructed me to give you this. Also—your uncle maintained an apartment at the Sapphire Vista Hotel on the Beach. The rent's paid through to next year. They're expecting you. Come in here any time. We have an office waiting, if you decide to accept the terms of the will. A business is a proud thing—a challenge. Also, I'd like to take you fishing."

"Thanks. I enjoy fishing."
"Good sign. A fisherman can't be a bum at heart." Horace switched out a lamp. "On the other hand, if you decide to surrender your claims to the company in favor of your cousins—"

"That's the hell of the thing," Casey said savagely. "I know all three of them. They'd squeeze every dime—every drop of blood—out of all the hundreds of people working here—"

Horace nodded gravely. "From what I hear, they would do exactly that."

"Which is just what my uncle knew! He knew I wouldn't let the Dixie-Sweet workers fall into the hands of the lowest type of management! That's what haunts me!"

"It should, if you have any human feeling at all." Horace led the way down the hall. When they reached the lobby, they shook hands. "My granddaughter's name," Horace said idly, "is Xantha. Greek root—means yellow—refers to the blond hair. Her father's Tom L. Kennedy—language professor at the university, and they live in Coral Gables. Well, 'night, son. Remember, I detest your principles, so-called, but I've found you a pretty nice young bird, principles aside." He grinned, gripped Casey's hand and was gone.

Casey walked some more. His mind had been in a tumult of rage. Now, it was just in a tumult. Xantha—yellow—golden. That was in his mind. Her cracks about psychology. And Horace Bevan didn't satisfy his idea of a cold and cunning business executive at all. The man was warm and human.

He walked on and on and on. In due course, he came back to the fishing pier. He went out on it. He needed perspective. A chance to get his mind off his unsolvable problem. Unsolvability—because a man couldn't own a big business and remain a communist.

Pop was sitting on the stern of his cruiser eating at tangerine.
Casey stepped aboard. "Still need a mate?"

"Sure do. Got a nice shiner there." Casey reflected with embarrassment that Bevan hadn't even mentioned his black eye. He said shortly, "Yeah."

"I drug you aboard because I thought you might have a mate's makings in you."

Casey said somberly, "You could see I was a troublemaker—"

"Sure. But I don't mind a little trouble. Young guys ought to make a share of it. Get it out of their systems young and settle down all the sooner, I say. Tomorrow?"

"Suits me," Casey said. "I gotta eat. Might as well."

"Six sharp."

Casey walked some more.
Around nine, he had some supper in a cafeteria. Then he went to his shabby hotel. When he undressed, he found the envelope Horace had handed to him. He'd forgotten it. He broke its seal and took out thirty one-hundred-dollar bills. He sat on his bed for a while, cursing his uncle. "Bribery," he told himself. "Trying to bribe me to become a traitor to the working classes—to step into his shoes—to be a businessman. So he can laugh in his grave."

He resealed the envelope, carried it downstairs and had the night clerk put it in the safe.

Then he went to bed and tossed un-

happily until after midnight . . .

At five o'clock, the night man banged on his door.

Morning and May in Miami. Somebody, Casey thought, ought to write a song about it—a cheap, sentimental bourgeois song. To bolster up his bitterness against so much tranquil beauty, Casey brought into his mind the thought that most people in America couldn't afford to stop onto one of the charter boats.

He saw Pop loading ice. "Morning, skipper!"

"Get aboard. Take this ice pick. Break up about twenty-five pounds for the bait. Flat-sized hunks and smaller. In a bit, I'll run the Angel out in the bay and let you practice. We use signals outside, and I'll show 'em to you. When to slow, speed up, cut around, snap into reverse—and so on."

Casey suddenly felt better. That, he thought, was his main trouble. With the world a shambles, with the U. S. A. about to become a predatory nation—he could still get up in the morning and feel swell. He tried to force into his being a sensation of cosmic tragedy, but Pop began to make baits out of balao, and the speed and neatness with which the foot-long, slender fishes were fixed on hook and leader fascinated him. Pop appreciated this. "Go ahead. Sew on a few, Comrade."

"Say. Would you mind not calling me Comrade? My first name's Angus."

"Angus Casey? Is that possible?"

"I'm Scotch-Irish."

"It's a hell of a combination," Pop said, "until you get the hang of it." He coiled leader wire and put another rigged hook on ice. "All right, Angus. We'll roll out in the bay and rehearse. My party is due at eight. Nobody I know—some bird who is bringing along his son."

They had plenty of time for coffee after their trial run and before Mr. Bromwell Matthews and son arrived.

Mr. Matthews was oversized, not in good condition, and nervous. His son was about twelve: wiry, freckled and active. His brown eyes danced interestedly over the complex and glamorous setting that is a charter-boat dock and came to rest on a pelican perched on a piling. He whipped out a sling-shot, loaded and let fly. The pelican hastily lifted itself into the air.

"Good heavens, son," said Mr. Matthews, "you shouldn't have brought that thing! Haven't I told you that shooting at birds is bad sportmanship?"

"I only just stirred him up a little!"

Pop understood. In the young, the hunting instinct is somewhat indiscriminate.

"Come aboard, boy," he called. "Morning, Mr. Matthews! It was a good shot, anyhow. Didn't hurt the bird. You can get up in the harpoon pulpit later and try for a flying fish."

Mr. Matthews the younger—apparently "Junior"—said, "Wow!"

Angus Casey steered a straight course for the "turning buoy" and watched Pop handle the outriggers. When the first bait hit the water and came skid-

ding and splashing along with the Angel, he felt a pleasant sort of tension. Young Matthews sat in one side chair, his father in the other. For ten minutes, the boy was patient. Then he became restive. He began to walk around the boat. Pop said, "Better stick to your post, June. Anything can happen any minute."

Angus saw a blue flash and a big splash. Mr. Matthews' outrigger line sailed down. "Fish!" Angus yelled.

A bonito. Mr. Matthews, with much excited comment, reeled it in. When Pop reached for the leader wire, Junior leaned far over the stern to observe. His father saw him and shouted, "Get back, son! Get back! Remember our talk about not going near the edge of the boat! If you fell in, you wouldn't last ten seconds!"

Pop said, "I'll keep my eye on him. Mr. Matthews. Look, June. Commere. Show you your first game fish—in the water. See him plunging around?"

The boy—his belt clutched by the captain—watched the bonito rush back and forth under the ship's stern. He watched the boating of it. He cast upon his father a glance of contempt.

Angus got the signal to resume trolling. As the Angel moved forward, Pop came up on the canopy. "Okay?"

"Yeah," Angus answered. "Okay. Am I doing right?"

"See that place yonder where the light blue water meets the dark? What we call an 'edge.' Gulf Stream current makes it. The light blue water is standing still. The dark blue is moving. Weeds accumulate between the two. Fish hang around those edges. You take her outside the weeds and then follow along as close as you can without running the near bait into the grass."

"Not very different from casting up to weeds in a lake."

"Same principle. Nice day, isn't it?"

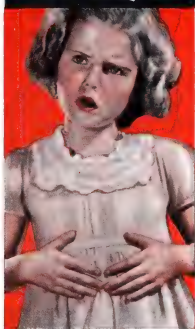
Angus said it was. Pop went below. Again, the impromptu mate saw the fish first. The man at the top controls usually spots them soonest: he has the advantage of elevation. It was a chocolate smear under the boy's bait. It came—went—and stayed. "Oh, Pop!" he called, "I think—on the left side!"

The skipper walked to the stern and stared. His voice was just noticeably excited. "June! Get a good grip on your rod. Get set to do what I say. There's a sailfish under your bait, and I think—yep—there he is!"

It was the last clearly audible comment that Pop made. Mr. Matthews, for all his bulk, got nimbly to his feet and began to shout. "Sailfish! Sailfish, did you say! Get prepared son! The count of ten! Now. Rod up, son! Down a little! He's emerging! That's his bill! . . . He missed, Captain! Do something. This is the critical instant!"

Angus watched with fascination as the great fish shouldered out of the water, snatched the bait in its scissor-like bill, wheeled, and started swimming away. The outrigger line was, of course, drifting down through the sunlight. Pop tried to silence the panicky parent. It was useless, and the boy, looking from the captain to his father, tried to obey both. "Give him

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more slack!" the father bellowed. Pop said something about sitting tight with the rod tip down, ready to strike. "That dingo on the reel—throw it over!" Mr. Matthews screamed. The boy threw it.

Pop tried to throw it back, but the excited youngster yanked the reel away from his fingers. The line came tight. The reel began to race as the sailfish rushed off with the bait. Pop grabbed frantically again. There was a backlash. The line broke. Out on the sea, a hundred yards astern, the sailfish began a series of spectacular jumps, the line trailing from its jaws. Mr. Matthews began to scold his son and the boy began to cry.

The skipper said, "There will be more. Shut up everybody, and let's go fishing."

It was not a good morning for the Matthews family. But before noon, Mr. Matthews hooked a sailfish which, at the end of a half hour of hysterical monologue, he seemed in a fair way to catch. Then the 'cudas got it.

Again, from his vantage point, Angus Casey saw the sailfish was tiring. Mr. Matthews had fought it to within some thirty yards of the Angel. Occasionally, too tired to leap clear, the fish still thrust head and shoulders out of the water, shaking, yanking, presenting, in that satin sea, a sight calculated to give any angler spasms of hope and anxiety. Presently it submerged and dogged along—silver and chocolate—some five feet below the surface. The Angel, meantime, had drifted in towards the green water. And now Angus observed near the sailfish a half dozen shadows that came, vanished, came again. "There's something around the sail!" he called.

Pop leaped up on the stern gunwale and peered. "Barracuda! Wind for all you're worth! We've got to take the sail now—or the 'cudas will."

The 'cudas did. The tightened reel hummed as the sailfish perceived its new danger and tried to run. Once, it jumped, using a last, desperate measure of energy. Then the strain on the line slackened somewhat, and Mr. Matthews began to make progress as he reeled. The water around it was crimson—the sailfish mutilated and dead—'cudas lunged at the remains.

Pop picked up the long-handled gaff. "Bring it on in," he said grimly to Mr. Matthews. "It's half eaten. But sometimes those devils follow in close enough so you can yank one of them out of the sea." He made ready to gaff a free-swimming 'cuda. The sailfish—and the swarming killers—drew close.

Young Matthews, unobserved in the excitement, stood up to watch. Perhaps he leaned too far. Perhaps a small wave overbalanced him. In any case, he teetered—tried to scream but was too horrified to make a sound—and went overboard within yards of the 'cudas. Casey was a split second behind him.

Things happened very fast. Pop let fly with a life preserver and began to flail the water with his long-handled gaff at the point farthest from Casey's splash. Casey came up with the boy, swam furiously toward the Angel. Pop hauled out both with one, immense

heave, and—as they fell together on the deck—he looked to see if crimson were streaming from either. It was not.

Mr. Matthews had said nothing during these violent few seconds; he had simply watched, growing whiter and whiter. Now, rather quietly, he toppled from his chair—out cold.

Casey undressed the youngster and began to rub him energetically. Pop had been bending over Mr. Matthews.

But now, for the first time since the accident, the eyes of Casey and the captain met. Casey's were alight, a little reckless, self-assured. Pop's gaze was steely blue. "Another time," he said, "wait and see if the man overboard can swim."

"This was a kid—"

"Even kids. No need risking two people if one can get out alone. Barracudas don't make heroes, but they can make minceeat."

"Right." Casey looked crestfallen.

"Just the same—thanks. Not many guys . . ." There was an iron coupling of hands—another look. Then they went back to their passengers.

Fishing for the day was ended. Mr. Matthews, when he recovered consciousness, was definite about that.

The Angel was made fast. Mr. Matthews found dry land under his feet and got out his wallet. His features were still drawn. He counted out some bills. "Naturally," he said to Pop, "I am paying for a half day only. Under the circumstances, I don't feel obliged to pay anything. Such gross carelessness—"

Pop took the money in silence.

"As for you—" Mr. Matthews turned to the mate—"although what you did was purely in the line of duty, a thing to be expected, nevertheless . . ." He gave Casey two one-dollar bills. Then he took a cigar from his pocket, bit the end and put it between his teeth.

Quickly, Angus struck a match and quickly lighted the bills. He held them out, burning, for Mr. Matthews's cigar. That gentleman had started to take his light before he noticed the fuel. He completed the operation, his face reddening. Then he blew a sneering smoke. "You young men," he said, "have no respect for money. A bunch of irresponsible, communist, no-accounts—the pack of you! Come, son."

Pop winked sardonically at Casey.

That afternoon, while Casey worked on the Angel's gear, he told Pop the story of his origin, of his espousal of radicalism at college, and of his present dilemma. He expected to be laughed at, but he was not. Jason McVeigh knew men.

"I had to tell you," Casey explained, "because you may be looking for another mate soon."

"You going to take over the business?" "I think I'm going back to West Virginia, and the miners."

Pop nodded. "People think quite a lot of Horace Bevan down here. He could sure teach you the ropes."

"What would you do in my place?"

"Why—I'd fish a while longer."

"Go on being a mate?"

"Sure. Think it over. Your' uncle

kind of boxed you up. He must have been a slick operator . . ."

"He was that. Built up the bakery chain from one little store in Asheville. Made a mint. Moved headquarters down here when arthritis bothered him winters. Went right on expanding. The orthodox capitalist."

The last was intended for a crack. Pop ignored it. "You say you ran into the Kennedy girl—Bevlyn's granddaughter. Handsome hussy."

"More prissy than hussy," the younger man objected. "Stuck up about her education."

"Good-looking, though."

"Good-looking."

When the afternoon waned, Pop looked up the boat and betook himself home.

Casey walked to his hotel, bathed in the community shower stalls on his floor, changed to his one good suit, and sent out his everyday trousers to be pressed. He had brought in his battered suitcase a book entitled, "The Coming Socialist Revision," and he sat down with the idea of reading a while. But he found himself not reading and wishing, instead, that Pop hadn't mentioned Xantha Kennedy.

The wish grew in him to such proportions that he decided he would have to take steps about it.

He went down to the lobby and looked in the Miami directory. He found a Thomas L. Kennedy on Islamorada Avenue in Coral Gables, and he dialed the number. A woman said she'd call Xan. She pronounced it "Zan" and Casey observed that it was a hell of a name. Affected. Bourgeois.

Xantha said, "Hello?"

"This is Angus Casey. I called to see if you'd have dinner with me."

"I'd love it. When?"

"When is there—except now?"

She laughed. "You're a trifle abrupt. But I can try. But it'll take me a good hour to get ready—and don't say I'm a slow dresser—because I have various things to do. Then—Coral Gables is way out here. But—I could meet you by eight."

Casey was stunned by his success, but his voice was bland. "I can wait."

"Where shall I meet you?"

The eating places Casey knew were cafeterias. Not suitable. He was on the verge of asking her to recommend a spot when a name entered his head. "How about the lobby of the Sapphire Vista on the Beach?"

"Swell!"

When he hung up, he remembered that he had some fifteen dollars in the world, and that fifteen dollars might not even pay the check for two at the Sapphire Vista.

Next, he recalled that there reposed in the safe of his own grubby hotel, three thousand dollars in cold cash. It was his money—legally—and he had not even thought about it all day. He could almost hear his uncle say, "Put a little folding money in the boy's hands, and he'll change his views, fast enough." But also the money—or, rather, a small fraction of it—represented the magic whereby he could show a gorgeous (he tried to make

himself say "flamboyant" and failed) young lady a big evening.

He strolled to a drugstore where he obtained an ointment with which to conceal the bluish stain around his right eye. He took a lot of time with the ointment. But the problem of the money still remained. It was after seven when he finally asked for his envelope. His Spartan nature had not cracked. Rather, he had figured it out: the money was already earned and the workers would never get it back anyhow; not the workers from whom it had been squeezed; he needed to see the girl to learn more about the inside workings of Dixie-Sweet in order to help him come to a decision. Ergo—it was okay to use the money.

Casey took a taxi, after almost no struggle. Along the skyline of Miami Beach were the fluorescently lighted towers of numberless hotels. Here, he thought with relish, the rich enjoyed their sinister gains. Here the racketeering millionaires and the black marketeers and all the other social thieves convened—fall, winter and spring—to enjoy what rightfully belonged to the masses.

The Sapphire Vista satisfied his bitter mood; white walls rising in grandeur above floodlighted coconut palms and cascades of bluish light from a score of ten-story-tall electric tubes.

The lobby was Spanish and he told himself, it would be! He sat down to wait for Xantha and comforted himself by despising the ornate furniture and the men and women moving about in pale summer clothes. He was so engrossed in this dire game that he didn't see her approach. He started a little when she said, "Good evening here."

She was wearing blue, now. Insofar as he was concerned, it would never be necessary for fate or fortune to produce a more beautiful girl than Xantha Kennedy to convince him forever that beautiful women were beauty at its cosmic pinnacle. If only she were a sensible person—malleable and intellectually helpless—he could teach her how to think straight. But she wasn't. She was prejudiced beyond reach, a lovely bigot.

Still—she was also a girl. A man didn't have to give every instant of his life to politics, no matter how consecrated he felt himself to be. These various thoughts had occupied perhaps four seconds. Now, he became aware of the words she had spoken. He thought of his war record.

"Skip it," he said. "If somebody's told you about the decorations, then I ought to tell you the only real heroes were left there in France and Italy."

Xantha said, "Oh," rather quietly. She hadn't known anything about his spectacular war record. "I wasn't talking about the war. I was talking about the kid that fell overboard."

Casey reacted with indignation. "Your grandfather put a tail on me!" She shook her head. "No. Captain McVeigh called Grandfather about it, and he called me just before I left."

He was angry. "Why should Pop do that?"

She took his arm. "Because, you

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idiot, he likes you. And he thought that Grandfather would like you, too, for jumping in after the kid."

Pop, he told himself, is on their side. He didn't say anything more about it. "Where do you eat in this dizzy labyrinth?"

"I think—the terrace," she said.

The terrace, he thought. The rich and their terraces. To hell with it.

But, when he sat across from her on the terrace, he couldn't condemn it. People and waiters moved among the outdoor tables and the flood-lighted trees. A band played rhythmically, quietly. Xantha said, "I'd like a dry Martini," and he told the waiter to make it two. She held up her glass and said, "To—what?"

"Social justice for mankind."

"Phooey. Do you always have to talk like a Soviet diplomat?"

Some other part of Casey—some part that had to do with men's feelings not about politics but about girls—took charge of him. "To us, then, whoever we are."

They drank.

He said, "Dance, Xantha?"

A little—an almost invisible—expression of doubt came on her face. "It's a rumba band. That's a kind of tricky dance. Maybe you'd rather wait for a fox trot?"

"This will do."

A minute later, she acknowledged her surprise—a very pleasant surprise.

Later, when they were eating dinner she asked, "Where'd you learn to rumba like that?"

Casey looked out over the sea. "I learned it from a Cuban girl. She was a worker from Havana—went to my college. She was killed in a riot."

"You were in love with her?"

"I was attracted by her."

"Oh! Anyway, I'm glad she taught you to rumba."

"Why? Just because I can show you off tonight in a joint like this? Or—do you have a morbid interest in people's love affairs?"

Her topaz eyes were steady, weighing what went on behind them. "Because I like you, Mr. Casey. And because I'd like to rumba often with you. I'm the direct type, you see."

"I don't get it."

The peculiar light lingered in her look. "Don't you? See here, Mr. Angus Casey. When I stepped out of the hall yesterday I recognized you. I had expected to hate you. I had expected some ornery freak. Instead, I saw sitting there just about everything I have always thought made up the ideal guy, including," she smiled, but not much, "the curly red hair. Perfect. It frightened me. Tall and on the skinny side—with a pointed chin, and a sort of reckless look. Hot-tempered—I like that—in a young man. It means he has conflicts—feelings—problems—personality. Really, I was startled. There you sat, a dream boy with only one flaw—you're a commie."

Casey grinned at her—not with malice, but not with complete acceptance, either. "Aren't those supposed to be my lines? Isn't it the man who's supposed to take the girl out driving

somewhere and tell her those things?" "Certainly. People do. You may, too."

"Is it an act?"

She shook her head. "Far from it."

"Leap year?"

"No. I just—"

"Don't tell me that your grandfather ordered you to make a pass at me for the sake of dear old Dixie-Sweet?"

"I could get sore about that," she said gravely. "No, Angus. I just tell people what I think—flat out—if I feel like it. I thought when I saw you that you were about as attractive as any man I'd ever met. So now I've said so. And you think I'm just playing Mata Hari, or something, for capitalism."

He chuckled. "We're getting along dandy!" He said it ironically. "Maybe we'll do better dancing."

During most of the meal, Casey told her—or tried to tell her—about his childhood and his high-school days in Asheville, his uncle, college, and how he had slowly come to the conclusion that the American way of life was wrong and only a revolution would put it to rights. She didn't argue this time. Instead, she told him about her life in South Florida—the Glades, the Keys, the Bahamas, the Gulf Stream—and how she had grown up.

"What do you want to do in life?" he asked her, at last.

"Have babies."

"What!"

Her eyes were amused. "Is that wrong?"

"You mean you got all that education, did all that reading, majored in psychology, and the only thing you aim to do with it is have babies?"

"It takes a good deal of education, I think, to raise children properly these days. Raise them so they won't be hurt and bitter, ruthless in their purposes—like you."

"Ruthless!"

"Ruthless. Aren't you? Isn't communism? To force the whole world to think and do and act as you communists insist they must—even when it means thinking lies, doing murder, acting hypocrisy. Oh, skip it. I want to bring up some children that know how to love—not hate. And to like—not kill. And to create things—not rip them down in the hope that an equal division of the remaining mess will improve the human spirit."

Later, during an intermission, she said, "Why don't we walk along the beach a way?"

They walked until they were out of range of the floodlights. He found a bench, and they sat there together. "Dance it," he said, after a silence, "I think you make me afraid."

"Why?"

"You're so direct. You act as if everything were—biology."

"Not everything. Just—most everything."

"But can't you see that, in a world of oppression—"

"Nothing will ever convince me that the answer to oppression is more and worse oppression. The answer is more

liberty, more time, more tolerance, more study, more thought, better individuals." She hesitated and added softly, "And love."

"Are you laughing at me?"

Her head shook slowly, negatively, and her hat hit his shoulder, so she took it off. "Kiss me, Casey," she said.

He leaned toward her. He felt, by now, thoroughly confused. He could not be certain how much of her words she believed—or how many of them were true—or whether she meant anything she said and did. He struggled against his confusion, decided not to kiss her, and found himself doing it. There was nothing confusing about Xantha Kennedy's kisses.

"You know so much more about people," she said finally, "when they've kissed you—and you've kissed them back—and so on."

It was, of course, perfectly true. He knew, for example, more about Xantha than he had known some moments before. But her statement of the fact, under such circumstances, was not altogether conventional. And that he should be disturbed by unconventionality in someone else was a gross violation of his whole code. He said blankly, "Sure. It's true. I know, for instance, that if anybody ever tells me again that blondes are cold—"

"Don't be so superficial." He leaned toward her again. "Don't kiss me any more, either. I wanted to know—and now I know."

"Know what?"

"I told you, dope. What you're like." She changed the subject as quickly, as definitely and determinedly, as if she had turned a corner. She looked back at the Sapphire Vista Hotel. "Your uncle had an apartment here for years."

"I know."

"Are you in it?"

"Lord, no."

"I thought you might not be. Capitalism again. But did you look at it?"

"No."

"Why don't we?"

Casey considered. "Why should we?" "Just curiosity. We'll get somebody to take us up and show us around."

The clerk was deferential. He unlocked a door and switched on the lights. Casey heard Xantha exclaim, "Why, it's perfectly gorgeous! Chinese—and Chipendale. Look at those paintings! And those positively zooty porcelains!"

Casey stared at the living room. Metallic wall paper. A pink and blue Chinese rug. Carved, teakwood chests. Hanging shelves filled with figurines of jade and onyx and lapis lazuli. Xantha had gone into the next room, and he could hear her voice: "I'll bet an emperor slept in this bed! Come and see the screen, Mr. Casey! It's the most divine thing!"

"Air conditioning," the clerk said behind them. "Your uncle also had—"

Casey had enough. "Can you imagine me living here?"

Xantha finished her tour. "I can't imagine living anywhere else—if you could live here!"

"Interior decorators must have raided the whole Orient," he said scornfully.

"One thing is sure, my uncle never had the sophistication to collect this junk."

"Junk! It's priceless and beautiful!"

Casey sat down in a brocaded chair. "It belongs in a museum," he continued, "with ropes around it and a sign telling everybody that rich men in a greedy historical period used to read the papers in a place like this—get their shoes shined, have their hair cut, snooze, snore and hiccup. Alongside it, in the same museum, there ought to be a room from one of those shanties in Miami's colored town. 'A thousand such hovels,' the sign ought to say, 'for every lacerating joss joint like this.'"

Xantha's eyes widened. "You mean—you aren't going to move here? But it's so practical!"

"Would you expect me to live in a pirate's cave just because I happened to stumble on one?"

"But why not? The rent's paid. It would just stand empty!"

"It isn't empty, Xantha. It's full of the bones of bakers' wives who died because wages wouldn't cover expensive operations. It's crawling with the undernourished bodies of pastry cooks' kids. It's haunted by the orphans of truck drivers—"

"That's rot!"

"Where'd the money come from, then, except from the sweat of other people?"

Xantha sat down. "Listen, Mr. Casey. You communists are always talking about how realistic you are. But what you're saying now is absolute sentimental hokey! Where do the Russian commissars live? In sod huts—or in the palaces left by the czars? Does Stalin go around in burlap shoes just because the peasants must?"

"I'm talking about a principle," he answered. "Principle is something American women don't remotely understand. Let's get out of here."

"I'm going to," Xantha replied with sudden vehemence.

The lights poured down the facade of the Sapphire Vista. Xantha's topaz eyes gleamed as she watched the doorman back her car out of line. She turned to Casey. "I expected you would be a fanatic," she said, "but I hoped you might, on the other hand, be intelligent!" Her car whispered to a stop, and a man in white uniform held the door open. "But I didn't expect you'd turn out to be the spoiled boy-egotist of all time."

She raced the motor. "The worst part of all is you're so damned attractive!" She zoomed away.

Casey walked to the ocean front and sat down on the sand. To be respected for courage or for sincerity was noble; to be regretfully liked because he seemed "attractive" was degrading. It was perverse of her to be so bold about it; an insult of some occult, feminine sort. Frustration burned in him. He sat there a long time before returning to his railroad-side hotel—in a cab.

In the final installment: Beautiful Xantha, plus the barbaric methods of some Comrades, plus a storm at sea, bring Casey back for a lingering and convincing review of democracy

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Germany's Gunpowder Children (Continued from page 57)

Army bus on the corner. While Sue waits for the bus, with her mother, they play games around the trees and sometimes sing songs. This fun Sue has with her mother is so surprising to the German children in the neighborhood that five or ten of them are soon clustered about. But they invariably refuse to join in the fun. After waving Sue off on the bus, they go quietly home.

Quietly, always quietly—when there are growlups about. Sometimes if you come upon them in the woods when they think they are alone, they are not so quiet. Then one learns that they can smile and run and jump and dance and sing—like children anywhere. But at the zoo, where American children go into noisy ecstasy over the elephant and hippo, the German children walk sedately, behind or beside the parent.

The rigorosity of parental and pedagogic authority in Germany is of course no news, but the possibility that it is being intensified in the Germany of today has serious implications. The stages through which the average German child traditionally goes may be intensified because of the current physiological and psychological states of adult Germans. The rebellious adolescent who becomes a heroworshiper in self-defense does not provide fertile soil for democratic education.

Like babies nearly everywhere, German infants are made much of. They are greatly loved; there is little doubt that many sacrifices are made for them.

The emotional outpourings of the average infant received during the war, and still receives, are probably more intense than ever. The father in many cases is either a prisoner, missing, or dead. The mother is emotionally starved, and so, most likely, are several other women in the neighborhood; grandmother, aunts, cousins and friends. All pour out their love on the helpless infant. Even if the father is present in the picture, he is likely to be a harassed and preoccupied man who has to work very hard to provide food for the family table. Often he is seething under what he considers unfair occupational policy and the chagrin of defeat.

The mother, on the other hand, especially if she has no other children, is likely to have little to do. She lives in crowded quarters, usually one room, so housekeeping cannot occupy much of her time. The preparation of meals, by nature of their stark simplicity, involves comparatively little time. So the baby can be played with most of the day. On the strength of this early devotion, which sometimes seems to be elaborately overdone, is erected the whole rigid structure of future discipline: "We sacrificed everything for you, and now you owe everything to us."

At two or three, or whatever the age may be when the next child comes along, a sudden change takes place. The young child is suddenly expected to grow up, to take care of himself, to help with the new baby and get along with whatever affection is left over.

Even when there is no second child, there is a noticeable change in attitude. The youngster of two or three becomes

a person who is indebted to his parents. Even at this early age he is expected to begin to pay back for the "sacrifices" made when he was a baby. And the payment is exacted in full, in terms of unquestioned obedience. Such a change, needless to say, is not usually met with instant conformity on the part of the previously overindulged child.

There may be a slight change when they start school, with its opportunities for association with children of their own age, but the beneficial effects of group association seem more often than not to be offset by the strict discipline of the German school system.

It seems, in fact, to be a mental impossibility for many German women, whether teachers, mothers, or nursemaids in American homes, to grasp the idea that there is any middle road between overindulgence and the enforcement of submission through discipline. For a parent and child to work something out together, for a parent to occasionally admit he is wrong, would seem to them to be an admission of defeat in the role of a parent who, in their opinion, must appear to the child as all-knowing and all-powerful. How else, they argue, can they hold that respect which is their due?

All very young adolescents go through the painful period of discovering that their parents are not necessarily stronger, wiser or better than anyone else—perhaps no better, indeed, than their children. At best this is a difficult experience, but the child whose parents and teachers have helped him to develop his own powers soon gains back his feeling of security by reliance on himself, and later comes to accept his parents on more objective terms.

For the German child whose parents have deliberately set themselves up as infallible, the shock is greater and the effects more long-lasting, perhaps even permanent. He hasn't been taught to rely on his own judgment but to adopt his parents' opinions as unquestionable. When he finds their weaknesses, as he inevitably does, he looks for a substitute, as history suggests, not within but outside of himself. He is left ready for any "father substitute" that appears, and to save himself more emotional scars he will go out of his way to convince himself the second one is perfect.

Hitler, of course, was so well aware of this process and its eventual advantages for him that he did everything to encourage this natural adolescent rejection of the parent. And now that their hopes for an ideal father figure have been dashed for a second time, these older youths, now sobered from their dreams of world conquest, are turning against their fathers with blind, feverish ferocity, blaming them for Germany's present disgrace.

Our German Youth Administration groups and our educational commissions have attempted to reorient some of these German youths, evidently unaware of the basic psychological fact that you cannot superimpose tolerance on a seething mass of resentments. The resentments have first to be aired and cleared away. Whether or not this is

possible without a kind of large-scale psychoanalysis, the fact remains that unless something fundamental is done about the pattern of family control, the picture is going to be drawn in even blacker when children, now kindergarteners, become adolescents.

Our programs are well-intentioned, but falling on high-pitched emotions as they do, they frequently succeed only in switching allegiance from the old father to a new one, who also promises strength and power for youth. Programs for the training of grade-school and high-school instructors might be intensified with beneficial results. With a longer training period and a larger staff of American educators, German pedagogues might be converted from what is now superficial intellectual submission to a wholehearted conviction of the worth of democratic techniques. But even that, unless the younger children and parents are reached, would be only a superficial solution. The process would have to be repeated with every succeeding generation.

Until a newly oriented generation can become parents, the solution seems to lie in an intensified program of nursery-school and kindergarten training. This means not only a part-time advisory board of progressive educators, but actual teaching staffs firmly rooted in both democratic goals and methods.

It can be argued that well-qualified teachers may not want to go to Germany. If so, let us make the material incentives higher.

It can be further argued that the program would be too expensive. But the fact remains that there will be no genuine rehabilitation in Germany until the German child becomes an individual, with rights and privileges as well as duties. The German people have experienced no change of heart, either as citizens or as parents. They are not overwhelmed with feelings of guilt and remorse, nor are they swept with a desire to learn the ways of democracy. They have become martyrs, in their own minds, and if they cannot make the rest of the world suffer for what they see as unjust misery and humiliation, they are certainly going to take it out on their children, who, in turn, will assert themselves with their children. The most vicious of vicious circles.

"Food comes first," say the practical. "Without food there will be no one left to educate or re-educate. We can't afford both." So we add to the relief appropriations and cut out the educational funds. But cut food alone we are salvaging another German generation—for what? (A question, incidentally, which seems to be 1948's paraphrase of 1944's question: Winning the war for what?—with all the implications that one can't feed and re-educate too, one can't fight and lay the groundwork for peace at the same time.) With the present intensified feelings of inferiority and frustration rampant in Germany, it will be revenge, not re-education, that is wanted when stomachs are again full, revenge not only for the military defeat, but for the subsequent humiliation of "dependence."

THE END

I Had My Baby by Appointment (Continued from page 61)

was assigned to a ten-bed private ward. There were two vacant beds, and the nurse gave me my choice. My smug feeling reached a climax over the curiosity of the eight other girls as I walked leisurely around the room. My Irish volubility won out when I was settled in bed, and I announced to the room at large that I was having my baby with a caudal anesthetic, which I proceeded to explain.

The resident physician came in to check my blood pressure and pulse. I was wound up by that time, and nothing short of a gag could have stopped me. "I'm having a caudal, Doctor," I said.

At one o'clock, two nurses came to take me downstairs.

It was while I was waiting in an empty delivery room that I got my first twinges of fear. After all, this was an experience I'd never had before. I prayed a bit, then tried to count the perforations in the cork blocks on the ceiling. After the sixth block, I decided I was being very foolish, and the only thing I had to worry about was to keep my eyes and ears open to absorb every detail, so I would be armed with facts when everyone questioned me.

My doctor came in about one forty-five, cheerful and enthusiastic, introduced me to the nurse, and began to wash up. At two five he ruptured the membrane to induce labor and put me in bed with instructions to tell him when I felt the first pain. At two fifteen I began to get slight cramps. About two thirty the doctor gave me my test shot of the caudal, to make sure I would react to it properly. I'd expected to feel the jab of the needle, but I was still waiting for it when he said he had finished giving me the shot.

The doctor then took an ordinary straight pin in his hand and began to touch it to my feet and lower legs. Just before he touched me, my right leg jerked. I said, "Golly, did you see that?"

He grinned. "That is what I wanted. It shows you are reacting exactly right to the caudal. Now tell me when I get to a spot on your leg where you actually feel the prick of the pin; not the pressure of it, but the actual jab."

"My toes are beginning to be tingly," I said, "and I feel the prick of the pin just below my knee."

"Good. Now I'm going to strap the injection needle to your back, and I want you to make yourself comfortable on the bed. When I tell you to, I want you to turn over on your right side, being careful not to disturb the needle. I intend to inject the fluid from each side, alternately, to get the best distribution of the anesthetic. Your turning over will help to distribute it, too, as well as keep you from becoming too stiff from lying in one position."

At two forty-five I got my first shot of the anesthetic, and as the successive shots worked through me, I gradually got a numb feeling in my feet, legs, thighs, abdomen, and finally up to my waist. I could move my legs and hips freely, but it was as if I were asleep

from the waist down; the same sensation anyone gets from sitting on his foot and leg for some time. After each shot, the doctor would apply the pin to my limbs, to test the spread of the anesthetic. Between shots, we would sit and talk about the process, until I felt a twinge of pain. Then I would roll over and get the next shot on the other side. From time to time, he would check to see how close the baby was to being born.

At about three fifteen, he said, "I think your baby will be born about four o'clock."

At about three forty, my doctor checked on the baby's position again, said it was just about ready, and summoned the intern and two nurses.

"You start washing up," he told the intern, "and I'll give her the last shot. By the time you're half through, the nurses and I can get her on the table and prepared. When you've finished your wash up, the baby will be just about ready for us."

The only discomfort I had felt so far was the leaden feeling in my legs, and turning from one side to the other seemed to take ten years. But I got over in five years to take the last shot, then the needle was unstrapped, and I was ready. As the doctor had planned. I was on the table when the intern finished his wash up.

Twenty-five minutes after I had my last shot, and without a single pain, I saw and heard my baby daughter. She cried and breathed the second she was born, without any spanking or help from the doctor. She was a rosy pink color, vigorous and kicking, with her eyes wide open as if they were absorbing everything in her new world. Now I realized fully what the doctor had meant when he said the caudal was so good for the babies, as well as a pain-sparring blessing for the mothers.

By four thirty, everything was over, and by five thirty, the last of the anesthetic had worn off. I had no pain except a mild cramp that I have since learned accompanies any birth after the first. I never did feel any soreness where the needle had been.

When they brought me my baby twelve hours later, she was wide awake and calmly waiting to see what was in store for her. Not once, all the time we were in the hospital, did she have to be awakened to nurse, nor did she ever doze off before she was finished.

As for me, I will never forget the contrast in the aftereffects of each birth. When my son was born, I was as stiff and tired as if I'd washed down a dozen walls; and when they brought me my first breakfast and lunch, I couldn't touch them. With my little girl, I was not only free of any soreness or pain, but I was ravenously hungry.

As I went to sleep that first night, I solemnly and fervently thanked God for my two children, my doctor and his skill, and last but far from least, for the multiple caudal injections: The balm for childbirth pains for every woman endowed by Nature to accept it.

THE END

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I'll Never Let You Go

(Continued from page 67)



said the little boy impatiently.

"The seconds paced off the distance. Generally ten paces. About thirty feet. The duellists took their positions. Sometimes they'd agree to hold their pistols down, but generally they raised them, aiming—"

"Like this?" The boy's fingers gripped an imaginary weapon.

"Like this," Uncle Breck pointed the duelling pistol, leveling it expertly. "Then some man they'd put in charge asked, 'Ready, gentlemen!' And then—I'm talking of proper duels now, not revolver ones. With revolvers he'd say, 'Fire! One—two—three—stop!' But with these single shots he'd usually count first, very slowly—"

"One—two—three—fire!" cried the boy.

"Sometimes only one—two—three. Sometimes they'd agree to fire at three."

"Bang, bang! Uncle Hilary fired, Tom Vane fired; and Vane fell dead."

"That's the way it was."

"Yes," said Grandmother bitterly, "and Hilary was shot through the stomach and, though they patched him up, he died of it, a year later. Two men dead. For what? No sense in it at all."

"The Vanes are bad people," said the little boy remindingly. "We don't speak to the Vanes except in church."

Grandmother looked at Uncle Breck. "I wish I could be sure of that."

Uncle Breck was putting the pistols back in the case. He did not look at his mother; he looked, smilingly, at the boy. "That was forty years ago, Freddie. That old trouble is all over."

"The blood hasn't changed." There was sharpness in Grandmother's tone. "That young Tom Vane is as mean as the one that fought Hilary. And he was abominable—making Hilary fight after all those years."

"Now, Mother, that's forty years ago." "But here's this Tom Vane bringing up the old dispute over the boundary again. Taking it to court."

"That's the way to settle it, and it's time it was settled. We'll win out, don't you worry."

"Of course we'll win out, but don't you go playing by that lake, Freddie. No Fairchild is going near a place the Vanes say they own."

"No'm," said the little boy guiltily.

He loved playing near the lake and frequently disobeyed, and he knew Uncle Breck knew it, because Uncle Breck had found him there last week and sent him away, but he didn't tell on him now.

He simply admonished, "That's right, boy. It's better to keep away from there till it's settled. The Vanes have the decency to keep away, too."

The Vanes weren't keeping away, the boy knew, because he had seen Miss Georgie Vane wandering about the shrubbery that day. But maybe Uncle Breck hadn't seen her. Or maybe he wouldn't tell on a lady.

"He brought that suit for meanness," said Grandmother. "He's got feeling against you because you said what you did about that race."

"His horse was doped. It was proved."

"I know. And I don't believe, either, that the jockey could have done it without his knowing. But your saying so must have got back to him. I was better satisfied to have things as they were, with no speaking on either side, than to have you stir up trouble by dancing with his sister."

Breck laughed. It wasn't his usual laugh, the boy felt; it was a put-on laugh. "Stir up trouble? What's the trouble in having things friendly after all these years? You don't want that old feud kept alive, do you?"

"I don't want you dancing with Georgiana Vane," his mother said.

"Nobody else so pretty to dance with," said Breck. "I'm afraid you can't stop me, Mother, unless you find me a prettier girl. And they don't come any prettier."

"She's Tom Vane's sister."

"That isn't her fault. It's no concern of ours what happened before we were born . . . Our family fought the Yanks, but Owen married one. And we like the result, don't we?" He smiled at the boy.

"That isn't the same thing. There wasn't anything personal . . . Grace was like a daughter—nobody could have been dearer . . ."

Owen and Grace were the boy's father and mother, dim figures he could scarcely remember.

Vigorously Grandmother said, "I don't want a Vane for a daughter-in-law."

Breck put the pistol case back carefully on the shelf. Then he said, very softly, "But if it comes to that, you'll welcome my wife, won't you, Mother? . . . I'd want to know, before I brought her home."

The stillness in the room seemed to go on and on. Freddie did not dare to look at either face; he looked no higher than his grandmother's veined hands with the brown spots on the back, that stayed still in the air before the plants as if it had forgotten the yellow leaf it had reached for. Slowly Grandmother picked off the leaf. She asked, in a deadening voice, "Are you serious, Breck?"

"Serious enough to be taking her to the dance, Saturday night . . . She hasn't said yes yet, but she will."

There was another stillness. Then Grandmother gave a slow, sad sigh. "I know better than to waste words . . . But be very sure it's what you want."

"Who wouldn't want it, Mother?" Uncle Breck sounded gay again, and his eyes were smiling at his mother. When Uncle Breck smiled with his eyes it made you feel warm and happy inside, ready to do anything he wanted.

It was different when his eyes did not smile but his mouth did. There was something still and frightening about Uncle Breck, then.

He said, "You have to own she's the prettiest girl in Calhoun County."

"She's beautiful," said Grandmother grudgingly. "But beauty's not everything."

"She's sweet, too. She's gay and high-spirited and warmhearted. Come, you know you can't say a word against her."

"She's Tom Vane's sister."

"They're as unlike as day and night."

"They're always been close, Breck. Left orphans like that—they've been close. And she's followed where he led. That Aunt Elsie of theirs never could control either of them . . . And Tom Vane will like this even less than I do."

"Tom Vane!" said Breck contemptuously. He flung back his head. "Do you think Tom Vane can stop me? Or stop her? She's had enough of his bossing. She's got a will of her own."

"It's bound to make trouble."

"Now, Mother"—Breck flung an arm about her—"you ought to be glad this old business is coming to an end. There's only Tom Vane and Georgiana left, and if Georgie comes to us—"

"Freddie," said his grandmother sharply, "you run right out and see if that fence is mended. You promised, if we let you keep rabbits—"

The boy ran out, understanding the subterfuge, but invaded by instant worry about his rabbits. If those young ones got lost . . .

Behind the stables he found Jerry. Jerry was Dina's son, a little older than Freddie was. "Come on, Jerry," he said. "We go to mend that old fence."

He was so busy, counting rabbits and holding the wire to the post for Jerry to nail that it was some time before he remembered to give his news. Then he said, his voice confidential sounding. "You know that Saturday dance at the hunt club? Uncle Breck it going to take Miss Georgiana Vane."

"Maybe he is, and maybe he ain't," said Jerry.

Did Jerry think he was making this up? He protested, "It's true. Honest. I heard him say so."

"Tom Vane say different."

"Oh!" It took a moment for Freddie to readjust his thought, to realize that Jerry had already heard of the project.

Jerry told him, "Mama hear that Tom Vane told his sister he'd lock her in her room without bread and water if she set foot on a dance floor with Breck Fairchild again. And Miss Georgie, she cry and run out the room, and cry some more. That don't look like she going to no dance."

"Tom Vane can't stop my Uncle Breck," said the little boy, angrily.

He tried to find words for his Uncle Breck's gay, shining mastery over events, but he could only repeat, "He

can't stop my Uncle Breck." He threw out, "And Uncle Breck's going to marry her, if he feels like it."

"That's what Ma's feared of," said Jerry somberly. "She say his gwine drop dead if Mister Breck bring a Vane to our house. If she gotta wait on her."

"Miss Georgie's pretty," said the little boy loyally. "She the prettiest girl in Calhoun County."

"Ma say she's devil's bait."

The words kept the little boy silent, his mind turning them curiously over and over. They made him think of bright things, red and yellow things. Miss Georgie's hair was yellow, and that was about all he could remember about her.

Jerry went on, "Ma say Mister Breck got no call giving Tom Vane a chance to slam a door in his face."

"He'll walk right through that door! And she'll walk right out with him! He can't stop my Uncle Breck!"

"I reckon thasso." Jerry was soberly affirmative. "Ma say the devil himself can't stop him once he gets started."

It did not happen quite as the boy pictured. The night of the dance Breck Fairchild did not walk through any door that Tom Vane was holding against him. Dressed for the dance, he drove off in his automobile, not in the direction of the Vanes, but toward another house where Georgiana had taken herself to dress, to outwit her brother.

They walked onto the dance floor, arm in arm, creating quite a sensation. Tom Vane charged into the clubhouse, fighting drunk, but friends took him home. Georgiana never went home. She drove off with Breck Fairchild and was married to him before sunrise. Breck Fairchild brought her to his home.

Half-roused, the little boy heard the excitement, the voices, the running up and down stairs, but he was too sleepy to wonder what it meant. When he came down late to breakfast, the astounding news was hours old. Uncle Breck and the lady who was now the boy's Aunt Georgie were invisible.

The telephone kept ringing and when Cousin Melissa, who lived with Grandmother, answered it, Grandmother stood beside her and prompted. "Tell her I had known of the attachment—only the suddenness was a surprise." And, "You tell Mame Fairchild I am happy to welcome Georgiana Vane as a daughter. It is a good ending to old disagreements."

In the kitchen Dina and Hattie were deep in talk, and Henry and Chet put in a word here and there. Far from dropping dead at the advent of a Vane into the house, Dina was in command of the situation, admonishing Chet to keep the big gate closed and stay on guard. "If he comes, nobody's to home," she said. "Don't open that gate to him. And Mister Breck's not to be called."

They were guarding against a furious Tom Vane who might come charging in here as he had into the club. The boy understood, and he felt enormously excited and elated. Had not Uncle Breck triumphed over that mean Tom Vane

and brought home the prettiest girl in Calhoun County?

The days passed, and Tom Vane did not come. That evening, when Freddie's new Aunt Georgie came down to dinner in the filmy white dance dress which was all the clothes she had with her, the boy was captivated by her and watched her eagerly.

The words "the prettiest girl in Calhoun County" hung glamorously over her, quickening his perception of the charm of her changeable face, her rosy, wilful mouth and the dark, bright eyes, the darkness so surprising beneath the yellow hair. Uncle Breck looked proud and triumphant.

Triumph became more and more the Fairchild feeling as the event took on perspective. A Fairchild had won over a Vane. Tom Vane made no effort to hide his bitterness. He refused to answer the letter Georgiana wrote him and when, days later, they passed on the road, he looked straight ahead without speaking. He told his friends boastfully that he would get her back, they'd see; but he could take no legal steps, for Georgiana had reached the age of consent for marriage.

Her Aunt Elsie sent her clothes with a confused, reproachful letter that said Tom had wanted them burned and had forbidden her to see her niece, and how could Georgie have distressed and mortified them so? Tom said he would never forgive her, and he surely never would, for he was a Vane through and through, as her dear dead sister had often said.

Then it was time for the little boy to go North to his grandparents there—father and mother of his dead mother.

When Freddie came South, next June, Uncle Breck and Aunt Georgie were living on the end of Grandmother's land, in the small white house that used to be called the overseer's house. The big house was lonely without Uncle Breck, and it wasn't long before the boy was riding over to the little house nearly every day. Aunt Georgie was always glad to see him. He didn't mind even when she called him a Yankee—"How's my Yankee today?"—because she said it like a joke between them.

Everything about Aunt Georgie was lovely, her long, ruffy skirts, her wide, flat hats, the black velvet bow, like a butterfly, on the back of her slender neck. She was like a butterfly herself, always in motion, sometimes dashing off, sitting sidesaddle on the big bay that had never carried a lady before. Everything she did was exciting.

The boy did not wonder that Uncle Breck was "possessed" by her, as Dina said. She was as possessed by him, the boy understood. That was why she acted jealous when Uncle Breck praised other ladies. He liked to tease and pretend admiration, and sometimes she got angry and ran out of the room. Then he had to run after her to pet her back to laughter.

She liked to tease Breck, too. Something young and childish in her that the little boy understood—though he



"DREADED" DAYS CAN BE ACTIVE DAYS

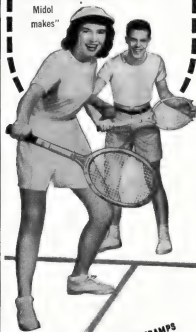
MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL

PERIODIC PAIN

CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a DIFFERENCE
Midol
makes"



RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

knew grownups called it being spoiled—always wanted Breck to make a choice, to prove how he felt. That was what was the matter the night that Uncle Breck, stayed to dinner with Grandmother. He telephoned Aunt Georgie to come, and she wouldn't.

He came back from the telephone saying very lightly, "Georgie can't come—something about no time to change and come over—some such nonsense."

Grandmother said, "Then perhaps you'd better not stay, Breck?"

Breck said, still lightly, "I accepted, didn't I?"

The boy rode out to the little house the next morning. His aunt and uncle were at the breakfast table on the porch, but neither of them was eating. Aunt Georgie was saying, "No you don't love me. You couldn't love me, or you'd never have stayed without me—"

Uncle Breck was smiling at her. He said, "Honey, you're just playing-acting. There wasn't any reason you couldn't have come, too."

"Our dinner was all ready—"

"What of it? Etta'd have been glad to be let off serving."

"But it was a nice dinner, and it was so awful to have you say you weren't coming. As if you didn't want to—"

"You know better. Now, Georgie, look at me and own up you knew better."

But she wouldn't own up, and the words went on and on. The boy stood below them, by the porch railings, making a long work of tying his pony, wishing he hadn't come, pretending not to listen, yet listening hard. Finally Aunt Georgie jumped up and ran indoors. Uncle Breck got up, too, hesitated, then with a funny look on his face, he went off into the garden.

The boy stood, uncertainly, stroking his pony. To his immense relief Breck came striding back and went indoors and up the stairs. The boy went up to the porch then and sat down at the table. In a little while his uncle and aunt came down together, their arms about each other.

"I can't help it, Honey," Aunt Georgie was saying. "I just care so awfully much. I can't bear the least slight."

Uncle Breck hugged her to him. "You know I'd never—why, are you here? Here's Freddie, eating all the hot bread."

Etta thought the world of them, the boy knew, because she always said so, but it was Etta who brought stories about them to the big house. He heard her one day saying, "Always high words or sweet words between them two."

"They's too high-spirited for their own good," Dina said. "They get too much time to study their feelings . . . Be a heap better when they gets a young un to tend to."

"Thasso," Etta agreed. "That ud fix up that brother of hers, too, telling it around it ain't going to last."

Quickly, worriedly, the boy looked up from the bowl of cake frosting Dina had let him finish. Marriage was for ever and ever, he had thought. The threat of change was frightening. His voice was a little shrill as he asked, "Isn't it going to last?"

"Course it is, Honey," said Dina in her warm, positive way. "They's the loveliest couple in this country. And by and by, when they get two, three young uns there won't be no more this talk—you'll see."

"Are they going to get young ones?"

"I reckon. They most always comes along after folks been married awhile. When you get back here, next summer, I shouldn't be surprised but what you got a new little cousin to say howdy to."

There was no new cousin when he came to Kentucky the next June, but in the excitement of return he never thought of it. The grandparents up North were city dwellers, the school months pent-up months to him, and here he felt free with country to play in, his pony to ride.

Everything was the same, the boy thought contentedly; then he grew conscious of change. It was something between Aunt Georgie and Uncle Breck. Some days they were just as they used to be, hugging each other close, but oftener there was something between them the boy could only define as "right funny." Aunt Georgie had a new way of acting cool and distant, and Uncle Breck didn't pet her so much to change her back. When the boy found her alone, she didn't seem so glad to see him; she acted sad and didn't talk much.

She said things about her Aunt Elsie, about missing her, and Breck said that Aunt Elsie could come and welcome any time she had a mind to, but she hadn't the gumption.

One day he said, "It's that brother of yours you want to see."

"I don't deny it," Georgie was defensive and eager and defiant. "He's my brother, Breck, and he always thought the world of me. You never had the right to look down on him so."

"He doesn't act as if he thought the world of you. You wrote him a nice letter. He didn't have to act about our marrying as he did."

"We made him a laughingstock! Is it any wonder—"

"That wasn't our choice."

"We might have done differently."

"Are you saying you're sorry?"

"I'm not saying I'm sorry—yet!"

The edged, unpremeditated word flashed startlingly between them. She tried to soften it. "I'm just saying I wish you'd act more friendly. If you'd settle that suit—"

Breck stared in honest astonishment. "He brought the suit. Now he can fight it out in court."

"But it keeps dragging on. Hunting up old documents . . . If you'd just rattle and give him half the land—"

"It's Fairchild land."

"Maybe it isn't. Maybe the Vanes have the right of it."

"That's a funny thing for my wife to say!"

"I can't help knowing the other side."

"So you think we're in the wrong?"

"I don't know, and I don't care about the old right and wrong! I just want things more pleasant and not to have Fairchilds saying mean things about Vanes."

"Don't forget you're a Fairchild now."

"Don't you be too sure what I am."

This was downright bad, the boy thought anxiously. It bewildered him to have Tom Vane thought of in terms of human affection, as anything except that mean Tom Vane. It was bewildering, too, and affronting, to have it suggested that the Vanes might be right.

Some impulse drove him to run off to look at the place which had made so much trouble. Utterly unintended, ignored now by both sides since the dispute had been revived, the grass grew high and tangled, and the thickets intertwined. The waves of the little lake—it was hardly more than a pond—lapped softly on the weedy edge.

Near the shore two old oaks grew so close together they seemed like one. The boy climbed to his favorite place on a big low branch. From there he could look across the pond to the green slopes of the Vane land which, on the ground, the thickets hid from him. He wondered if this tree, his lookout, as he called it, would be on Vane land if Uncle Breck made that settlement.

There must be some other way, he thought, of straightening things out between his Uncle Breck and Aunt Georgie than to give in about the land. He remembered the talk about "young uns" and slid down and sought out Jerry.

He didn't know how to lead up to the question, for he didn't want to say right out that Uncle Breck and Aunt Georgie were fighting. Finally he said, as if asking for something he wanted for himself, "Why haven't I got that little new cousin your ma said I was to have?" The one Uncle Breck and Aunt Georgie were going to get.

Jerry looked him over slowly. He said, "Boy, you sure is a know-nothing." "I'm asking you."

"Why, it's like this. Young uns don't always come when you wants them."

"Why don't they?"

Jerry studied him again. "Freddie, you know anything at all about how folks get them?"

"Why—they get married—"

"You sure is a know-nothing," Jerry repeated. "You know about colts, don't you?"

"Of course. The mare makes them."

"They got to have a pappy, too."

"I know," said the boy. "For the book. The new colt is out of Grey Falcon by Marmaduke the Second. I know all that."

Jerry nodded dubiously. "Freddie, you sure is a funny fellow. Studying those books all winter up North don't learn you a thing . . . Well, you know about colts. And about calves and puppies and rabbits—"

"Course I know that."

"It's like that with humans, too. Young uns has to come from the mammy. They gotta have a pappy, but the mammy—she's the one what makes them. And sometimes it don't always happen . . . Not right quick . . . And sometimes—this is humans I'm telling about—it don't ever happen . . . So when a lady don't have one right soon, she gets to studying about it and fretting maybe she's one of the ones that's unlucky . . . You can see how she'd get sort of edgy and uppity, thinking maybe her husband was disappointed, and

feeling it might be her fault—"

"Oh!" said the little boy. He looked at Jerry with shy respect. It had been silly to try to pretend with Jerry. "I wish Aunt Georgie could hurry up."

"Ma say she fretting herself. That's why she gets so worked 'bout nothing at all... But Ma say Old Man Nature gwine catch up with her yet."

It was just then that Uncle Breck had to go to New Orleans. Aunt Georgie wanted to go, too, but he said his business wouldn't give him any time for play, and he couldn't stay over—he had to hurry right back. The boy guessed Uncle Breck had the right of it; he said he couldn't spare the money, but Aunt Georgie was disappointed.

Freddie rode over to see her every day, she was so lonesome-acting. One time she was lying in the hammock, with the phonograph by her playing, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," which was the song they'd been dancing to when they fell in love. When the telegram came from Uncle Breck saying he'd be detained a few days more on business, Aunt Georgie acted "plumb distracted."

The day after the telegram came the dreadful thing happened.

Tom Vane drove in to see his sister. He came in, bold as brass, Etta said afterward, and Miss Georgie came running down the stairs looking scared and pleased and excited and all mixed up. They went into the front room, and he shut the door. Then, in no time at all, Miss Georgie flew out and up the stairs and her brother after her, and they packed everything of hers in sight.

"Miss Georgie acted like she lost her senses," Etta said. "All she told me was, 'I'm never coming back. You tell him I never want to see him again.' Then they drove off."

It was so awful that the little boy couldn't feel it was true, even though his mind knew it was true. He tried praying: "Dear Jesus, make it not to have happened," but all the time he felt dubious about the efficacy of prayer after the event and uncertain whether Jesus would care to help out a boy who would rather ride than go to church.

Nobody knew what to do. In storybooks he had read about people wringing their hands in distress, and now he saw his grandmother actually wringing her hands. She started toward the telephone, then turned away from it. "No, I shall not demean myself," she said to Cousin Melissa, her voice both fierce and trembling. "If she chooses to humiliate us like this— And then she wrung her hands again. "But how could she go away like this? I treated her like a daughter—"

Cousin Melissa said timidly, "Maybe, when Breck gets back..."

The thought of Breck coming back to a home from which his wife had gone made them look at each other in consternation. Grandmother said harshly, "He must be forewarned. I must get in touch..."

Sometime that night she managed to reach him. The boy did not know what was said, but he knew it must have been awful to have to tell Uncle Breck,



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All next day he hung about the house, possessed by the unhappiness in it. Cousin Melissa said no Fairchild could ever hold up his head again. It was known by now, the grapevine way, that Georgiana was back in the Vane home.

Outsiders were hearing about it. The telephone kept ringing, the way it had the day after Breck had brought his bride home, but now only Hattie answered, saying each time, "The ladies is resting just now."

It was three days before Breck came home. By then Georgiana had shown herself publicly with her brother and aunt, and friends of the Vanes were spreading the news that she had come home to stay.

Tom Vane told his friends smilingly, "Breck Fairchild never could hold that girl. I told you she'd throw him over."

Breck listened to everything his mother told him; he listened to Etta. He told his mother, "I have no more idea than you. Everything was all right when I went away." His face twitched. "As right as it ever was. We'd had a few little spats, but nothing serious." Then he made his mouth smile. "I reckon we'll just have to take her word for it. She got tired of me."

"But it's so strange—her brother's coming like that—"

"Maybe she sent for him."

Breck Fairchild did not drive over to the Vanes and walk through the door and bring his wife back, as the boy had hoped. He went about, his head high, and Dina said he was like a man walking in his sleep.

He lived on in the little white house with Etta to look after him. Once in a while the boy rode over, but he always felt that Uncle Breck did not want to see anyone, that when he said anything he was just making himself talk. Once, breaking a long silence, in which he'd sat turning a glass round and round in his hand, he burst out, "But why—why?" and didn't seem to know he had said it out loud.

The summer dragged on, a sorrowful summer. It had been the end of June when Georgiana left, and it seemed a long time until it was the end of July. The boy felt self-conscious and ashamed, away from home, even at church, because he knew people were talking about Uncle Breck and how his wife ran away from him.

Tom Vane had never gone to church much, and he had stopped going entirely after Georgiana married a Fairchild and sat in the Fairchild pew, but the last Sunday in July, Tom Vane went to church and Georgiana with him. She walked down the aisle beside him, not looking toward the Fairchild pew. Grandmother and Cousin Melissa and Cousin Mame, who was visiting that Sunday, stared rigidly ahead, but the boy, his head bent, looked slyly out.

Aunt Georgie looked lovely, he thought forlornly. She had a big white hat with a curly white ostrich feather round it that curved up on one side.

He was glad Uncle Breck wasn't there to see her. Church wasn't any place in which to step up and take her away from that man Tom Vane. He stared

at the back of Tom Vane's black head next to Georgiana's fair one—unlike as day and night, Breck had said to his mother—and felt hate grow hot in him.

He thought of things that he could do to hurt Tom Vane. He could put a wire across the Vane road so his horse would trip—only Aunt Georgie might happen to ride there first. He could climb a tree and throw a rock through the window when he was sleeping. He might get Jerry to do something about "conjure" but, intuitively, he knew if there were any power in conjure Tom Vane would be already destroyed. Dina and Hattie would not have left a stone unturned. Dina said sorrowfully of Uncle Breck, "He just bleeding to death, inside."

Now it was August, very still and hot, dust on the roads, a bright blaze of sun in cloudless sky. It was too hot, Grandmother said one afternoon, for him to go out and play with Jerry till after dinner, so he stayed stretched out on the gallery floor by her, reading and wishing dinner would hurry up. Grandmother kept rocking and crocheting.

There was the sound of a car somewhere behind the house. In a moment Uncle Breck was in the doorway.

"Well, Mother?"

His voice sounded excited, and for a moment the little boy thought, "Uncle Breck's happy about something."

He looked up eagerly, ready to smile, but Breck did not seem to see him. He came and stood before his mother, his eyes blazing down at her; his face was oddly pale, but with a taut, schooled look.

"Well, Mother," he said again, in the high, unnatural voice whose edge of mockery the boy had mistaken for gaiety. "I know the answer now. A very interesting story . . . I thought you'd like to hear."

His mother made an uncertain motion toward rising, then sank back, alarm in her face. "What is it, Breck?"

"One of my friends just told me. He has a friend who knows Tom Vane. And what do you think I was up to that time I was in New Orleans? When you thought I was so busy with the Murchinson matter. What do you think I was really doing? . . . I was gallivanting about with a very pretty young lady—of a certain type, you understand. I was having myself the devil of a good time . . . That is why I wired I was detained on business."

His mother gaped up at him. "Breck, what are you saying?"

"I'm saying what the Vanes say. What Tom Vane told my wife . . . He let it out to a friend of his . . . That's what he said to make Georgie leave me."

"But it isn't—it can't be true, Breck!"

"True?" said Breck. "Of course it isn't true. It's a lie Tom Vane made up. And Georgie believed him."

"He's wicked!" said his mother hotly. "I knew he'd make trouble. I warned you, Breck!"

"You did, Mother."

"But she had no right—to take his word—"

She broke off, uncertain whether the fury in his look was for her or for his

wife. Then he said, with an exaggeration of indifference, "Charming of her, wasn't it?"

He stood silent, his eyes remote and fixed. In a dry, flat voice that seemed to be speaking from some immense distance, uttering no irony now but a confession his irony fingered wonderingly, he said, "I wouldn't have believed a word against her—not even from you. No one on earth could have made me doubt her—that way. But she—at the first word from him—"

"You must tell her."

His eyes flashed back to her, bright again with that strange brilliance. "Oh, she'll know the truth. Don't worry."

"I wouldn't go to her now."

"I shan't go to her, Mother."

"Oh, my boy—"

"Don't worry about it, Mother," he said, lightness again in his voice. "It will be taken care of . . . I wanted you to know, that's all." He went past her as quickly as he had come. In passing he put one hand briefly on her shoulder. "Sit still. Don't worry." He went into the house.

The boy dropped his head down on his arms. He felt as if he were going to cry. It was all so awful. Aunt Georgie believing that old Tom Vane. She should have known Uncle Breck hadn't done whatever bad thing Tom Vane said—she should have known . . . It was an awful thing she'd done, going away like that.

Then, alertly, he lifted his head, listening. Uncle Breck was moving in the room behind them. Grandmother heard it, too. She called, "Breck?"

"Yes?" He came to the doorway.

"Breck, won't you stay—?"

"No—no, I can't—"

"But what—"

"Oh, I'll just stir round," he said vaguely, elaborately detached. "I've things to do." Then he was gone.

The little boy scrambled up and ran into the room behind them. He climbed to the shelf. The black leather case was gone. He had known it would be. Uncle Breck was going to fight Tom Vane with those pistols. They were going to fight, the way Fairchilds and Vane had always fought.

He didn't know whether to tell Grandmother that the pistols were gone or not. She would be scared. He remembered hearing that Tom Vane was a dead shot. Jerry said he could shoot the eye out of a squirrel. Tom Vane ought to be stopped before he could shoot Uncle Breck dead.

Uncle Breck's car was gone. It rushed away down the drive as if it couldn't wait to get where it was going. It turned to the right. That way didn't lead to the Vane's; it led, among other places, to the Hunt Club, and there was a dinner at the club that night, Freddie knew, because Chet had been borrowed to wait on the gentlemen. A stag dinner, they called it. That was where Uncle Breck would meet Tom Vane.

The boy ran to the stables. His hands shook as he bridled and saddled his pony, and his heart thumped so hard it made him feel sick. He didn't know why he was doing as he did, but he

knew he had to follow Uncle Breck.

He was not in time to see the meeting between the two men, although, from the accounts he heard and from his own imagining, it seemed to him, afterward, that he had seen it.

The club members were gathered in what was called the "drinking room," downstairs, in the long, low unpretentious clubhouse—it was not a country club, at all, for it served no other sport than riding after hounds, mainly in pursuit of an aniseed bag; only occasionally after one of the infrequent foxes. Some of the men wore their bright coats, others wore tan whipcord. Some like Judge Owen—the boy's father had been named for him—and Dr. Pendleton, were in their ordinary tweeds.

Tom Vane was sitting with some intimates at one end of the bar, a glass in his hand, when Breck Fairchild came in. Usually neither glanced the other's way, but now Breck walked up to him.

Everyone looked up, startled instantly, pleasantly expectant of excitement, and Breck seemed to wait for their attention before he spoke. He said, "I have just been hearing the story you told my wife." Some of the men said afterward that it took them a few moments realize he was in a white heat.

Tom Vane knew at once, of course. He looked up, his eyes watchful but his mouth smiling a little.

Breck said, more loudly, "I have just heard what you told my wife to make her leave my house. You said that I was sleeping with a woman in New Orleans . . . I want you to say out now that it's a lie."

Vane's smile broadened. "It's no lie." He sounded cool and amused.

"I say it is . . . A lie you made up."

"Yeah? I had it straight from a fellow that saw you."

"That's another lie. No one could have told you such a thing. I was never with a woman."

Vane laughed. "I don't blame you for blustering. You're in a bad fix. And calling me a liar won't get you out of it." He leaned back, looking at Breck. His face was taunting; his voice taunted, too. "It won't get your wife back."

"Do you think I want her back?" said Breck. "This is the last time I have dealings with a Vane . . . But I propose to settle this now. You stand up and own up to that lie."

"You go to hell."

"Tom," said one of the older men uneasily, "maybe you'd better tell him who the fellow was that told you."

"Nobody told him," said Breck. "It was a damned lie."

He walked closer, and Vane's fingers tightened warily about his glass; he raised it when Breck's hand moved forward. But Breck's hand had moved to show him an open case.

"I'm going to fight you for this," he said. "Take your choice of these."

"You're crazy," said Vane. His eyes flitted back from the mother-of-pearl and silver pistols to Breck's face.

"I ought to shoot you like a dog," said Breck in that high, unnatural voice. "I'm giving you the chance to stand up to me like a gentleman."

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"You're crazy," said Vane, again.
"Crazy to treat you like a gentleman. You lied behind my back. Now you're going to stand up and face me."

"You think I'm going to fight a duel?" Vane gave the words a derisive twist. "That stuff went out fifty years ago."

"Maybe you'll fight for this," Breck's left hand shot out, and the glove in it slapped Tom Vane across the face.

Furious, Tom Vane jumped up. "I'll break your neck—"

"Now will you fight?"

"Damn you, I'll shoot you full of—"

"The gentleman has accepted," said Breck formally. His eyes went quickly about the staring faces, all intent, slack-jawed with amazement. "Curt, will you act as my second?"

One of the men nodded.

"I'll stand you, Tom," said a young man quickly.

"Judge Owen, if it won't embarrass you, I'd like to have you mediate. If that is acceptable to Mr. Vane and his second . . . And now, gentlemen, I suggest we adjourn to the hollow behind the club. It's quite sheltered."

They streamed out of the house, uncertain, half unbelieving in the reality of the fantastic happenings, constrained by Breck's urgency and purpose, by their own angers and sympathies, by driving curiosity. One of them said afterward, "Once it got started, we didn't know how to stop it. It was like getting on one of those damned roller coasters at a carnival—you couldn't get off the thing till it stopped."

Breck gave them no time to consult their caution. He led the way to a level stretch below, one side sheltered by the slope, the other three ringed by light woods.

Staring eyes from kitchen windows followed the strange exodus. Furtively the help edged out the back door, stared uncertainly at the rise of ground which hid the white men from them.

In the pleasant glade below the slope Breck was hurrying on the selection of positions, and the seconds, moving like men in some solemn play, paced off the distance. With a punctilio that would have seemed absurd, if his tense passion had not charged it with significance, Breck loaded the pistols, offered Vane and his second the choice.

The men looked indecisively at the gleaming things.

"Each has but one shot, gentlemen," said Breck.

Vane's second said in a loud aside, "One shot is all you need, Tom."

"You're damn right," Vane picked up the pistols, balancing each in turn, then handed one back. Breck examined its muzzle, and Vane's second said, "We didn't fish out the shot," and there was some laughter from the Vane men.

Breck said, "Judge, will you take charge? You know the procedure. When we're ready count to three slowly. We fire on three. Is that understood?"

"Fire at three," said Vane's second.

There was a moment more of consultation, of reminder of old forms, then Breck walked to his position. Vane walked to his. They stood perhaps thirty paces apart, back to back, then turned.

Vane looked about him, as a man looks who wakes from sleepwalking to find himself in a high, perilous spot where the next step is disastrous.

Breck leveled his weapon. Vane did not lift his. The judge called, "Ready, gentlemen!" in an impersonal, courtroom voice. As only Breck answered he repeated, "Ready!"

Vane shouted angrily, "I'm not going on with this! This is crazy—" He seemed about to throw his weapon away and walk off, and Breck shouted, "I've a right to satisfaction!"

"Can't quit like this, Tom," growled one of Vane's friends. Another yelled, "You've got to give him satisfaction."

"Have your satisfaction and to hell with you! All right—I own I lied," He glared about the ring of faces. "Why not?" he said defiantly.

His eyes turned to Breck, still and stiff, facing him across that little space of grass. "I wanted to see how much faith she had in you," he said, mockingly. "And I found out, didn't I? If that's any satisfaction, you can have it."

"You have heard him. I call every one of you to witness that you heard him." There was a fierce exultation in Breck's voice. "And now you're going to fight this out, or I'll shoot you down. I'll shoot, the first step you take away from here . . . Count it out."

There was a dead silence. Then the judge's voice boomed out, "One!"

Breck looked to his aim. With a sudden movement Vane raised the muzzle of his pistol and aimed.

"Two!"

A shot rang out. Tom Vane had fired.

The boy ran distractedly through the empty clubrooms. He raced through the back door and saw the colored help, in ones or twos, edging about near the top of the slope.

In the glade below the men were standing, some on one side, some on the other, drawn back against the trees, red coats vivid against the green. Breck Fairchild and Tom Vane were facing each other, aiming at each other. The westerling sun winked back from the bright pearl and silver in their hands.

Everything was very quiet. It was like something impending.

Then a voice said, "Two!" A shot cracked out. It broke the quiet in a thousand pieces. The boy's eyes, horrified, were fixed on the smoke coming from Tom Vane's pistol.

Tom Vane had shot. He had shot ahead of time. He had shot Uncle Breck dead. The boy could hardly turn his eyes from that evil, treacherous smoke to look toward Breck. He saw him standing, and a wild relief and exultation beat through him. Uncle Breck wasn't dead.

He was standing up. He was putting his left hand over to his right to hold his elbow—he must have been shot in his right arm. But he kept aiming his pistol. Tom Vane was just standing there, glaring. Somewhere a voice said, "Three!" and Uncle Breck fired. Tom Vane's knees sagged, he swayed, and all at once he was down.

The boy lay on the ground, too. He felt as if he were going to be sick. But

his eyes watched. He saw men running to Vane, clustering about Breck. He saw Breck take off his coat and the doctor bandaging him with strips torn off his shirt. Then all the figures got together except the one on the ground. They were talking hard together, even those that weren't friends.

Some one of the men started toward the clubhouse, and the boy ran past Randy, the bar tender, who gripped his shoulder. "Boy you never saw me! I wasn't here. Remember that!" The boy nodded mutely, and Randy said, "You better not be here, either. Now—skiddy."

The story told to the boy was the story given to the public, the story printed in the local paper first, then in some of the bigger Southern papers. There had been a sad accident, it was said. The gentlemen gathered for a dinner at the club had been examining an old pistol, a curious heirloom. It was believed unloaded and one of the gentlemen, Mr. Thomas Vane, cocked it and playfully pointed it at himself. The gun, unfortunately, was loaded, and its hair-trigger action, when cocked, precipitated a catastrophe. Mr. Vane was shot through the heart. The tragedy occurred in the presence of the most reputable gentlemen of the county. A doctor, present, had given immediate aid, but in vain.

A story like that, the boy understood, had to be told to strangers, who wouldn't understand. All those to whom it mattered knew the truth. They knew Uncle Breck had shot Tom Vane dead because Vane was a mean liar and had come between him and his wife. And Vane had fired before the count of three, trying to kill Uncle Breck.

What the boy couldn't understand was why Grandmother was so sad, instead of acting proud. It wasn't worry over Uncle Breck's arm that everybody pretended had been hurt cranking his car, for that was going to be all right. Maybe it was just worry about Uncle Breck's drinking. He heard her tell Etta right out to put water in the bottles. And once he heard her say out loud, talking to herself, "Men! Men and their pride! Why does it have to be like this?"

Uncle Breck went on living in the little white house, but Aunt Georgie didn't come back to it, even though now she knew that Uncle Breck hadn't done the bad things Tom Vane said he had done. When the boy mustered up courage to ask Dina if Aunt Georgie wasn't ever coming back she flew out at him. "Don't you name that name, boy! There's been trouble enough."

Usually he went North early in September but this year he had a sore throat and fever, and the doctor said he ought not to go till he got well. He cheated about gargling so the throat wouldn't get well, but at last it did, and the date was set. Some impulse made him slip off to the old forbidden place by the lake.

He wandered aimlessly about and thought how much he and Jerry had wanted to have a boat there. Then he climbed into the big oaks. It seemed a long time since he had sat up there, and he kept thinking of all the things

that had happened since.

Suddenly he was conscious that Uncle Breck was coming. The boy made himself very still, hidden in the green leaves. Uncle Breck didn't look up; he walked to the lake and then he walked back, and then he stood still, too, looking off toward the Vane land.

There was a rustling in the thickets, and Aunt Georgie came slipping through, holding her dress carefully. It was a dark dress, and it made her look strange, somehow.

He didn't go to meet her, the way he said you should go to meet a lady. He stood there and said, "Here I am," as if he hadn't wanted to be there, and then, "What is it?"

Aunt Georgie just said, "Oh, Breck, Breck!" and ran up to him, and they began talking. The boy couldn't hear what they were saying for they were walking up and down, but he could tell she was arguing about something.

Then they came close to the tree, and he could hear. Aunt Georgie said, "If I can forgive you, you can forgive me!"

Uncle Breck said, "You just think you forgive me, Honey. But you'd be thinking of it—"

"I wouldn't! I wouldn't!"
"But how could you help it? He was your brother. You couldn't help but remember."

"I love you, Breck. I love you. Hold me close, and I'll never remember."

"I couldn't hold you close all the time, Honey. It wouldn't work. You'd turn against me—the way you did—"

"That was because I believed him, Breck."

"You cut my heart out," said Breck. "How do you think a man feels when his wife—"

She pleaded, "I was so mad. I didn't know what I was doing. I just wanted to hurt you the way I thought you'd hurt me. And I thought you'd come after me and make it up."

"You only wanted me to come so you could send me away."

"No." She stopped; she seemed to examine herself. She said, with painful honesty, "I only told myself I'd send you away. But you could have made me go with you."

"You think I could have pled with you under Tom Vane's eyes?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, sorry—"

On and on went the voices, out of earshot now. When they came close to the tree again Aunt Georgie was saying, "I don't care what people say! If I'm willing to live with you, they needn't talk. I don't care if they do."

"You couldn't help but care. Just as you couldn't help but remember. We can't either of us forget. In your heart there'd always be blame."

"But I forgive you! You're sorry, aren't you, Breck? You're sorry now?"

"No." The monosyllable dropped like a stone. He said harshly, "You see? It's gone too deep. Even if I were sorry what difference would it make? You couldn't live with a man who had killed your brother."

Huddled tightly against the tree, the boy felt their sadness seeping through and through him, working in him an understanding that was almost unbearable. It comprehended the sorrow of his grandmother, the awful, helpless sorrow for the thing that could not be undone, the thing that need not have been done. Anger lost its bright beauty. Violence, senseless violence, took on the darkness of destruction.

Aunt Georgie was crying against Breck now, her arms folding him. The boy heard his uncle's voice, choked as if he wanted to cry, too. "I can't stand this, Georgie. We've got to part."

She flung her arms about his neck and clung to him. "Breck, Breck! You can't feel me close to you like this and tell me you can live without me!"

"I have to live without you, Georgie. As long as live."

"I'll break you down. I'll come to your house and batter at your door. I'm your wife, and you want me. I won't let these dreadful things stand between us. I'll get you back."

She surely would, the boy thought. She surely would get Uncle Breck back again. And he always understood that Uncle Breck thought so, too, and did not mean to let it happen because that night he shot himself with one of the dueling pistols.

THE END

Interview With a Best-selling Author (Continued from page 18)

trash can in a rain-swept Scottish doorway, temporarily abandoning his ambition.

Later he fished the sheets out, dried them in an oven, and finished the job. That book, "Hatter's Castle," sold some three million copies and was translated into nineteen languages. "I suppose," recalls Dr. Cronin, "it could not have been as bad as I thought it when I threw it away."

Between books, during what he calls the fallow period, Dr. Cronin plans his next. Then, before settling into the daily grind, he draws up an outline. He writes by hand.

He said that he pays little attention to his surroundings when he is at work, but his home is a great place in which to lie fallow. The Cronin's roomy, wide, white house is set among gar-

dens and spacious lawns, secluded in thirty acres of the rolling land of southern Connecticut.

Dr. and Mrs. Cronin and their three sons—one son is at Princeton, one at Harvard, and the other is preparing for Yale—have made their home in this country since before the outbreak of the war.

Just a short time ago Dr. Cronin's mother joined the rest of the family. At lunch, while her son and daughter-in-law talked of the changes that have swept England, and how much they had spoiled its charm, I watched the older woman, who looks about twenty years younger than she is. I kept remembering the kind of life she had had, as described in Dr. Cronin's semi-autobiographical "The Green Years," and "Hatter's Castle."

"What does your mother think of



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your reports on your childhood?" I asked Dr. Cronin later.

"She likes them well enough, I expect. They're true . . . You see, she was in a frankly difficult position when I was young. She'd married against the wishes of her parents, married an Irish Catholic, and then, when I was very young, he died. She had no choice but to go home.

"I can't hope to make you feel the depths of intolerance in those little towns. And beyond religious antagonism, which was grinding enough and hurtful enough, forever at the table with us and following us to our beds at night, there was the other antagonism because we were sharing when they didn't have enough to share.

"You haven't it here in this country, in anything like the same degree, that genteel poverty—perhaps genteel is hardly the word—but the poverty that is almost absolute and yet must be kept hidden behind a facade of pride and respectability.

"My emotions of shame and fear when I needed a penny and had to ask for it—a penny! My old great grandfather—perhaps you recall him in 'The Green Years'—was as good to me as he could be. But he didn't have much."

Cronin is now in his early fifties, a trim-looking, quick-moving man. I asked him if, as a writer, he felt overinsulated at his home in Connecticut.

"No. If I felt that I'd get out of here," he said. "I'm a simple man. I could be content living in the cheapest motels in the Middle West."

"Motel life doesn't bring you very close to people, does it?"

"I've been close," he said. "I've seen people with their masks off. That's one advantage of having been a doctor."

He said that his new novel, "Shannon's Way," is a sequel to "The Green Years," and also based on autobiography.

"I once gave a great deal of time to a piece of original bacteriological research. Just as I was finishing it someone else, who had been at the same job, published his results. That killed my work. It hurt. Yes, I was very keen on medicine. But I couldn't write, you see. There was no time."

"I wanted to write. In nineteen thirty, I chucked it all. That is, I sold my practice. I went off to the remote Highlands of Scotland, took a cottage at Inverary, and wrote my first book in three months. That book, 'Hatter's Castle,' was an immediate success, not only in England but over here as well, and despite the depression. That it went so well pleased me very much at the time. I wonder now whether it's so good to make a big success with a first book . . ."

"Why not?"

"Well, it sets a standard which is difficult to maintain. When thousands of thousands have liked your first book,

it's human nature to want 'to do it again.' There's that huge audience forever at your elbow, and you not wanting to let anybody down, striving all the time to have another winner."

"But now you can live and write as you please?"

"Yes, for me it's a free choice. I can go on hearing that I'm too sentimental or too dramatic in what I write. I don't mind a bit. I represent life as I see it and feel it, and I enjoy telling a good story. The critics greeted 'Hatter's Castle' as a masterpiece. But after the sales ran into millions they began to hedge. The truth is that in the eyes of the highbrows, one is damned if one sells well. Yet most of them would give their back teeth to write a real best seller."

"What's wrong with being sentimental anyway?" I asked.

"I'm not sure that I know, come to think of it. When it runs wild, at the cost of accuracy, then it's wrong," said Dr. Cronin. "But when it's strong enough so you feel it yourself, when it moves you as you write, I don't think there can be much against it."

"You know, there's always been feeling in what I've written; I've never hacked it out just to make an effort. It's those who write without feeling who find themselves up against it. If you always write with feeling you never need go dry."

THE END

X Ray Can Be Death Ray (Continued from page 40)

an example. A beautiful Hollywood actress climbs down from a treatment table. "You are quite certain that shot of X ray will do the trick?" she asks anxiously.

"Absolutely," the operator assures her. "You need have no worries about getting pregnant during your honeymoon, and you are probably safe for at least six months. At the end of that time you may want another treatment. And we can continue the treatments until you want a family. Simple, isn't it?"

Heartbreakingly simple, isn't it? For a time this actress and others who use X rays for contraceptive purposes may escape the penalties. The debt may never be collected. Again, it may be collected with compound interest from generation after generation.

To get some idea of the gamble people who use these methods are taking, we need only go to the laboratory of Dr. Hermann J. Muller, formerly of the University of Texas and now professor of Zoology at Indiana University.

Dr. Muller knew that bungling X-ray technicians have caused the death of unborn babies. Worse yet, unqualified individuals have X-rayed mothers and made monsters of their unborn children. X-ray examination of a mother before her baby is born, properly done, gives important information to the doctor who delivers the child. But this examination is safe only if done by a radiologist or a trained person working under the direction of a radiologist.

Dr. Muller, however, decided to go a step beyond merely studying the effect of X ray on babies shortly to be born.

He would find out what promiscuous X-raying might do to the seeds of future lives and children yet unconceived. Obviously he could not experiment on men and women and, even if he could, his life time would be too short to study the several generations necessary to get the answers. So he used the short-life-cycle *Drosophila* of the fruit-fly family.

It is not complimentary to be compared with a fruit fly. Yet the fact remains that fruit-fly monsters as well as human monsters may be born when mothers get dangerously heavy doses of X ray before their children arrive. And the additional findings which Dr. Muller holds up for the scientific world are pretty fearsome, if there is further similarity between people and fruit flies. Monsters continue to appear generation after generation when one lone mother is X-rayed heavily enough to affect her reproductive organs. Not all of her descendants are monsters, but a goodly number are.

The very fact that X ray sounds no warning, and its damage may not show up for years, lulls its victims into an unwarranted sense of security.

Some cases now under treatment date back to the 1920's to a system devised by a New York doctor. He claimed to have perfected a type of X-ray machine which would remove hair harmlessly. The machines were leased to beauty shops, and operators were given two weeks' courses of instruction. Few knew they were handling X rays, and none realized the dangers until women and men had been harmed beyond cure.

The alarming number of damage suits sent the insurance companies scurrying

to investigate. As a result, Manhattan has legislation which prohibits beauty-shop operators from using X-ray equipment. Neither state nor municipal law-making bodies in other localities were prevailed upon to follow the action taken by New York City.

What about the dental X-ray equipment dentists use? Yes, dental X-ray machines also are capable of doing serious harm unless intelligently operated.

Danger lies in an accumulation of exposures. Because of this, the dentist himself may be a victim when he least expects it. At a gathering of important dental consultants an eminent X-ray authority, who is a professor in an Eastern university, started speaking of the tragic penalties paid by dentists who hold films inside their patients' mouths while X-raying teeth. The professor told them that the patient should always hold the film. It is a perfectly safe procedure for the patient, he explained. The patient gets one short exposure to X ray, whereas the dentist, who holds films needlessly, rays himself time after time.

Another consultant listened quietly, then took the professor off for a word in private. "What do you think of these?" he asked anxiously, holding up two fingers of his right hand.

There was little need to ask. Both fingers showed signs of cancer, pathetic evidence that X ray destroys frequently exposed parts of the body. That this man is one of the topmost individuals in his profession does not alter the rules. Nor does his reason—

a desire to get perfect X-ray pictures.

Even doctors and surgeons, experts in other branches, are not always alert to X-ray perils. Take the fluoroscope, an innocent-appearing device which throws X-ray shadows onto a fluorescent screen. Only a short time ago, a surgeon, hurrying to set a boy's leg when he was rushed into a big New York hospital, did not wait for the X-ray specialist. Instead, he put the youngster under the fluoroscope, turned on the current and kept it on while he carefully put the bones back in place. As a result, the boy lost his leg and a topflight surgeon lost his hand—through overexposure to X ray. The same surgeon would not have thought of trying to operate a million-volt machine which is part of the hospital's equipment. But he did not know that the fluoroscope carried the same potential dangers.

Many people believe that low-volt machines are perfectly safe. Yet specialists say that actually more harm is being done by the low-volt than the impressive high-powered equipment—largely because high-powered machines are handled only by experts who know the dangers. The very fact that low-volt gadgets are considered safe makes them dangerous.

Radiologists view all low-volt machines with alarm. Take for example the fluoroscopic fitting devices used in shoe stores. These machines are set to give short exposures. But there is nothing to prevent a person from using a machine to try on several pairs of shoes. The several exposures subject the man, woman or child to a dose of X ray equal to that used by an expert in treating disease—without the safeguards the expert would use—according to renowned physicist Dr. Giocchina Failla, professor of radiology in the Radiological Research department of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Dr. Failla says that the chief objection to the fluoroscopic shoe-fitting machines is that they are operated by salesmen who knew nothing about the injurious effects of radiation. Young children are most likely to be harmed.

Radiology, the branch of medical science which deals with the use of radiant energy in the diagnosis and treatment of disease, is an exacting specialty. A

doctor must study three years after he completes his internship before he asks permission to be examined by the board of experts who decide whether he is qualified as a radiologist.

There are approximately two thousand radiologists certified in X-ray therapy. Each one, with the assistance of well-trained technicians working directly under his guidance, can probably take care of two hospitals and a private practice. In addition, there are thirteen hundred skin specialists adequately trained to treat the ninety-odd skin conditions which respond to X ray. But we have over six thousand hospitals in this country.

The training and equipment of a radiologist is prohibitively expensive. Radiologists say that it takes a community of at least fifty thousand to support a member of their specialty doing an honest, conscientious job. Yet the training which a radiologist undergoes is our greatest hope of safety. As the trained surgeon alone knows where and how deeply to cut, so the trained radiologist understands X-ray dosage and how the body reacts to it.

Co-operation between chambers of commerce, better business bureaus, safety organizations, medical societies, health departments and radiological examining boards would go a long way toward stopping the serious damage done by X-ray equipment in the hands of unqualified individuals. Until drastic steps are taken, we must pay a woefully high price in human suffering.

The X ray is one of the most important tools of modern science. Its disease-dispelling rays can stop pain, halt disfiguring skin diseases and cure some forms of cancer.

But like other powerful agents, it is dangerous when used by unqualified, careless and ignorant people. The X ray can kill as well as heal. Wrongly handled, it may produce incurable burns, anemias and cancer. It has already caused thousands of cases of cancer at a time when millions are being sought for cancer research.

The X ray is the hero and the villain of medical science. But its harm is preventable because the facts are known. X-ray specialists believe knowledge of these facts will enable you to protect yourself and your family.

THE END

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations (Continued from page 12)

But don't let this fool you. Behind its wit and love-making, there is a definite warning. The three sides of its very sexy triangle are formed by Captain John Lund, of the American Army; Congressman (Republican at that) Jean Arthur, overseas to investigate with her own romance-starved eyes the problem of fraternization; and, very curvaceously, night-club singer Marlene Dietrich, who practices what Miss Arthur preaches against.

The subtlety and craftsmanship of "A Foreign Affair" is that you can have a most delightful and hilarious time viewing it, even if you prefer not to bother your heart and head with its secondary meaning. The method whereby the very plain Jean Arthur snares Captain Lund

away from "Legs" Dietrich is enough for the average movie. The way Marlene sings in a bombed-out basement makes good listening.

But what gives the production its importance is its timely close-up of the loneliness of our Army personnel in Germany, and their human reactions to the nearness of beautiful women. What is healthy about it is that with affectionate chuckles it points out that we at home must not be pompous about American strength and virtue. What we must do is guard that strength and virtue against the destruction that genuine Berlin backgrounds here reveal. For nobody wins modern wars—not anyone.

The art of "A Foreign Affair" is that behind its laughter, it pulls at your

They all talk about these



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heart. In these unhappy world days, it is well to be reminded that human understanding may still be the way to permanent peace.

I am most certainly giving "A Foreign Affair" the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best picture of the month, but I can't close without giving a special bow to Jean Arthur.

Dietrich seems not to have aged one day, despite the fact that she will probably be a grandmother by the time you read this.

But, oh, that Jean Arthur! She hasn't Dietrich's beauty. She has no glamour clothes to wear, yet she's poignant as the drab, earnest girl who has never been loved. She's a riot in the filing-room scene, where Lund is after her with the worst intentions. And when she turns the aggressor in their strange romance—well, go see! It's more intelligent fun than the screen has revealed in much too long a time. Jean has been absent far too long, too.

Lots of smart American communities have a station-wagon set. But trust Hollywood to go that one better. We have a hand-wagon set which is both influential and prophetic.

Currently the innermost circle of cinema "band-wagon climbers" is shouting the name of Montgomery Clift. I have very recently had five individual movie magnates each assure me that he alone discovered "Monty." I'll call him Mr. Clift, because I've never met him. But I have now seen him twice on screen, and I proclaim that Mr. Clift is the next important male star. He's got everything it takes.

He's handsome enough, though, thank goodness, not too much so. He's sufficiently tall and broad-shouldered, but not that oversize type that a lot of our recent discoveries have been. You know, the kind that dwarf even your imagination, they loom up so above you.

When this boy comes on screen, he has none of that shock assault upon your nerves and awareness. Instead he sort of insinuates himself into your mind. You become quietly and gratefully conscious of his charm. Then he goes into his acting, and he's home. You are too. You know you have found a new screen friend.

Currently playing in a few American cities is a remarkable film called "The Search." Magazine deadlines being what they are, "The Search" was released too soon after I saw it for "Citation" coverage. But I urge you to see it now. A couple of months ago, I probably would have counseled you to see it itself alone. Now I also want you to see it for Montgomery Clift.

"The Search" actually is his second picture. Two years ago, he popped up in the Arizona desert for his first movie job in "Red River." This stunning Howard Hawks production is one of the finest Westerns I have ever watched. No one has seen it until now because it was held up for two years in the United Artists' quarrel over film distribution. Because of them Howard Hawks, the producer-director of "Red River," must really have been in agony having to hold this open-air masterpiece on the

shelf all that time (to say nothing of having his two-million-dollar investment tied up).

Howard tells me that he hunted everywhere for a second lead for "Red River." The original Borden Chase story is a knockout, true to the spirit of our great West during the covered-wagon days, and to the best American traditions of character at any time.

Howard had John Wayne set for the top role of a strong-willed pioneer, who is determined to stake out a cattle ranch in the wilderness. But he didn't know where to turn to find the counter-role to Wayne's, that of a young man, orphaned by the Indians, who is just as strong-willed but gifted also with a heart and understanding.

Clift had been with Lunt and Fon-

For the BEST in magazine art See the September Cosmopolitan

AL PARKER, JON WHITCOMB,
AUSTIN BRIGGS

...tanne for several seasons when Hawks heard of him. After reading "Red River" script, Clift agreed to take the part.

The shooting had been under way for some time. The first scene the boy went into required him to ride a spirited horse violently off into the farthest camera distance. Monty did it magnificently. It wasn't until after the scene had been okayed, with cheers, that he told Hawks he had never ridden before. That's the nerve for you. Acting, too.

When, a few paragraphs back, I said "Red River" was one of the greatest Westerns, I was not forgetting such monumental ones as "The Covered Wagon" or "Stagecoach." The backgrounds are as sweeping as our magnificent Western horizons themselves. The cattle stampedes are menacing and suspenseful. Clift rides expertly and puts his personal brand on "Red River" most expertly.

I'm climbing right up on our newest band wagon by giving him the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best male starring performance for August.

"The Velvet Touch" is the first picture produced by Independent Artists, Inc. And who might they be? They are Dudley Nichols, Rosalind Russell and Frederick Brissan, the latter two, as you probably know, being Mr. and Mrs. Brissan. The three of them can all write their own tickets for their highly individualized accomplishments in three different lines—that of writer-producer, star and agent-manager. They could be on easy street at big money the rest of their artistic lives, if they wanted to.

But they don't. They are on the much harder street of trying for originality, and meritorious, intelligent film entertainment. Rosalind and Nichols co-operated on the production of "Mourning Becomes Electra" along with RKO.

"The Velvet Touch" is entirely their own baby, and a right handsome infant

it is, too. This picture gives Ros both the drama her artistic conscience desires and the lightness, romance and very chic clothes, for which the larger public admires her.

She has two men in love with her here—Leo Genn, who was unwise enough to love her mother in "Mourning Becomes Electra," and Leon Ames, as a theater manager, whom she has loved. As "Valerie Stanton" a Broadway star, Ros wants to shake Ames in favor of Genn. Ames doesn't intend to be shaken, and in the ensuing argument, Ros accidentally kills him.

I refuse to spoil the suspense for you by giving you the slightest hint of the outcome; however, it all revolves around Ros, who is torrid with Genn, icy with Ames, commanding in her brief, high-browish "Hedda Gabler" scenes. In sum, she delivers. I love the gal, and I love being able to award her the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best feminine starring of August, 1948.

The ads for "Key Largo" read "Starring Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall with Lionel Barrymore and Claire Trevor."

Fasten your eyes upon that fifth name for I'm here to tell you that it is Claire who tucks "Key Largo" in the back of her compact and staggers away with it.

And I do mean staggers. And I don't mean she's funny or cute. She's walking heartbreak. She's the living portrait of all those dames you encounter in bars, in night clubs and at tawdry house parties, the babes whom you see at a glance were once so round, so young, so fully packed with sex appeal. Now those assets have been liquidated into bourbon, schnapps or what they can get.

The starkly pitiful scenes between Miss Trevor and Edward G. Robinson show how these poor girls get that way, the skids down which they scoot. Everything else in "Key Largo," including Bogart and his Baby, becomes just so much background. You ignore all of it, waiting for Miss Trevor to shred your emotions again, like so much coconut.

I know that playing drunks has now become an actress' paradise, along with death scenes. But Trevor's pitiful D. T.'s will bring tears to your eyes and cheers to your lips for her artistry.

Robinson, even as "Little Caesar," has never been more menacing. And Bogie shows his generosity and good sense, as the top-ranking star, by not ordering the picture to be "cut" for him. Many a star would have done that, and thereby have prevented Miss Trevor from getting away with the picture. John Huston's direction reminds me of a tennis champion putting over a service ace—you know, full of power, yet with the delicacy and precision that only champs can produce. From its first frame to its fade-out, "Key Largo" is great entertainment, but it's Claire Trevor to whom I award the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best supporting performance of the month. If you'd like a small wager, I'll give you odds her name will be on this year's Academy nominations. Heck, five will get you fifty. Five cents, that is. **THE END**

Dizzy at the Mike

"Spart," said Dean, "is pretty much the same as fight or pep or gumption. Like the Spart of Saint Louis, that aeroplane Lundberg flew to Europe."

When he returned to the microphone to relieve Laux, Dizzy gazed at the outfield. "That grass out there is sure green," he observed. "Wouldn't stay that way long if I brung some of my old white-faced cows up from Texas to eat on it for a week."

The next day the Browns played the Chicago White Sox, whose first baseman, Ulysses Lupien, is an alumnus of Harvard University. "The sight of Looping makes me homesick for my old alma mammy," Dean sighed. "I don't suppose you folks know me and Maxie Rosenbloom was roommates up at Harvard together."

Other recent Dean comments:

"They was all double-headers in the National League today except the Cards and the Braves who is playin' one night game tonight."

"I was cut out to be a great gungummy player, but they sewed me up wrong."

"You folks must come down and visit my Texas penthouse. You know what a Texas mammy is, don't cha? It's a hogen with Venetian blinds."

"This pitcher is what we calls a fiddle-hitcher. A fiddle-hitcher is a thrower what fiddles around, pulling up his pants, scrapin' his toe on the dirt and tuggin' at his cap. Great fast ball pitchers like Mathewson, Feller, Grove and me and Paul never done no fiddle-hitchin'. We just got that o' ball back from the catcher and burned another one across."

"I call 'em right, and I give no teams no more breaks than no other team but I hope them Browns kick hell outa every other club in the league."

"When I was pitchin' it never hurt me much to get bopped on the head by a ball. If it ever struck me on the shins, brother, it would have like to have kilt me."

"If I bet on the hoss races, I select my hoss by jabbin' at the sheet of entries with a pencil. If I want to pick a three-hoss parlay, I use a fork."

During the war, like every other broadcaster, Dizzy was forbidden by military censorship to make comments on the weather. But occasionally he managed indirectly to inform his listeners about the condition of the diamond at Sportsman's Park.

"I can't tell you what the weather's like out here," he said one day during a sudden shower. "But what the players are wiping off their faces ain't sweat."

Such language prompted the English Teachers Association of Missouri to complain two years ago that Dizzy's broadcasts were a bad influence on the grammar and syntax of school children.

"Sin tax?" Dean asked. "Are them fellows in Washington putting a tax on that, too?"

His formal reply to the charge stopped the English Teachers Association in its tracks:

"All I gotta say is that when me and

(Continued from page 69)

my brother and Pa was chopping cotton in Arkansas we did not have no chance to go to school much. I'm happy that kids are getting that chance today."

Sitting behind the microphone high above the grandstand in Sportsman's Park, Dizzy Dean throws every pitch, worries about every runner on the bases, prepares to rush in and field the ball when it looks like a squeeze play. "C'mon, boy," he mutters. "Rare back and throw that hard one, the ol' Dean special with the smoke curling off it."

He professes to be a very contented man. "I made good money outa baseball," he says. "Not what I woulda made if I wasn't working for Sam Breadon and Branch Rickey, but good money. I made it before the income tax started taking it away, and I didn't spend it all like lots of ball players. And I make good money now talking into a radio six months a year. I always talked anyway. Now I get paid for it."

He lives an easy life in the off season, hunting on his farm near Dallas, Texas, and playing golf in Florida. But despite his good fortune, Dean looks back on his baseball career with sadness. He ranks with Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb as a colorful performer. But a tragic accident stopped him on the verge of combining that color with real greatness.

Everything about the rise of Dean as a major-league pitcher sounds as if it had been dreamed up by Ring Lardner. To begin with, there is the little matter of his name and his birthplace. His name in the record books and the name he signed on his contracts was Jerome Herman Dean. "But that ain't my real name," he explains. "My name is Jay Hanna Dean. I was named after those two great Americans, Jay Gould and Mark Hanna."

For years he gave out Holdenville, Oklahoma, as his birthplace. Now he says he was born in Lucas, Arkansas. "Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas," he says. "There ain't much difference between them." One day he was interviewed separately by three different sports writers. He gave each a different birthplace and a different birth date.

"I wanted each one of them reporters to have an exclusive story," he explained. "If all their stories said the same thing, their bosses would raise heck with them."

From the first day he broke into organized baseball, Dizzy was a hard player to manage. He announced frequently, loudly and with feeling that he was a better pitcher than anybody in the major leagues and a better hitter, too. And to make it difficult for any manager who tried to embarrass him, he usually proved that he was correct.

When he first came up to the Cardinals from the Texas League as a gangling, nineteen-year-old rookie, he drove Gabby Street, then the Saint Louis manager, to a point of distraction. One day he was sitting on the bench watching the great Philadelphia Athletics of 1930 beat the Cards in a spring-

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training exhibition. He was describing in detail how he would murder the A's if he was on the mound. "If you think you can do it," Gabby said to the young Dean, "go in there—right now."

Dizzy was not warmed up, and the next three batters were Al Simmons, Jimmy Foxx and Mickey Cochrane, three of the best hitters in baseball that year. Street figured that Dean would get slaughtered, but he was willing to give the Athletics those runs. It might keep Dean quiet on the bench.

Dean jumped from the dugout, delighted. He walked to the mound and struck out in succession Simmons, Foxx and Cochrane on nine pitched balls.

On July 30, 1933, he struck out seventeen Chicago Cubs. "I was just out there throwin' and Jimmy Wilson was catchin'," Dizzy says. "He didn't say nothin' to me, and I wasn't paying no attention to how many batters was striking out. When I had a day like that, I didn't bother tryin' to curve them or tryin' to place them high or low. I just threw them in there. Hell, if somebody told me how many strike outs I was getting I might have broken a record for consecutive strike outs, but nobody told me, and I didn't know about it until after the game was over."

His big year was 1934, the year that people laughed when he predicted that he and his brother, Paul Dean, would win forty-four games for the Cardinals. They won forty-nine. Paul was credited with nineteen and Dizzy won thirty. Dizzy also added several gray hairs to the head of Frank Frisch, who was managing the Cards from second base, a position that gave a close view of Dean's high links in the pitcher's box.

Thanks to the Dean brothers, the Cardinals won the National League pennant that year and subsequently the World Series against Detroit. That was the memorable series in which Dizzy came out to pitch the deciding battle with only one day's rest. He won, eleven to nothing. Leo Durocher, the shortstop on that Saint Louis team, loves to recall Dean's performance in the ninth inning.

"There was one out, and Rogell was on base, and Hank Greenberg was at the plate," Durocher says. "Frisch had four pitchers warming up in the bullpen. Old Dizzy turns around to me and says, 'What's Frank doing?' Warming them pitchers up for next season? Ain't this the last game of the year?"

"Well, Diz looks at the catcher and shakes his head at three signals. We only have three signals for him—one finger for the fast ball, two fingers for the curve and a wriggle of all fingers for the slow ball. So the catcher walks out to the mound to see what Diz has on his mind. Frisch and I come in from second and short. 'What's the matter now?' Frisch says.

"We ain't got no signal for a screwball," Diz says.

"Frisch starts to foam at the mouth. 'The ninth inning of the last game of the World Series,' he says, 'and Hank Greenberg batting, and here you are trying to experiment with a pitch belonging to Carl Hubbell that you never threw in your life.'"

"I winked at Diz and said, 'Aw, Frank, let him have his fun.' Then I said to Diz, 'Listen, I don't care what you throw at Greenberg, but whatever it is, don't put it high on the inside. If you do, he'll hit it five miles.'"

"Frisch and I go back to our positions, and Diz looks at Greenberg. 'What's the matter?' he says to Greenberg. 'Ain't you people got no pinch hitters?' Greenberg was furious. Then Diz throws his first pitch. You can imagine where it was. High and inside.

"Greenberg smacks it. A terrific blow, but it goes foul by about one inch in deep left field. Diz looks at me and laughs. 'Leo, he says, 'you was right.'"

Let Jay Hanna himself finish the story:

"I threw a strike, and he looked so funny up there I put my glove over my face and started laughing. I just couldn't stop laughing. Frisch came in again from second base and says, 'Cut out the fooling. If this guy gets on, I'm pulling you out of here.' Can you imagine that? Me leading, eleven to nothing with one out in the ninth inning, and Frisch is threatening to pull me outa the ball game. I just threw the next one in there so fast Greenberg never seen it, and the next guy forced Rogell, and it was all over. We're in the clubhouse celebrating afterward, and Frisch says to me, 'Anybody with your stuff shoulda won forty games this year, and you only won a measly thirty.'"

Dean was only twenty-six, with his best baseball years still ahead of him, when his pitching arm lost its power.

In the All-Star game at Washington, in July, 1937, a line drive from the bat of Earl Averill broke a toe in Dean's left foot. The fracture was not detected until he was examined in Saint Louis a few days later. When the Cardinals left on a tour of the Eastern baseball parks, Dizzy was ordered to remain at home.

"Then Branch Rickey called me up on the telephone and ast if I'd mind going East and joining the club on the road. He didn't want me to pitch until my toe was better. But the club was going bad, and he figured it might help if I was on the bench to kind of pep 'em up a little. I said sure I'd go.

"I caught up with 'em in Boston, and when I walked into the clubhouse first thing Frisch ast me was could I pitch. The toe was stickin' outa my shoe with a splint on it. But when somebody asts me will I pitch, I can never say no."

Dean always took an unusually long step forward with his left foot as he delivered the ball. The broken toe forced him to shorten the step and to change his arm motion. Bill McKechnie, who was then managing the Braves, noticed this from the third base coaching line that day and warned Dizzy.

"Ol' Bill came over to me after a couple of innings. 'Jerome,' he says to me, 'you ain't natural out there. Watch out. You're hurting yourself.'"

"Couple of innings later, I felt my arm snap. It dropped down on my side, limp and helpless. Bill McKechnie rushed over to me. 'Jerome, you done it,' he says. 'You ruined yourself.'"

"And he was right. I was never any good after that."

A few years ago before that Connie Mack was reported to have offered the Cardinals two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and a pitcher for Dean. Dizzy was unimpressed when he heard about the offer. "The pitcher," he said, "must have been Lefty Grove." But even after Dizzy's arm went wrong, Phil Wrigley of the Chicago Cubs parted with one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, an outfielder and two pitchers—one of them Curt Davis—in order to get Dizzy from the Cardinals. The deal was not, as many believe, a shrewd piece of horse trading by Branch Rickey, who was then the Cardinal general manager. Everybody in baseball knew the condition of Dean's arm. But it was generally supposed that his youth gave him a chance of recovering his speed and stamina. Wrigley was gambling on that chance.

The Cubs had Dizzy examined at the Mayo Clinic and at Johns Hopkins. The doctors said he would never be able to pitch effectively again. But in that 1938 season, with nothing but control and courage, he played an important role in the Cubs' pennant-winning drive. In the world series he was leading the New York Yankees, 3 to 2, in the eighth inning when Frank Crosetti hit a home run to beat him. "That game broke my heart," Dean says. "If I only coulda won it, I wouldn't have cared if they cut off my arm afterwards."

Dizzy hung on with the Cubs until 1940. He had signed a contract to coach the club the following year when the broadcasting offer came from Saint Louis, and he decided to take it. He turned down another offer from Frank Frisch who was then managing the Pittsburgh Pirates. Frisch wanted to convert him into a first baseman.

"He wouldn't have to throw much in that position," Frisch said. "He was always a good hitter and a daring base runner. I think if he shifted to first base when his pitching arm went bad he'd still be playing major-league ball."

But Dizzy always considered Dizzy a pitcher and nothing else.

A reporter once asked him to describe his greatest day in baseball.

"Every day you're out there with a ball in your hand is a great day," he said. "Only time you feel bad is when you gotta quit."

The skeptics in the baseball world predicted that Dean wouldn't last a month when he started as a radio broadcaster in 1941, but his mispronunciations, frank critical opinions and irrelevant digressions made him an immediate success. Sports broadcasters generally are a serious and conventional lot. Dizzy's lack of grammar and lack of inhibitions came as a refreshing change. When he saw which way the wind was blowing, he was quick to adjust his sails to take advantage of it.

It is true that Dizzy did not enjoy much formal education. "None of us kids went more than two grades because we didn't want to get more learning than Pa," he says. But, on the other hand, he would be quite

capable of saying "Rizzuto slid into third base" instead of "Rizzuto slid into third base"—if he wanted to—and if he felt his listeners wanted him to. Dean is a living illustration of the famous Will Rogers maxim: "A lot of people, who don't say ain't, ain't eatin'." Being fond of food, Dizzy is careful to say "ain't."

"Shucks," he says. "When I tell them over the radio the score is nothin' to nothin' and nobody's winnin', why people knows exactly what the score is."

The lack of inhibition which abetted Dean's radio career has also hampered it to a certain extent. When he returned to Saint Louis he began to broadcast the Cardinal games as well as those of the Browns. But he refused to change the attitude toward Sam Breadon, then the Cardinal president, that he had developed as a Cardinal pitcher. Dean always regarded Breadon as a skink. To hear Dean tell it, you would believe that Breadon forced the Cardinals to hitchhike between cities on their road tours. "If I was anywhere else in my good days, I would be draggin' down fifty thousand a year," he exclaims. "What did Breadon give me? Peanuts. After me and Paul won him the pennant and the series, he gave us a five-hundred-dollar bonus. Why that only covered my fines for the season!" Breadon points out that the Cardinal attendance figures during Dean's good days were never over 350,000 persons annually, which is also peanuts.

Anybody else, renewing relations with a former employer after his playing days were over, might have been tactful enough to turn over, a fresh page and ignore the past. But Dean continued to be a thorn in Breadon's

side. Saint Louis people say that was the real reason the Cardinals gave their broadcast rights to another brewing company and another announcing team two years ago. This must have been a blow to Dean. It left him with only the Browns, a club that usually has a phobia about climbing high in the American League.

But Dean doesn't seem perturbed. "What have I got to complain about?" he says. He is still close to baseball, the only game he loves. A few years ago a radio station in Dallas, now his established home town, tried to turn him into a football broadcaster. He did one game, referring constantly to the referee as "the umpire" and describing the head linesman as "a guy who must be low on ammunition or a bum shot because I ain't seen him aim at anybody with that gun of his."

Football, Dean says, is beyond his comprehension. "The only play of the game I called right was the kickoff."

The second half of the famed Dean Brothers pitching combine, Paul, is also connected with radio. He conducts a sports broadcast in Little Rock, Ark.

"Beats me how he handles it," Dizzy says, "because Paul never said more than two words all the time I've known him, and that's the truth. Except once. I remember one day the two of us boys were riding on a train in Arkansas, and Paul, he had twenty-five cents to spend. A candy butcher come on through the train, and Paul bought two bottles of soda pop off him. Well, Paul opened up his bottle and, just as he was startin' to take a swallow out of it, the train shot into a tunnel. Paul nudges me and says, 'Jerome, if you ain't drunk any of your soda pop yet, don't do it. The first gulp I took turned me stone blind.'"

THE END

The Almost Perfect Day

(Continued from page 42)



this is a weather breeder."

"Maybe it is," he said. "I wouldn't know. No," he said to Jennifer, "not yet. It's not done yet. Why don't you both go away somewhere until it's done."

"C'mon," said Susan, but Jennifer shook her head. Then she suddenly said, "My wagon!" and put all the dolls

and animals down and ran into the house. Her father and Susan watched her.

"Why does she do that?" he said. "I dunno," said Susan. "It's just the way she is."

For no one knew why Jennifer, at three, was constantly ridden by anxiety over those possessions not immediately under her eye. She came back presently pulling a small red wagon and put all the dolls and animals in it and continued to wait.

Joe Cartwright had a twinge of conscience, looking at Susan who was studying the weather vane on the garage with grave anxiety.

"Weather breeder my foot!" he said. "That's just Brad. The wind's north-west; the smoke's coming straight up from the kitchen chimney; there was mist on the lake this morning—this weather will hold for days."

"Oh, good," said Susan.

"You can put in some of the nails," her father said, making the ultimate sacrifice as penance.

She held the hammer as he had taught her, and the nails went in quickly.

Joe wished he hadn't been quite so generous. He had been counting on those finishing strokes to soothe and satisfy his temper. It's all done, he thought with regret, and I can't think

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of anything else to mend. It's the most satisfying occupation in the world, nobody breathing down the back of your neck, nobody asking you to make decisions, nobody jealous, nobody compromising and lying—a line drawn, a board trimmed, a nail driven—and there you were. He would have liked to be either a carpenter or a teacher. He was neither. He was an advertising man, and he hated it, and he would go on hating it, and his vacation was nearly over. There had been an offer—but he and Ellen had dismissed it without a word; surely they could not make a complete change at this point in their lives.

"Let's go out in the canoe," he said to Susan when Jennifer and her pets were established in the summer house.

"Brad's got it."

"Blas!"

"The rowboat's there," she said.

"Too hot to row," he said. "Anyway, I've got work to do in the house."

It faded, the hope of a special kind of party alone with him. It didn't happen often any more. . . . Susan went in search of her brother, Dan.

Joe went into the living room. The letter waited to be written. He would not write it now. It should have been written a week ago. If he wrote it, there was only one thing he could say, and that was that he didn't object to having Arthur Pearson make an assistant secretary. To say anything else would be boorish and would do him no good in the long run. To say that he didn't object (he'd even have to say he approved) would mean having Arthur Pearson—that fool, with his loud high laugh and his endless dirty stories of physical conquest—sharing an office with him, working with him. There was no other answer. It was just a gesture to have written Joe for his opinion. The management knew that he would have to say yes.

He rifled some papers on the desk and got out a blank sheet and cleaned his typewriter—then he picked up a magazine and went out on the side porch and lay in the hammock.

Susan found Dan on his bed.

"You sick?" she asked in real terror, for the threats to Tomorrow were many.

"Nope," said Dan.

"Why are you lying on your bed?"

"I'm thinking."

"Tomorrow's the picnic."

"I wish it was day after tomorrow," said Dan.

"Don't you want to go on the picnic?"

"Oh, sure."

"Then why do you wish it was day after tomorrow?"

"Because."

That was a final sort of answer, and she gave up. She went down to the dock, and sat looking down the lake toward the island, which she could not see.

On his bed, Dan tried to make his mind reach across tomorrow to the Day After. It was hard. Once he had been as eager as Susan for the picnic, but now it faded into a minor something in comparison with the Puppy.

"Want one for your own?" the man had said when Dan had leaned against the wire setting, lost in love and long-

ing. "They'll be ready to leave their mother in a week. You come back a week from today—next week Wednesday—and you can take him home. You can pick one out now if you like."

Dan had picked out one with a black spot over one eye; he walked home in a daze. He had not told anyone. You never knew about Daddy these days. He could say no—he could say Dan couldn't have the puppy. But if he brought the puppy home, already claimed, his own—then surely—it would be safer. He had been puzzled about how to know when Wednesday came. For him, at six, the summer days ran smoothly in an even gold, and their names did not matter. But Wednesday mattered. After some questioning, he found that Wednesday came after Tuesday, and when he learned the picnic was on Tuesday, he felt safe. He could not very well miss the picnic, and the puppy would be his the next day. So now he lay on his bed and thought about Day after Tomorrow and about names. "Here, Spot," he said softly, "Here, Rover. Here, Dick. Here, Mike."

Driving home from the village, Ellen Cartwright told herself sternly to think of the price of butter. But she went on thinking that she would like to keep the nose of the car pointed on down the highway. She had ten dollars in her purse. She wondered how far she could get on that, how far she could get before dark. She wondered if she really wanted to, and why. What's the matter with me? she thought. I've a good life, good kids, and if Joe is short-tempered, so am I sometimes, and we both drink too much. Even here, where we ought to relax, we go too fast, and we never sit still. And we do too little with the kids. And though we move around together, we don't think together any more. That strange thing that once ran like an electric current between us—and I don't mean just physical attraction—isn't there any more. But it never is, is it, after ten years? It's only this summer that I felt—that? Cheated? In a way. But what did I expect? I am nervous and restless, and I have this constant feeling that I was led to expect more than this. But this can't be all of it, she thought in a sudden panic. I never have time to be myself. And time goes too fast. And maybe this is all there is. And I don't even know quite what I mean.

She had already turned into her own road, she noticed, and smiled. So much for the impulse of revolt. She stopped by the back door, and Mary came and helped her carry in the groceries.

The morning dripped with fog. Susan was up before anyone else and went for a swim. The water was icy. There wasn't any smoke from the kitchen chimney. Mary wasn't up yet. Susan ran back to the house and dressed. She looked in her parents' room and Dan's. They were all asleep. Only Jennifer was awake staring quietly at the ceiling.

"Today's the picnic," said Susan. "What doll or animal are you going to take?"

Jennifer immediately got out of bed and started taking dolls and animals off the shelf.

"Not all those," said Susan; "there won't be room. Just pick out one."

Jennifer went into the bathroom and came back with a small celluloid frog. "Oh, no, baby," said Susan. "You want something bigger than that."

"This!" said Jennifer emphatically.

"Okay," said Susan hastily.

Presently she heard Mary shaking the stove, and she went downstairs.

"Do you think it's going to be all right?" she asked.

"All right as any fire can be in this old coal range," said Mary.

"I mean the Day," said Susan. "I mean the picnic."

"I couldn't say," said Mary. "But I guess. Burn off, most likely."

Susan could see the weather vane from the back porch. It pointed northwest, but it might just be stuck there. There was no wind.

"Is today Tuesday?" asked Dan at breakfast.

"Of course," said Susan. "It's the picnic."

"Is tomorrow Wednesday?" said Dan.

"Yes, tomorrow's Wednesday," said his father. "What's eating you?"

"Nothing," said Dan.

They were just finishing breakfast when the telephone rang. Susan followed her father into the hall. She distrusted the telephone.

"Oh, that's too bad," she heard him say. "Oh, no, of course he shouldn't. We can go some other time."

"Aren't we going?" asked Susan.

"Captain Sears is sick," said her father. "He can't go. We'll go some other—" But Susan, in a tempest of tears, was climbing the stairs. She hid herself in her closet and cried for a long time. Then the door opened.

"Come out, Sue," said her mother. "It's all right. We're going. Captain Sears says we can take his boat, the Frolic. Daddy can run it."

Susan went on sobbing.

"For heaven's sake," said her father, coming into the room. "Stop that. You heard your mother say we're going."

"I can't help it, Daddy," said Susan through her tears, "it's just left over."

Brad and Joe went to get the boat, and Susan helped her mother make sandwiches. They carried the basket down to the dock, and soon the Frolic came around the point, with Joe steering.

"How he has the nerve to charge what he does for this old tub," said Joe, tying the painter.

"Isn't it a good boat?" asked Susan. "It'll get us there," said her father.

What more did he want? Susan wondered. She looked at the boat and suddenly she jumped up and down and gave a loud shout.

"Now what's the matter?" said Joe.

"I'm happy," said Susan.

"Well, calm down. You've made enough noise this morning, first because you're not happy, then because you are."

I wish he wouldn't, thought Ellen. Something's biting him, and he takes it out on them. This silly picnic means

so much to them, especially Sue. "What are you thinking, Sue?" she asked.

"I was thinking," said Susan gravely, "that tonight it will be over. I will have been to the island."

"Yes, but you can do it all over again by remembering."

"Yes, I can," said Susan. "And now I don't even know what I'm going to remember. It's exciting."

Joe went up to the house and came back with a bottle of whisky which he put into the little cubby under the bow.

"Must you," asked Ellen, "even on a picnic?"

"Yes, I must, even on a picnic," he said. "Don't be like that, will you?"

Of course it isn't anything, thought Ellen. I take plenty myself, but it seems anachronistic on this bright day, with the kids all excited about something as simple as a boat ride.

"Can I steer?" asked Dan.

"I don't know," said his father, "I'll see."

I know one thing that's happened to Joe, Ellen thought. He gives them answers which he knows are the ones they don't want. He never used to. There's no reason why Dan can't steer when we get out in the lake, and Joe'll probably let him steer, but Dan wants to look forward to it, and his dad won't let him do that.

"C'mon, Sue," she said, "help me carry things down."

They came back with an armload of sweaters and bathing suits and raincoats and cameras and an extra bag full of bananas, and after somebody had gone back for Ellen's sunglasses and somebody else for the sunburn lotion, they were all in the boat. Joe untied the painter, and the picnic had begun.

Joe steered, and Susan watched his face. It wasn't his Nice Face. Perhaps he didn't like the picnic. That was too bad. It was more fun if everybody liked what they were doing. Susan watched the water widen between them and the shore and jiggled up and down in her seat with excitement.

"Will we be back today?" asked Dan.

"How old are you, anyway?" said his father impatiently. "Do we look as if we were going to spend the night?"

"No," said Dan calmly. He didn't mind the sarcasm too much, and his question was answered. But Ellen was angry. If he's going to be like that all day, she thought, it won't be much fun.

"You can still see the flagpole," said Susan.

"Yep, you can," said Dan.

It's funny," said Susan. "We were just there—and it's going farther and farther away, and it looks different."

They passed the round island came down on it, and some children came down on the dock and waved.

"I bet they wish they were us," said Susan.

Another boat was coming toward them, and in a minute they recognized the mail boat. Mr. Owen signaled to them, and came up close and turned off his engine. Joe turned off theirs. Mr. Owen handed three envelopes to Joe, started his engine and went on again. It seemed to Susan the most excit-

ing thing she had ever known. got mail," she said. "Right out here in the middle of the lake."

"It's a good thing we met him," said Joe. "A bill from the cleaner's, a card from my dentist telling me he's moved and an engraved invitation to buy my wife's mink coat at summer prices."

"I don't suppose," said Brad, speaking for the first time since they had left, "there was anything for me."

Probably he's in love, thought Ellen. You can be terribly in love at sixteen.

Joe spun the flywheel, but nothing happened. They rocked serenely on the wake of the mail boat. Joe turned oil cups and primed. Then he stood back with his hands on his hips and looked at the engine. "Why that blasted fool wanted to stop us in the middle of the lake..." he said.

"He thought we'd like our mail," said Susan, defending Mr. Owen.

"All right, you've got your mail. So I guess we're going to stay right here all day and read it."

Dan got up and came to look at the engine. The movement rocked the boat.

"Sit down!" said his father.

Brad got up and moved forward. "Maybe if you—" he began.

"Sit down!" said his uncle. "And shut up. I don't want to hear another word out of any of you, and as soon as I do get this condemned engine started, we're going to go home."

"No, we're not," said Ellen hastily.

"He doesn't mean it."

"Well, we'll have to, if it takes all day to get it started," said Joe, spinning the flywheel again.

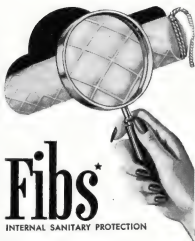
Ellen got up and came over to him. "Joe," she said softly.

"All right," he said, knowing well enough what she wanted to say, knowing well enough he was spoiling everything for the kids. He was ashamed of doing that, so to cover his shame he fed his anger and let it grow and move inside him. He could feel the silence around him, the tension. Susan, for a dreadful moment, was wishing they hadn't come. But in a minute the engine caught and coughed and picked up, and they moved on. Joe sat down to steer in silence. If he apologized, he would have to shout over the engine noise, and it would sound too silly. He compromised by smiling at Susan, and the immediate warmth of her response made him still more ashamed.

He beckoned to Dan. "Want to steer?" he said. He gave him the wheel and pointed out their course. Dan set his mouth firmly and kept a steady hand. Joe went and sat by Ellen.

He's sorry, Ellen thought, and nothing on earth could make him say so, even if he wants to, and I think he does. But I can see my life too clearly, and I don't like it. Days of wondering what mood he's going to be in, holding important questions until the proper time to ask him, lying about little things, keeping the kids quiet. I won't do it.

"You can't even see the flagpole now," said Susan. Home had disappeared. It was a little frightening in a pleasurable sort of way. The lake was very wide here, eight miles wide, Joe said, and they were right in the middle. The



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shore was a dim green line on either side, and there weren't many boats.

They had gone on a long way, and Susan was looking for the island though she knew it was still 'way ahead, when there was a sudden scraping sound, and they stopped with a bump which knocked Jennifer off the seat. Her frog fell overboard. Joe leaped to look over the side; Ellen jumped to pick up Jennifer; Dan sat crouched in white terror, his first panic reaction being that he had done this, and perhaps they would say no to the puppy.

Joe turned back to his wife with a grim face. Everybody waited. Everybody looked at Joe. Oh, hold it, thought Ellen, please hold it. If you really cut loose now they'll be frightened. This is a strange happening, and for them everything depends on how we take it. She saw Joe's mouth tighten.

"Well, well," he said in an artificial sort of voice, "the great Cartwright Exploring Expedition seems to have met a temporary setback."

Susan relaxed. Ellen felt as she had the day Dan had recited his Christmas piece without forgetting. "Oh, good boy!" she said to herself, "Good boy! You can do it; you made yourself; I saw you." Dan had not laughed. He was still frightened.

"It wasn't your fault, fella," said his father. "We're on a big rock, but there wasn't any marker. You couldn't have seen it."

"The marker's broken off," said Brad. "I can see a piece of the stick."

He and Joe got out on the rock and shoved, but it was no good. They were stuck.

They were still there an hour later, and not a boat had come near them.

"Is it possible," asked Joe, still wearing what Susan called his Nice Face, "that on this lovely summer day, on this well-populated lake, we are going to sit for hours without seeing a rescuing craft?"

"It would seem so," said Ellen.

"In that case," he said, "we said we were going to have a picnic, and we'll have one. This rock is very flat and smooth, and we can swim, and we can eat, and we can fish. Come on, Swiss Family Robinson, to our pleasure."

The rock was a lovely rock to swim from. The water was cool and clear. They climbed back into the boat all dripping and ate the sandwiches and eggs and bananas. It was an Adventure, and no one was cross. Jennifer went to sleep. Dan and Susan fished from the stern. Brad read his book.

"We'll get home today, won't we?" asked Dan. He had been having fun, and the horrid possibility had just struck him.

"Oh, sure," said his father lazily, although he really didn't know. He would never have thought they could go this long without sighting somebody who could help. It was ridiculous. It was also enjoyable. He was warmed by the sun and cooled by the water and full of food, and it had been much more fun to be pleasant than to be cross.

"Where is everybody?" asked Ellen.

"Is it a plot? And what are we going to do, really?" she added.

"At the moment I'm too comfortable to think," Joe said. "I still think that somebody's bound to come by."

"Suppose no one does come," she said. "We can't stay here all night." "We can't very well do anything else," he said, "if nobody comes. We've got sandwiches left, and a lot of sweaters, and a bottle of whisky which I so thoughtfully brought along for medicinal purposes. Relax, kid." She relaxed against his shoulder.

"Joe," she said. "Remember that offer Mr. Prescott made you to come and teach history at Brentwood?"

"Yeah," he said lazily.

"Why don't you take it?"

He felt as jolted as he had when the boat stopped. "What did you say?"

"Why don't you take it?"

"Give up my job and go teach history at a boy's school? I couldn't."

"Why?" she said. It was as if that little word were a tangible thing which they could see as it drifted from her

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ON THE BEACH

by CHARLES HOFFMAN

mouth and floated, carrying its curving question mark beside it, up against the blue sky. There seemed to be no answer.

"But," he said, "when I told you, and laughed and said of course not, you laughed and said of course not—"

"I know," she said, "we were thinking of what we'd have to give up. But what? At least, what worth keeping?"

"There'd be a lot less money."

"I know that. So what?"

"You mean it?" he said, staring.

"Certainly I mean it."

"Well, good heavens!" he said. "I never considered it for a minute."

"Consider it. Would you like it?"

"Oh, I'd like it all right. I knew that as soon as Prescott suggested it."

"Is it still open?"

"He said he'd wait until August, though I told him not to. I told him the no was final. But I think he waited. Are you sure—"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"We'll do it," he said very quietly. "This calls for a drink. One drink. Unless you'd rather not."

"I'd rather," she said. He got the bottle and poured a little into two paper cups, and they touched the rims and drank, smiling. He put the bottle away and came back and sat down again, and suddenly they both burst out laughing and laughed until the tears were running down their cheeks because here, marooned on a rock, and so suddenly, they had made a decision which would affect their whole future.

Dan caught a fish. His father took it off the hook and put it in the fish box. Dan was proud but a little anxious.

"I haf to get home tonight," he said "because tomorrow is Wednesday."

"I see," said his father, looking at the boy's face and remembering the week last spring when he had decided to learn to ride a two-wheeled bike and had talked of and done nothing else until he had learned. Whatever it is that's eating him about Wednesday, he's not going to tell us.

Jennifer woke up and said, "My frog!" Susan had seen him go overboard. He could swim, Jennifer was told; he was probably having a good time in the lake, but she was inconsolable until they all went swimming again and her father gave her a long ride on his back. They got back in the boat and dried in the sun.

"I think," said Ellen, taking off her cap, "that this adventure is going to get complicated. Look at the west."

"Whoops," said Joe, "how right you are. Thunderheads. Well, there's a canvas cover of sorts. But if there are any boats out this will drive them home. Battle stations, boys and girls."

I don't suppose we'll drown, Ellen thought. It will be uncomfortable, but I guess that's all. In the light of recent events, it seemed little enough. Together, simply, and in a minute, she and Joe had come to a decision, and she knew that it was the right decision. Between them again was the current—they were moving as one person, not two. His spirits, she saw, had soared sky-high. He was giving idiotic orders in a quarter-deck voice about battening down the hatches and securing the cargo.

Susan and Brad caught the infection and moved about saying, "Aye, aye, sir," and doing his bidding. But Dan sat in the stern watching everything and saying nothing until he said, "Daddy, I haf to get home tonight."

"Why?" asked his father, coming at last to the question direct.

"Because," said Dan, wriggling. "I haf to be there first thing in the morning."

"Want to tell me why?"

Dan shook his head. He hung on to the secret, now more by habit than inclination. He must bring the puppy home before he told them. He had seen it happening that way too often in his mind for him to change now.

"Well, look," said his father, "I think we'll get home tonight. I still don't believe that a whole day can go by without some boat coming near enough for us to halt it. But if no boat should—I was kind of figuring on making a party of this—it will be an adventure like Robinson Crusoe, see? We can—"

But Dan had risen, and before anyone could see what he was doing, he dove over the stern. He was a good swimmer and used to diving, but he didn't come up at once. He didn't come up for what seemed to his mother a horrible length of time; when he did a trail of red followed him in the water.

Joe had his knees flexed to jump when he saw that Brad was ahead of him. Brad got the boy under the arms and towed him back to the boat. Joe

helped them both aboard and Brad, a new Brad, efficient, cool, commanding, stretched Dan out on the floor and used artificial respiration until the boy's eyelids fluttered, and his breath came back. Then Brad found a clean handkerchief and bound up the cut head. "He hit the rock," he said; "it reaches 'way back."

Dan lay with his head in his mother's lap. Brad and Joe got the canvas cover tied, and the storm broke. The boat, aground though she was, rocked in the waves. Jennifer was sick. Dan's head was hot, and he muttered and tossed. Nightmare rode over them, and through it Ellen tried to remember that she and Joe had decided something good, to remember the light in his eyes, to know the flagpole was still at the end of the lake; they'd get back to it somehow.

"Phew!" said Joe. "It's over. The west is clear."

"The wind's shifted," said Brad. "It's strong from the south. Let's shove again, Uncle Joe. The wind and the waves are with us now."

He and Joe climbed out on the rock and shoved again, and incredibly the boat slid sweetly off and tossed in the rough water. Joe and Brad climbed aboard. The engine, as if it knew the fates had given up, started at a touch.

"Steer, Brad," said Joe, and went to sit by Ellen.

"Dan's feverish," said Ellen. Now nothing seemed important except getting this small boy home. How could she ever have worried about non-essentials? Susan sat watching them rather forlornly. Jennifer had recovered quickly from her sickness.

Poor Sue, thought Ellen, her famous picnic was a little mixed. As if reading her thoughts, Joe went and sat by Susan. "Is Dan all right?" she said.

"He'll be all right," said Joe. "It isn't a very bad cut. What was he trying to do, do you think?"

"I think," said Susan, "he was going to try to swim ashore. He's little, Daddy. Don't be cross with him."

"Of course not," said Joe. "Do you know what all this is about Wednesday?"

"No, I don't," said Susan. "He wouldn't tell me."

"The island's still there," said Joe. "We'll go next week. And Dan's going to be okay. You'll see."

He moved back toward his wife and dropped a hand on Brad's shoulder in passing. "Good man," he said, "and thank you."

Susan went over and sat by Brad who smiled down at her. She snuggled up against him. He was nice, after all. Brad, suddenly important, recognized, indispensable, kept a steady hand on the wheel. He was in charge. He steered them home, humming softly.

"There's the flagpole," said Susan. And there it was.

The doctor pronounced Dan's head sound. The cut was small and needed no stitches. No sign of concussion. He was feverish, but it would pass. He was to stay in bed for the next three

days. But Dan didn't want to. Mary had been left with him while the rest ate supper, and she yelled for help. Joe took the stairs three at a time.

"He says he's going to get up," said Mary. "He thinks it's Wednesday."

"All right, Mary, I'll take over . . . Listen, son," said Joe, bending over Dan, "it's still Tuesday. But you've had a bang on the head, old man, and you've got to stay still. Why don't you tell me what it's all about?"

So Dan told him. Good heavens, thought his father, had I gone that far — so that my son was afraid to tell me he wanted a puppy?

"I'll get him for you myself," he said. "I know that man. His name's Gilbert. He knows me. He'll give me the puppy." He sat down and took the boy's hand. "What are you going to call him?"

"I don't know," said Dan weakly. "You might name him Picnic."

"Oh, yes," said Dan in a stronger voice and with a recognizable laugh. "Picnic." He fell asleep presently, and his father went downstairs.

"He's asleep," he said to Ellen. "I've got an errand to do. I think I'll do it now." She came to the door with him.

"Did you mean it?" he asked, referring to that sunlit hour in the boat. "Of course I meant it."

He kissed her briefly and glanced through the door of the living room. "I'll never have to write the letter now," he said, and though she didn't know what he was talking about, she rejoiced at the elation in his voice.

Half an hour later Dan woke up, hearing his father's voice. "Somebody to see you," he said and put Picnic down on the bed. Picnic washed Dan's face all around below the bandage. Dan hugged him and said not a word. Two large fat single tears ran down his cheeks. Picnic removed them. Joe left them there together.

Joe and Ellen sat in the living room and made plans quietly. Then Joe called Mr. Prescott long distance.

"Just like that," he said, returning. "All set?"

"Bridges burned. You'd better not be sorry now."

"I shan't be sorry."

Joe went over to the desk and threw away a lot of papers. "Good heavens," he said, "how long ago was morning?"

Susan lay in bed and thought about the island. She had thought that by now she would know all about it, and they had not yet been to the island, but it was still there, and Daddy said they would go next week. So here she was with the Island Picnic still to come. Strange, and a little magic.

In Dan's room Picnic spoke to Dan repeatedly. He said, "These are all nice people, and this is a good home, and I shall be happy here. I like them all, but I am your servant and your slave and your companion, and you are my master and my god, and where you go I shall go." Having delivered himself several times of these opinions with a wet tongue and a vibrating tail, Picnic scratched a large section of fluff off the good blanket, turned around seven times, and slept.

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B

Three-piece suit in American Woolen sharkskin. Suit has double-breasted jacket with simulated vertical pockets and side-slit skirt. Matching three-quarter length topcoat is interlined. Grey or tan. Sizes 10 to 20. About \$50 each. Polly Parker Originals.

Suit of Forstmann's broadcloth designed for the 5'5" figure. Jacket has pointed revers and petal-cuffed pockets. Black, brown, bottle green, burgundy, winter green, charcoal, grey, beige, or winter navy. P. A. T. sizes 10 to 18. About \$40. A Mandelbaum suit.

Where to buy Male-Tested Fashions

shown on pages
23, 24 and 25

On sale at these stores

If you live in:

Albany, N. Y.
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boston, Mass.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Des Moines, Iowa
Kansas City, Mo.
Louisville, Ky.
Meriden, Miss.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Newark, N. J.
New York City
Philadelphia, Pa.
Phoenix, Ariz.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Providence, R. I.
Salt Lake City, Utah
Springfield, Ill.
Springfield, Mass.
St. Paul, Minn.
Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Washington, D. C.
Wilmington, Del.

go to:

W. M. Whitney Co.
Hutzler Brothers Co.
Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Abraham & Straus
Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
H. & S. Pogue
Younkers
Horsfield's
Byck's
The Liberty Shops
Boston Store
L. Bomberger
Bloomingdale's
Strawbridge & Clothier
Porter's
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Olds & King
Gladding's
The Paris Co.
Roland's
Albert Steiger Co.
Newman's
The Liberty Shops
The Hecht Co.
Bird-Speakman

to get:

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Sketches by John Hapgood

Double-breasted cutaway suit of Juillard's worsted gabardine. Jacket has wing cuffs and four unpressed pleats for back fullness. Wide unpressed box pleat at skirt back. Oak brown, winter green, charcoal, black, mahogany, plush red, skipper blue, beige or pearl grey. Sizes 10 to 18. About \$70. A Christian Dior adaptation by Dan Millstein.

One-button tailored suit with self-handed pockets. American Woolen worsted gabardine in grey, green, wine, brown or black. Sizes 10 to 18. About \$60. A Courthouse Fashion.

ACCESSORIES:

BERETS by STETSON

Dark Colors, \$12.95

Light Colors, \$14.95

GLOVES by SHALMAR

Best-matching colors, \$3.00

SHOES by BROWN SHOE CO.

Natural leathers, \$9.95

JEWELRY by TRIFARI

BAGS by ROGER VAN S.

FURS by KOLKIN & WILNER



Long After Summer

Long after summer this gentle love story will remain in your heart

A COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL by **ROBERT NATHAN**

who wrote "ONE MORE SPRING" and "A PORTRAIT OF JENNY"

Chapter I

My home is on sandy soil. In summer, the honey-locusts make a pale sea-colored light in front of my windows; the lilac grows by the door; the scrub pines huddle together on the hills. They are small trees, scraggly, scaly, dark and rusty; but they look big because the hills are small. The hills roll across the cape like waves; the river flows through them to the bay. Near the river mouth is Farnet Bight, where the boats are moored, and Manuel Ferrara has his boatyard.

Sometimes, when the wind is in the southwest, I can hear his creaking mallet, or the sudden clang of steel on iron. The southwest wind, the smoky southwester, is the kindest wind; it comes in over the bay, from the summer mainland; it has a warm smell. The north-west wind is cold and hard, and the northeast wind is ocean-bright. From the southeast comes rain, and sometimes a hurricane.

There are not many people here, where I live. Most of the men are fishermen, or lobstermen; they moor their boats in the bight, from where they go out to their pots, or to the traps. The trap boats go out at dawn and come back again before noon, but the lobstermen come in when the afternoon grows shadowy. The gulls follow them in, crying.

My own sailboat is moored in the bight, too. She is a centerboard sloop, twenty-two feet long. Manuel built her and sold her to me many years ago. In summer I sail out into the bay and anchor somewhere along the shore in the bright, hot sun. I am not too old, at forty, to swim in the clear green water.

And I am not too old for dreams, or for the deep feelings of youth—though so much of my own youth is behind me. It is simply that I do not reach out as far; I want less for myself. Now I am happy with a few days of bright weather, with the sun in the young locust leaves, or the wind on the sea.



They were no more than children, but so in love with life and each other.

There is a little evening light in the air around me. In that crystalline light, everything is clear, and everything is mysterious. Distances become confused, the far seems near; and even time, on whose airy tide we dart and dance like dandelion seeds, does not always appear to be moving in the right direction.

Manuel Ferrara is older than I, but the world does not seem mysterious to him. He believes what he sees and what he knows. He says very little; he keeps his talk down to the essentials. His wife talks as little as he; otherwise, I'm sure he would have left her years ago. Manuel knows how to build good boats; he has all the knowledge he needs.

Other people depend on that knowledge for their safety. If Manuel says that a dory's canvas will hold the waves, it will hold them. If he were wrong, someone would be drowned. Only a writer can talk about what he doesn't understand, without harming anybody.

We were working on my boat together, in the vinegar sun of early spring. Next to us, Alben Deacon and his son Jot were painting their big power dory, lying on their backs on the ground, slapping the copper paint along the bottom. In the bight, the dark water moved sluggishly, and the gulls angled by overhead, white and gray as April clouds. It was cold and peaceful out there by the water. Penny, my old dog, lay and watched us; she was going to drop her litter in June.

There is nothing better than to work down by the river on a clear day in April, when the sun is just beginning to warm the air again, and the silence of winter still lies on the land and over the empty sea. Then everything is calm and unhurried; the hours move slowly; sun and earth are shy with each other, like strangers. The river makes a small, sandy sound, as the tide comes in; there is time for everything.

The tide comes in slowly at first; for a while you can't be sure if it's moving at all. Now it begins to slip by, faster and faster, stronger and stronger; it is full and deep; it nears the flood, and now it moves more slowly again. And in the end, it stands motionless before it turns back to the sea.

Perhaps it is true that there are days which do not go by as fast as other days, and that time does not always move at the same speed. How endless were the summers of my youth; and the long, cold winters. Summer and winter go by so fast now; everything is over almost before it is begun.

Cape Cod men don't do much talking when they work. Like their houses, each set off by itself and facing its own direction, they take to privacy. Alben Deacon and his son were no exception; they worked along in silence for most of the time. At fourteen, Jot Deacon was a friendly boy, but quiet. He'd had two years of high school and that was thought enough. They said he knew almost as much about lobstering as his father.

As I remember it, Manuel made only two remarks that day. The first one



As soon as she knew the puppy was hers, she decided to name it Monday.

came after I had ventured the opinion that summer would be likely to be late that year. I had no business to have any opinion at all; we had had some poor years all in a row, with no easterly late in May when the beach plum was in blossom; dry summers, and long, hot autumns; but there was no reason why we should have the same thing over again. No one made any comment for quite a while; Manuel looked at the bubble in his spirit level and then squinted along a plank. I could hear the sloop-slop of the Deacons' paint brushes against the hull of their dory. I had almost forgotten that I had said anything at all, when Manuel cleared his throat, and remarked, "Autumn be early."

I remember looking down and seeing Jot Deacon lying alongside the keel of the dory, with a smudge of copper paint on his chin. And I remember thinking that he looked kind. One doesn't expect kindness in children; in fact, it is usually something of a shock to find it in the human face at all.

Manuel's second remark was not addressed to me, but to Alben. "You goud to put new canvas on that dory?" he asked.

Alben didn't bother to look up from his painting. "Don't know as I will," he said.

Manuel said nothing further. It wasn't for him to offer an opinion without being asked. Later, when I asked him if he thought the canvas needed changing, he simply shrugged his shoulders. It was his way of saying it wasn't his business to run Alben's life or mine, either.

Chapter II

A few weeks later I walked over to the Ferrara cottage on the South Pamet. The salt grass in the hollows was green, but on the Truro hills the lichen moss was still silver-colored, and the pines

rusty from the winter. I thought, perhaps, Mrs. Ferrera might know of someone to do a little house cleaning for me, once or twice a week.

The Perrera house of weathered shingles, the long low roof sloping almost to the ground, stood in a patch of sandy, weedy grass. Inside, it was clean and bare, and smelt of linoleum and oil. I found Mrs. Perrera rocking up and down in her kitchen chair. She didn't ask me in; she gave me a glance as bright as a bird, and no more—or less—friendly. "Manuel ain't here," she announced.

"I came to see you," I said, and told her what I wanted.

When I was finished, she merely shook her head. "I wouldn't know," she declared.

I felt uncomfortable, standing there in the doorway. She was a lot like Manuel; she said no more than she had to.

"Well," I began—I looked at the sandy yard, with its straggle of weeds and weedy bushes—"if you hear of anyone—"

"How old would you want?" she asked suddenly.

How old? I must have looked startled, because she gave a dry chuckle. "She ain't under the table," she said.

"Why," I began, "I wouldn't want a child—"

"I don't know anybody," she snapped, and resumed her rocking again.

That evening at the post office I met Manuel. "Hear you was over," he remarked, and waited—although he knew—for me to tell him what I wanted.

When I told him that I wanted someone to work for me, he shook his head. "Won't nobody do kitchen work," he said, "excepting it's theirs."

It was true. People weren't rich along the Pemet; they had few opportunities to make a living, and those only in summer. But no one wanted to do housework for other people. They didn't like to kneel in any house but their own.

"Mrs. Perrera said something about

how young would I take anybody," I said. "I wouldn't want a child."

Manuel looked out of the post-office window. He seemed to be thinking something over. "We got a girl coming," he said after a while. "Cousin of Mrs. Perrera's. Must be near fourteen. You wouldn't want her."

I had a sudden vision of the bare, clean Perrera cottage, with the two oldish people, Manuel and his wife, rocking up and down in the kitchen, not talking, not saying anything.

"A girl?" I asked in surprise. "Orphan," said Manuel. "She got no other folks. But like you say," he added, "she wouldn't do."

I couldn't see any comfort, having a child working in the house. "No," I said, "she wouldn't do."

There is something about the cape in spring which never fails to affect me. The bare trees, the small elms and locusts standing like weathered sticks in the hollows and on the slopes; the sandy patches on the hills; the gentle light—all give me a sense of permanence and peace. A quiet lies over everything, a quiet of the sea, which is deeper and more watchful than the land. Everything is fresh and gives the impression of being newly washed; everything is innocent and bare. At such times, the cape is like a Sunday child, restrained and virtuous, touching in its simplicity and shining with good intentions.

April slips into May: the green deepens in the grass, the lilacs put out their small, tight buds. Yellow forsythia blossoms before the houses; in the woods, arbutus, half hidden under last year's bearberry and pine needles, gives out its tiny fragrance. Then the shadbush and beach plum race across the cape like waves in the wind, breaking on the hills and in the hollows in sudden white. The broom turns yellow; the lilac blooms in the air which smells of sun, of salt tides, of sand and pine, of wild geranium and gorse. And on the silvery

branches of the locusts, the first small buds appear.

It was in May that the young girl came to live with Manuel and his wife, and it was soon after that I saw her walking across the square with Mrs. Perrera. She was, as Manuel had said, thirteen or fourteen—but nearer fourteen, I thought; a dark-haired girl, with gray eyes, and a spatter of freckles across her face. She seemed very modest and quiet, almost shy, walking in her cousin's shadow, and a little behind her, and I wondered what she thought of her new family and her new life in that clean and silent house. There was nothing in her face to tell me, only the secret, withdrawn look that you see in the faces of children when they think that nobody is watching them. She glanced at me for a moment as she went by; I had an uncomfortable feeling that she hadn't seen me.

At the general store, I found Tom Brattle, in his faded old overalls, and with a bag of hard candy in his hand. Tom is a carpenter when he feels like it; the rest of the time he is a man about town. But since the town consists of seven establishments all told, including the post office and the firehouse, it doesn't make for much. Tom likes to talk. "Well, now," he said; "nice weather we're having."

I agreed that the weather was nice, and couldn't be better.

"Looks like it'd be a good summer," he declared. "You find anybody yet to do your work?"

I told him no, I hadn't—though he knew it anyway.

"By God," he said, "if I was you, I'd advertise up to New Bedford. I knew a feller did that once and got himself a widow to come cook for him. Married her too. Feller up to Eastham," he said. He sucked for a moment at a piece of candy. "Didn't do him no good. She took his car and went off in it, and that's the last he ever seen of her. Seems she warn't a widow, either;

Everything seemed perfect to them—the sky, the sun, the water and themselves.



that's what seemed to upset him most. "Still," he concluded comfortably, "you advertise; you might get yourself something."

"I guess I'll get along," I said.

Tom regarded me thoughtfully. "Seen the new girl over to Perrera's?" he asked.

"I've seen her," I said.

He went to the door and peered out into the empty sunny square. When he came back, he dropped his voice a little. "How do you figure it?" he asked.

"Why," I said, "I don't know as I've thought about it."

"She's an orphan," he declared. "That's what I hear."

When I said I'd heard that, too, he nodded his head solemnly. "Well now," he remarked, "whose orphan is she?"

"She's his wife's cousin," I said.

"Yes?" he said. "It's queer she ain't got none of the family names. She ain't a Silva, nor a Cardozo, nor a Nunes. Nor a Duarte."

I couldn't see what he was getting at; the whole conversation seemed pointless to me. "Anyway," I said, "she didn't come from New Bedford."

"Nope," said Tom. "She come from an orphan asylum."

I went home thinking about the Perrera girl. I wondered what her story was, and if she was Mrs. Perrera's cousin, as Manuel had claimed. I couldn't see why he'd want to say it, if it wasn't true; but then, why had she been put in an orphanage? And left there until now?

It wasn't the kind of thing I wanted to ask Manuel about, but I did. I thought he'd be angry, or refuse to answer; but he only shrugged his shoulders. "You think I keep track of my wife's cousins?" he asked.

I asked him how he'd found out about her. "They wrote me," he said; and that was all. When they had written—or why he had answered—he didn't say. "You find a woman?" he asked.

"No," I said shortly. "I'll do for myself."

He turned away indifferently. "Sure," he said. "Why not?"

And so I would have, except for a storm which came driving in out of the northeast and caught me with a chill. I went to bed the second night with a sore throat and a heavy feeling in my chest, and woke in the morning with a fever.

It was bad enough to be alone, and to be sick; but there was the dog Penny to be fed, and put out, and let in again. And my own soup to heat, and water to get, and the fire to keep up. I was too ill to do most of it, too weak and dizzy; I lay in bed, half cold, half burning, and let the days and nights wash over me.

I thought a great deal of the past, and in a strange way. For it was almost as if the past were still ahead of me, to be lived again; and as though the future were, in fact, the past, and was already forgotten. I remembered days when I had been happy, I remembered friends who had loved me. I reached out to them. I clung to them; something warmer than memory seemed to embrace us . . . And then I would wake

again, shivering, and see the dark and empty night around me, and hear the heavy beating of my own heart.

For most of us, there is only this choice: to live in yesterday, or for tomorrow. And for most of us, how little tomorrow has to offer!

At night I thought of death, and I wept. To perish: to lose my own, my unique life; never to see the green fields of summer, or the wind-dark seas of fall; never to smell the sweet smells of spring . . . to be hustled off, looking back, like a child into a dark closet . . . what a price to pay for having lived! There was no escape . . .

I tried to escape, to forget it, I tried to go back into the past again, but I

*It's very hard to make friends.
It requires that one should give
all oneself without a thought of
return.*

W. Somerset Maugham.

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could not hold the past. As my fever abated, leaving me weak and indifferent, the warm, friendly images faded; I could not remember them any longer. Everything was an effort; I had no appetite, no desire to eat, no interest in keeping warm. Dust lay over everything; I lacked the energy even to make my bed.

Penny, looking thin for all her expectant motherhood, watched me with puzzled and mournful eyes. She lay at my feet, wagging her tail from time to time in encouragement. But I was beyond being encouraged—even by the robins which sang so cheerily in the grass, or by the sun which shone bright and yellow on the young locust leaves outside my window. I was lonely, and I felt old. All the good things were behind me.

One day, as I sat huddled in my chair, listless and discouraged, there was a gentle knock on the door. Penny looked up; she hadn't barked, which was strange; usually she barks when anyone turns in at the gate. Instead, she went quietly over to the door and waited. "Come in," I said.

I hadn't been expecting anyone—least of all Manuel's orphan. She came in slowly, as though she were none too certain of her welcome, but at the same time as though she had modestly made up her mind. She didn't smile; she just looked at me out of her solemn, gray eyes. "I'm Joanna," she said. "Manuel sent me." And she added quickly, "You don't have to pay me anything."

She bent down a moment to pat Penny, who was sniffing and wagging her tail. Joanna's level gaze took in the dusty room, and her young face grew even more solemn than before. "I guess I better tidy up," she said.

Chapter III

Joanna came regularly for a while. She used to arrive a little before noon, carrying a market basket with my food for the day; she'd cook me a good dinner, clean house in the afternoon and leave a hot supper for me on the stove. Penny grew fat and almost frisky, and I began to have a little color. But what was even more important, I found myself waking up in the morning with a little stir of pleasure again. I thought I was just getting well—until the first Sunday, when Joanna didn't come; and then I wondered why I was so restless.

She was a good worker, clean and thorough, with the almost military neatness of the orphanage. For the first time since I could remember, my little house shone. And, although she seemed to take after Manuel in looks, rather than his wife, I thought her pretty, seen close to—or perhaps not so pretty as lovely. It was the loveliness of youth, of that period which is like the spring, when all colors are delicate and fresh, the contours touching and indefinite.

But she was almost as silent as Manuel. It was quite a while before I could get her to talk to me.

From the first, she and Penny took to each other. They seemed to have a secret together, to share some knowledge from which I was excluded. At the time, I thought it was just the natural sympathy of a dog and a child; but later I came to believe that it was something else. I think it was that neither one had ever had anything of her own. They shared their poverty together.

Penny would follow Joanna around the house and out into the yard. Sometimes she'd look back at me, as though to say, "Is it all right?" and then wag her tail and go on again. And sometimes, when Joanna thought I wasn't looking, she would drop to her knees, and catch Penny in a childish hug—but very gently, because of her condition. She only did it when they were alone; and even then, as though she had no right to; it was passionate and hungry and ashamed—like a child without Christmas presents, in front of a shop window.

It wasn't until the third day that I even saw her smile. She had brought me a few little sprays of lavender-rosy thyme to put in a glass on the table. I asked her if she had brought them over from her own house.

She smiled then, and for a rare moment, her usual solemn expression changed into girlish softness and mischief. "They were growing in your garden," she cried. "Outside the door." The smile died in sudden bleakness. "We have no flowers at my cousin's house," she said.

"Then you must plant some," I told her. "We'll dig up some thyme to gether."

But she shook her head. "Oh, no," she cried. "I couldn't."

It didn't seem like a very big thing to me, to dig up a little thyme and plant it again under Manuel's windows, but I gathered that she thought Manuel wouldn't like it. "Perhaps," I said, he'll

let you have a little ground of your own to plant it in."

She didn't answer that. But she gave me a sort of wondering look, such as a grownup might give a child who wanted to make a necklace out of the stars.

As my appetite returned, Joanna used to go down to where the Pamet circled through the Thomas place, and gather watercress for me in the clear, icy stream. And one day she brought me part of a bass, which George Glover had caught the night before over by the river mouth. George had sent it over through Manuel, hearing I was sick.

"I'm being spoiled," I said. "I'm growing lazy."

It was marvelously pleasant. I began to sit out in the sun a little each day; and Joanna and Penny would sit with me, Penny sprawling on the grass, while Joanna perched a bowl of peas, or sewed a button on a shirt. I tried to get her to talk about herself, but I never got very far.

"Tell me, Joanna," I said, "do you remember your own home, when you were little?"

"No," she said.

"Or your mother or your father?"

"I didn't have any," she said.

"How did you know to write to your cousin Manuel?" I asked.

She gave me a strange look from under her dark eyelashes. "I didn't write to him," she said.

It occurred to me at that moment that perhaps she didn't know, herself, why Manuel had sent for her. If she did, it was clear that she didn't want to talk about it.

I hadn't paid her any wages yet, and she didn't want to talk about that, either.

I asked her why she had come to work for me.

"You were sick," she said.

"Did Manuel send you?"

"He said I could come."

"He expects you to be paid," I said.

She hung her head, and I could see that she was unhappy. It was almost as if I were trying to take something valuable away from her. "You can't work for nothing," I said. "It would make me feel bad."

A sudden wave of color flooded her face and throat. "Would it really?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes," I said.

"All right, then," she said shyly. "You can pay me if you want to."

It must have been the idea of someone feeling bad because of her that seemed incredible and wonderful to her. I had an idea that, whatever I paid her, it would all go to Manuel, anyway.

But I figured that I'd better have a talk with him, and so the next Sunday I went over to the South Pamet in my old car. It was good to be up and about again; as I passed the general store, Tom Brattle, in his Sunday clothes, waved his hand at me. "How you feeling?" he called. Half a dozen children were there, sitting on the steps, watching the Sunday cars go by. I saw Jot Deacon among them; he gave me a shy smile. It was high tide where the

Pamet curved past Snowie's Service Station; I figured, church being over, George Glover was fishing.

They were all home at the Perrera house—Manuel, his wife Josie, and Joanna. Manuel pushed a chair across the linoleum floor toward me. "You look peaked," he said. "Sit down."

It was a silent group to begin with; and after a few remarks about the weather, my health, and the week's catch at the traps, it seemed as though we'd come to the end of what there was to say. I was used to Manuel's silence, but it troubled me to see what happened to Joanna—how all the delicate glow of youth, the shaky, uncertain joy, was drained out of her. She might have been a woodcut of one of the early Pilgrims, sitting there straight and silent in her kitchen chair, her hands folded in her lap. She might never have seen me before, for all the attention she paid me.

I guessed it was up to me to bring up the subject, since nobody else did. "It was nice of you to send me Joanna," I said finally. "She was a good help to me." I thought that she sat a little straighter in her chair, but I couldn't be sure. "I'd like to pay her," I said.

"Okay," said Manuel.

"What do you think would be right?" I asked.

Manuel opened the drawer of the kitchen table, and took out a crumpled piece of yellow paper with some scribbles on it. "Two weeks," he said, "less a day—no Sundays. That's how I make it."

"That's right," I said.

"I make it thirty-three dollars," said Manuel.

I figured that fifty cents an hour, six hours a day; it didn't seem much of a wage, though thirty-three dollars, all at once, like that, seemed like a lot of money.

"And sixty-five cents extra for soup greens," said Mrs. Perrera.

I took out thirty-three dollars and sixty-five cents and put it down on the table. "I'm much obliged," I said.

Manuel took the money and put it in the drawer. "I hope she done all right," he said.

He spoke without kindness or unkindness; he might have been talking about a sailboat or a dory. I looked at Joanna; she seemed to me made of stone. I had a feeling that this was what she had dreaded all along—being talked about like that, in front of a stranger. And in that moment I had a sudden, almost frightening glimpse into the heart of a child whom nobody had ever loved.

"She did all right," I said. "She did fine."

I heard her give the faintest of sighs, as if she had been holding her breath. "I didn't charge you for time coming and going," said Mrs. Perrera.

"I'd have been glad to pay it," I said. "As a matter of fact"—I hesitated, and then took a deep breath and plunged in—"I'd like it if Joanna kept on working for me," I said. "That is, if it suits you."

I saw her lift her head with a jerk,

and her eyes looked round as saucers in her face. A faint color rose in her cheeks, and her lips parted a little. She looked quickly at Manuel; and then her glance slid away, as though she wanted to hide her eagerness.

Manuel looked over at his wife and shrugged his shoulders. "You want her regular?" he asked. "She's pretty young."

"I wouldn't need her every day," I said. "Say three times a week. Afternoons."

He said silent, figuring it out. "That's twelve hours a week," he said. "Six dollars."

"Wouldn't hardly pay, at six dollars," said his wife.

He studied the back of his hand for a moment. "You aren't figuring to have her do real heavy work?" he asked.

"Let's make it seven dollars a week," I said. "It won't be heavy work."

"You give her supper?" asked Mrs. Perrera.

"I'll give her supper," I said.

So it was arranged. A little while later, I took my leave. Manuel went to the door with me; he was taciturn and friendly, as always. "You coming down to the river soon?" he asked. "Time your boat was in the water."

"I'll be there," I said, "as soon as I get my legs under me."

But as I was climbing into the car, Joanna came racing after me. "I'm going to learn to make a clam pie," she said breathlessly. "Cousin Josie's going to teach me."

Chapter IV

So Joanna came to work for me three days a week. I never did know which of us was more pleased with the arrangement.

She had only one dress, but she managed to tuck it off each day with a different ribbon. She must have had three or four ribbons, and a pair of shoes; and I suppose a toothbrush, and perhaps a comb. I never knew anybody with so little of her own as Joanna.

A child without earthly possessions seems much poorer than a grownup. It's as if some essential part of childhood were missing—some portion of love between herself and the rest of the world, such as she might give a cotton rabbit or a porcelain dove. For a child's heart is full of love; it spills over with it, and it needs something of its own.

My illness had left me feeling poorly, and it was well into June before I got my boat into the water. By then, Penny had had her puppies.

There were only three of them, and two had already been promised. I didn't particularly want to keep the third, which was something of a runt, anyway; but Joanna seemed so taken with it, that I couldn't get myself to do away with it. It was male, and I thought if we were going to keep him, we ought to name him. I had already named the

other two, Pepper and Cinnamon.

"How about Salty?" I asked. And so Salty he became—for two days.

Because it was just two days later that I found Joanna in tears—for the first and almost the last time, as long as I knew her. "Why, Joanna," I exclaimed; "what's the matter?"

She didn't answer, but pointed to my big coffee cup, which lay broken in pieces on the table. I thought that she expected to be scolded. "It doesn't matter," I said. "Forget it."

But she went right on weeping. Apparently, it wasn't my anger, she minded, but the loss of the cup itself. "It slipped right out of my fingers," she cried.

"But it doesn't matter," I assured her. "It doesn't matter at all. It was only a cup."

"It was yours," she declared, moist and inconsolable.

"We can buy another," I said.

She looked at me with round and startled eyes, as though I'd told her that the moon was made of cheese. At that moment, I must have appeared to her as a man of fabulous wealth. She still had a tendency to sniffle, and she gave a mild hiccup.

The more one owns, the less importance one attaches to the belongings of others. The child who has never owned anything lives in a world of priceless treasures, all belonging to somebody else. In such a world, a broken coffee cup is a real disaster.

It was then that I made up my mind to give Joanna something of her own. But what can you give a child? It wasn't my business to dress her, and she seemed too old for a doll.

The solution was under my nose; I only wonder that it took me so long to see it. I decided to give her Salty.

For a long while, she wouldn't believe it. "You mean he's mine?" she cried. "He's to belong to me?"

"He belongs to you already," I told her.

"Oh, my," she breathed. And sinking to the ground, she gathered the squirming puppy into her arms. Penny watched her anxiously, but with affection; after a while she came over and licked Joanna's hands.

But the child still only half believed it. "Can I call him whatever I like?" she asked. It was as if giving him a name of her own choosing would really make him hers. When I assured her that she could call him by any name she pleased, she wrinkled her brow in the most solemn thought. "I'll call him Monday," she said at last.

"Monday?" I said. "Why? Do you think that's a good name for a dog?"

"No," she said, "I guess it isn't. But I like it because it's the day I come here."

"So is Wednesday," I pointed out.

"And Friday."

"I know," she said. "But on Friday the week's all finished, and on Monday it's just begun."

I wondered sometimes why she was so happy working at my house. I'd have thought she would rather have found other children to play with. But she never seemed to care for other children—except one; and he wasn't a child. And you couldn't call it playing.

It was about a week later that I went down to the bight to see about putting my boat in the water. It was one of those clear, bright days that we have sometimes on the cape, when the air itself seems to shine with light, when the water is all one deep and level blue, and the sky is the color of cornflowers. The dunes stand up along the Truro shore, yellow as butter-milk; and across the bay, the low line of Provincetown lies like a cloud in the water. Later on, in the fall, they'd call such a day a weather breeder; but in June it was just good weather.

I took Joanna along with me; not, as I explained to Manuel, to do any of the heavy work, but because

I thought she would like it. The tide was starting to come in when we got there; we put the rollers under the boat, rigged up a tackle, and got the boat down to where the water would float her on the rise. It was pleasant and easy; there was plenty of time, and the tide would do most of the work for us. Manuel helped rig up the tackle, and checked over my stays with me; he kept looking over at Joanna when he thought I wasn't noticing. It was a strange look, veiled and brooding; I couldn't tell what he was thinking.

The tide came in, chuckling against the planks; it wasn't long before we were floating.

I pushed out into deeper water and let down the centerboard. A little dampness came in, but not enough to bother about. I got up sail, and we slid away toward Cornhill.

Joanna hadn't expected to go anywhere. "We're moving," she cried, with wonder.

We went north out of the bight, across the river, and up through the inlet and back again. Joanna sat in the bow without saying a word, but she never stopped looking at the sea and the sky. The black and white terns flew over us, dived into the water like bullets, and came up again with harsh screams; and the old sail creaked a little at the leach. Once, as we came about, Joanna nearly fell off into the water; she looked back at me, suddenly frightened, but it wasn't herself she was frightened for; she was afraid that I might think her a nuisance.

It was good to have the tiller in my hand again, to feel the tug and pull of the tide, to feel the wind push the sail, and the sail push back against it. It was restful and faraway, out on the water; we did not belong any more to that solid world of earth and houses, full of loneliness and other troubles. We had our own world of sun and peace; and it was quiet except for the terns, and the creak of the sail or the cluck of water along the hull.

When we got back to the mooring that Manuel had set out for me, I let Joanna help me furl the sail; and after a while, somebody rowed out to fetch us.

It was Alben Deacon's boy, Jot. While we were out in the inlet, I had seen Alben's boat, the Bodge, come chugging in through the river mouth, a little white smoke puffing up from under her counter, and her spine—that long pole of seasoned ash which holds the canvas cover over her like a tent—stowed away and out of sight. Alben had been out baiting his lobster pots; most of his traps were on the back side, out in the ocean past the Race, but it was too mild a day for canvas.

"You going to take us in, Jot?" I called out to him.

"That's right," he said.

"Maybe you don't know Joanna," I said. I was busy stowing away some gear, and I didn't look up. I figured the two would get along by themselves.

I heard him say, "How do you do?" and Joanna's small reply; and in a minute or two we climbed over into the dinghy and headed for shore. It wasn't far to go; though it was far enough for me to notice that he and Joanna never once looked at each other. But then, children rarely do look at each other; mostly, they are just wary and indifferent.

"Well," I said when we got ashore; "thanks."

"That's all right," Jot said and started away.

But just as he was going, he turned suddenly and looked earnestly and directly at Joanna. And at that moment, she turned, too, and looked at him the same way. She stood there with her chin up and her gray eyes level and

"Have you seen the orphan girl over at Perra's?" asked Tom. "Whose kin is she?"





There seemed to be no end to her weeping, heartbroken and uncontrolled.

serious, not saying anything, not even smiling—just looking at him. And all of a sudden they weren't children any more; the way they looked at each other, serious and a little proud, wasn't like children. It must have lasted a good half minute; and in that half minute, some question as deep as a girl's heart was asked—and answered.

Joanna was unusually silent on the way home, even for her. It wasn't until we got to the house that she said anything that I can remember. Penny came down to the gate to greet us, with the three puppies tumbling after her; and Joanna picked up Monday and held him against her cheek.

"You're just a silly thing," she said to him. "You wouldn't scarcely be noticed in a haystack."

I didn't know what she meant, and neither did Monday.

Chapter V

Youth is hard to follow, even for those whose hearts remember what it is like to be young. It seems to walk wilderness, it goes around; or it appears to move in the opposite direction altogether. A few days after her meeting with Jot, Joanna said to me, "Sunday is my favorite of all."

I thought that perhaps it was the day before Monday when she came to work, and because she was looking forward to seeing me again. But it presently appeared that I was wrong.

"On Sunday," she said, "I can think of all the nice things that have happened."

"You used to look ahead," I told her. She nodded thoughtfully.

"I know," she agreed. "But that was when there wasn't much to look behind at."

"And now there is?" I asked.

"There's beginning to be." She looked at me anxiously. "Do you think it's wrong?" she asked. "To look behind?"

"Why?" I said.

"Maybe I ought to think about my soul," she said, "instead of how we went sailing."

"Well," I said, "there would be some sense to that. What is gone, is gone."

"Oh," she said, "but it isn't always gone. Sometimes, if I stay very still, parts of it come back."

"By themselves?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I have to remember."

I had been amused, but I saw that Joanna was intensely serious about it. "Tell me," I said, "what is your soul?"

Her face took on a lovely look of happiness and longing. "It's the part of me that belongs to God," she said. "Just like everybody else."

I knew what she meant; it was the part of her that wasn't an orphan. The Christian life led forward to her Father and to her heavenly home. I wondered if she knew the story of Lot's wife, who looked back, and was changed into a pillar of salt.

She must have sat like a little pillar of salt in Manuel's kitchen the first—and only—time that Jot went there to call on her. For Manuel didn't want any young man calling at his house, taking up room, and sitting on his chairs; and he didn't intend to have it happen again. Jot sat there for five minutes, while no one said a word; and then he got up and left.

Joanna took it stoically enough; with that curious, detached acceptance of children to whom no disappointment is ever entirely a surprise, or altogether irreparable. She didn't blame Manuel, either. "I didn't ought to act like it was my own house," she said.

I told her that she had a right to have friends; and I added that if she couldn't entertain them at Manuel's house, she could entertain them at mine.

She looked at me in a shocked way. "I couldn't do that," she said. "It wouldn't be right."

"Pooh!" I said. It made her smile.

I saw Jot in the square a few days after that. "Any time you'd like to come to see me," I told him, "I'd be glad."

It puzzled him; I could see that he couldn't put it together. "You want to see me?" he asked. "What about?"

"Why," I said carelessly, "there are one or two things at my house might interest you."

He thought it over, and after a while I could see him begin to light up inside. "You got Manuel's cousin working for you, haven't you?" he asked almost shyly.

"Come and see," I said. "Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays."

"Well, I will," he said. "Thank you very much."

And he went off, whistling out of tune, and with a self-conscious swagger.

He was whistling the day he came to the house, too. I heard the shrill, tuneless sound outside, and I looked at Joanna to see what she would do. She gave me one startled glance, and her hands flew to her hair in the immemorial way of womankind—the quick and charming gesture of the woman taken by surprise. A moment later, however, her face took on a grim expression, and she reached for the dustcloth, as though to say, "One of us at least has something to do here besides wasting time."

Jot stood propped against the wall, trying to be polite to me and to follow Joanna with his eyes as she moved around the room. She paid no attention to him; and at last out of sheer

pity for him, I asked him to sit down. He was dressed in his best—and probably only—suit; he perspired gently; and his long wrists and unbrowned hands stuck out from his all-too-short sleeves, and hung like great clappers between his knees.

"Well," I said, "how's the lobstering?"

He looked at me blankly for a moment, before turning back to Joanna again. "It's all right, I guess," he said.

"We've been having a fine spell of weather."

"Yes, we have."

"Manuel says that autumn will be early this year."

"Does he so?"

Joanna gave me a demure look as she went by. I could tell that she was thinking: Well, now, what a bright conversation.

"I've got to step out a moment," I said. "I'll be back, just make yourself at home. Joanna will look after you."

The look she gave me then was anything but demure; it was defenseless and suddenly childlike. A faint rose stained her cheeks, and she grew pale; she seemed almost frightened. But Jot just beamed at me in a vague way; he was hardly aware of me. "Oh, sure," he said. "I'll be fine."

I went out and left them together. Joanna wasn't looking at Jot; she was being very busy with her dustcloth, and she had her back turned to him. I heard him say something about the weather.

I looked at my flowers, the ones that were already blooming: the phlox and the poppies, the lupine and cornflowers, and the many-colored petunias; and I walked for a while under the locust trees, which were also in blossom, and making a sweet smell in the air, like jasmine, or honeysuckle. Once or twice I thought I heard a ripple of laughter from the house, but I wasn't sure. I gave them as much time as I could.

When I got back, there didn't seem to be any change, at first sight. Joanna was still dusting, very primly; and Jot was still sitting with his wrists dangling between his knees. But Joanna's



"The girl is queer," said Manuel. "She'll have to go back where she came from."

face had a curiously demure and satisfied expression; there was almost—though not quite—a smile in her eyes. And Jot looked satisfied, too, and relaxed, and almost careless, as though some tension or uncertainty were ended; I half expected to hear him break out whistling again.

There is a kind of communication which needs no words; it is as soundless and invisible as the air; it is like the messages of moths, or the conversation of leaves. It is not even a breath, or the turn of a wrist; it is the way that lovers and children speak to each other, in intimacy and silence. It is an intimacy which no stranger, no third person, can ever hope to penetrate.

Jot said, "I was just telling Joanna you could clean knives pretty good with wet sand."

That may have been what he was saying, but it wasn't what he had been telling her. And when she said, "I'll try it sometime," she was answering something else, to judge from his expression.

We talked a little more about the weather, and lobstering; and Jot told us that Manuel thought they ought to get a new canvas cover for the dory, but Alben didn't feel like going to the expense.

"The old one's pretty tight, still," Jot said. "It'd take real green water to split it open."

"What would happen," asked Joanna, "if it split?"

"We'd get wet," said Jot.

"You'd get more than wet," I said. "You'd be under."

He shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "We been out in a lot of weather," he declared.

"Well," said Joanna sensibly, "if I was you, I wouldn't go out when it was bad."

"We don't," he said. "It blows up afterwards."

"And then," I said, "you put up your cover, and you get under it. And hope it holds," I added.

He smiled at me with infinite patience. "It always does," he said.

When he left, I thought Joanna would say something about his having been there, scold me perhaps for asking him—or thank me. I didn't know which. She did neither. All she said, with a curious air of satisfaction, was, "His middle name is Stanley."

I didn't see why it meant so much to her to know what his middle name was. Except that it was something most people didn't know, and I supposed that therefore, in a way, it seemed like something of her own.

In the weeks that followed, she spent a great deal of time with her puppy Monday, mothering him, playing with him. Monday learned to recognize her at a distance; and long before she turned in the gate, I could hear his excited, shrill barks in the garden. Penny would trot sedately out to meet her, sniff once or twice at her skirts, nose Monday's rear end, and then stand quietly by, while Joanna and Monday greeted each other. Then they would

all three come scrambling into the house, and Penny would come over to my chair, put her head on my hand, and wag her tail as though to say, "Joanna's here."

Chapter VI

"Do you think animals know things that we don't?" Joanna asked me one day.

I said I supposed they did. "If they only knew the sort of things we know," I said, "they couldn't get along in the world at all. Because what they knew wouldn't be good for them. Like knowing the date of the Battle of Hastings, instead of the smell of a rabbit or a woodchuck."

She looked at me gravely for a moment. "Do you think we know what's good for us?" she asked.

"Sometimes," I said. "Some deep sense tells us; but not always."

"Jot has asked me to go out in his

*Let us all be happy and live
within our means, even if we
have to borrow the money to
do it with.*

ARTEMUS WARD

"NATURAL HISTORY"

boat with him." It was the first time, as far as I knew, that she had ever called him by name. It seemed to startle her a little. "With Mr. Deacon too," she said.

I said I thought it was a fine idea.

"When are you going?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know am I going at all."

"You're not afraid of being drowned?"

"Not in the sea," she said.

When she left, Monday would go with her as far as the gate, barking and frisking; and then she would send him back again, looking surprised and sheepish.

The water-green colors of spring gave way to the dusty emerald of summer, and the blueberries were ripe on the hills. They lay in little pools of blue, halfway up the slopes, among the bayberry and sweet fern and the wild cranberry. I took my pail and went to pick them, because it was quiet up there in the sun, because the air was sweet and cool, and because in that arrowy light, under the bright, hilltop sky, time seemed to move more slowly, or even to stand still altogether.

I was not the only one to go berrying. Children filled their pails all up and down the Pamel, to sell to the summer visitors; and even Father Dowdy, the parish priest, perspired gently on the slopes above the town. I found him one day near Dyer's Hollow, sitting in the shade of a bush, and looking out at the sea which lay blue as larkspur below the dunes beyond.

He motioned me to join him; and we sat together, sharing the shade and the sweet smells of grass and fern, watching the blue sea and the blue sky pale away to the horizon.

"I have often thought," he said after a while, "that there is a great lesson to be learned in the economy of nature. Everything has its seasons, and nothing returns for a second time. There is no chance in August to gather blueberries, for those who are too lazy in June."

"The good housewife," I said, "preserves her berries in June, to make pies in November."

Father Dowdy sighed. "There you are," he said. "I am always being proven wrong, just when I think I have got my teeth into something. I forgot blueberry jam, too. Still—if the berries were not picked at the right moment—no," he said, "I believe I am right, fundamentally. There is a season of youth, and a season of wisdom, a time for trial, and a season of grace. Each must be taken as it comes, with gratitude and competence, and not allowed to go by without advantage . . . or there will be no pie in November."

"If one could only have the best seasons over again," I remarked.

But Father Dowdy's face assumed an expression of gentle reproach. "That would be contrary to God's law," he said. "We were not meant to live each day more than once."

"We could have twice the joy," I said.

He looked at me reproachfully. "And twice the pain," he declared. "And no more wisdom or contrition."

We filled the bottoms of our pails with the dust-blue berries, and the next day Joanna baked me a pie. It was not a very good pie; and after she had gone, I went out and buried most of it under a bush. Monday followed me, barking indignantly.

It was not my idea to supplant Manuel as Joanna's guardian; but Jot seemed to think that I was the one to approach for permission to take Joanna to the square dances in the town hall. "Do you think it would be all right?" he asked. I told him to speak to Joanna.

"I don't think Cousin Manuel will let me," she said.

"You can ask him," I said. "Can't you?"

"I don't want to," she said.

"Well, then," I declared, "I'll ask him for you."

Manuel heard me out in his accustomed silence. First he looked at his thumb, and then he looked at the sky. "Why?" he asked.

"Why what?" I said.

"Why should this young feller take my . . . Joanna dancing?"

"Well," I said, "they're both young, and it's good exercise."

"They get plenty of that," he said.

I suppose I was a little vexed. "What difference does it make to you?" I asked.

He gave me a strange look. "None," he said finally.

I said, "They'll be too old for it someday."

"Okay," he said. "If you want."

Joanna spent some time after that, sewing. She had her one good dress, but Manuel's wife said she couldn't dance in it. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't have suited for dancing. She found an old chair cover in my attic, and some ruffled curtains; and she made a skirt and blouse out of them. When it was finished, she looked a little upholstered, but the effect was good, and she was happy.

Just the same, she was frightened at the idea of going to a dance.

"I've never been to one," she said. "I don't know what to do."

I told her that you hopped around, and did what the others did, and what the caller told you. "The steps don't matter," I said. "You skip a lot, and run a little." I showed her how to swing her partner. "It's like this," I said, and took hold of her, to twirl her. She was as light as a dandelion seed, and soft and firm as fresh-baked bread; and long before I lost my breath, she was laughing and ready to pirouette alone.

I went to the town hall the night of the dance to watch the sets. The half-moon was high in the sky; and on the hill over Truro the church and the old meeting house shone white as well-scrubbed bones in the moonlight. Young couples wandered in and out of shadow, among the trees and the parked cars; and upstairs the music played, and the floor creaked and thumped as the couples whirled and promenaded through the figures. "First couple right and left . . . men to the center . . . swing your partner . . ." I could hear the caller's voice and the laughter.

The music stopped, and couples clattered down the wooden stairs into the cool night air. Joanna and Jot raced past me hand in hand, and her eyes were bright as Christmas candles. "That's Manuel's girl," said Tom Brattle. "I wouldn't hardly know her."

He gave me a sly and thoughtful stare. "I understand she works for you," he said. "I guess she's more developed than she looks."

"I guess I don't know what you're talking about," I said.

"I guess you don't," he agreed, "or else you're just too old for her." And he burst out laughing and clapped me on the back. There was nothing malicious about him; he was as natural and frisky as a bear. A honeypot was a honeypot to him, and that was all there was about it.

As the dancers went upstairs again, Joanna stopped for a moment in the lighted doorway and drew me a little aside. "Other boys ask to dance with me," she said rapidly under her breath, "and I don't know what to do."

"But that's natural," I said. "You should be glad."

"Should I? I came with Jot."

"It doesn't matter," I said. "He'll dance with other girls, too."

"Oh," she said, and looked surprised and unhappy. "Well," she said at last, "if I have to . . ."

I watched her dance a set with one of the Joseph boys; it seemed to me that she was making herself out clumsier than she was. She went through

the motions without enthusiasm, and after it was over, the boy left her, and she came and sat with me. "You didn't enjoy that," I said, "but you shouldn't have showed it."

She gazed unhappily at her feet. "I did enjoy it," she declared; "kind of. But I thought Jot would be mad." She looked at me solemnly. "He paid fifty cents for me to get in," she said.

Jot danced by in a reel, with Liza Atkins on his arm. As he went by, he suddenly grinned at us; and Joanna's face lighted up with relief. "I guess it's all right if you dance with other people," she said. And she added shyly, "I'll dance with you, if you want."

But I thanked her, and declined. I was a little old for square dancing; and besides, I had an idea that Jot would be back for the next set. And he was.

I left them dancing a quadrille together, and walked out on to the high land between the old church and the meeting house. Below me, the Pamet Valley lay like a misty hollow in the moonlight; the little river shone in loops of silver on its way to the bay. The night stretched out before me hill-top wide, and the slow winds moved across the sky between myself and the stars. Behind me, the windows of the town hall winked and gleamed among the trees; the music sounded far off and thin and gay, and the air smelled of earth and grass, sweet fern and river damp. A few lights twinkled across the valley to the south; they seemed remote, peaceful and far away.

I looked up through the clear starry air to the rim and saucer of the night, where the infinite suns of our own universe made a milky path across the sky. And once again, as so often, I thought how small and mortal and defenseless was man, how short-lived his youth, how uncertain his joy . . . how he is hurried through a narrow space called time, unable to turn or to retrace his steps, unable to look ahead or behind, seeing nothing, except what is under his nose, uncertain even if what he sees is what it seems to be. For the great pattern of the suns is repeated over and over again, in a blade of grass or in a drop of water; to the spider or the ant, man is as incomprehensible as God. How meager and meaningless the life of a beetle seems to us; how pitiful our own may seem to some undreamed-of power.

Jot and Joanna were dancing; they were young, and their hearts were full of innocence and wonder. They were no more than children, but they were in love, with life, and with the world, and with each other. They saw only their own bright youth; they could not look ahead to age or death. Now, for them, the summer would never end; they did not even look ahead to fall. I envied them; and at the same time, I felt sorry for them because they would never again be so young, so happy and so beautiful.

off Long Point, outside of Provincetown, when several power dories came in from Wood End and the Race, puffing their little smoke behind them, and trailing their kites of gulls. The second boat in was the Bocage, with its canvas down, Jot at the tiller and Joanna in the bow. The sun was behind her; the wind tangled her dark hair, and when she turned to look back, the sun and the water shone in her eyes, and made her laugh.

I had been idling just off the Point, with my sail slack, and my anchor out in ten feet of clear, green water. I had been swimming, and I was drying off in the sun, stretched out forward, sleepily staring down through the cool sea water, in which the sun seemed to make dusty shafts, as in a church or an attic. I might have been anybody, stretched out there in the sun; and the Bocage went by without paying any attention to me. But I had a good view of Jot and Joanna and I noticed how they looked at each other.

It wasn't like two people in love. It was a look that only children have, who have forgotten that there is sorrow in the world . . . a look of gaiety and wonder, of joy without longing, and thanks without fear. It was a look of acceptance and of pure delight in the sun-warmed air, the sparkling water, the blue and peaceful sky, and in each other.

I lifted myself to watch them as they went by, hearing my bones creak a little, like old wood. And for a moment it seemed to me that I was looking at a moment of time in which time itself did not move—a moment suspended in eternity, hung like a cobweb motionless in the air—the amaranthine sea, the unfading light of day and youth's enduring dream.

The Bocage went on around the point, leaving a little wake of smoke and foam behind her; and I let myself down on to my belly; again and drowned in the sun. Beneath me, thousands of minnows did this way and that in sudden swoops and darts, pursued by nothing, or by the shadow of a fear . . . a mass, a horde of tiny creatures, all alike, moving together in a simple pattern; shaped by some impulse outside themselves, yet of them — a master will, a master mind, having no body in itself, yet being, in its essence, fish. Here, among the minnows, there was no single identity, no individual; the only thing a fish could do alone, was die. Together, in legions, in nations, in infinite numbers, they swam, darted, swerved, slept, fed, spawned, and passed like clouds across the sea, while from within his cave the individual octopus gazed up at them without pity and without understanding. They would devour him, if he were dead—without even knowing what it was they ate.

These thoughts led me on to the eternal conflict between individual will and the mass mind—the endless battle between the spider and the wasp, the

Chapter VII

It was about a week later that I saw them together again. I had been sailing



I picked Joanna up in my arms and ran. There wasn't a moment to lose.

tiger and the wild dog, the woolly mammoth and early man. For it is likely that man was not an individual to begin with, but moved in numbers at the command of impulses as obscure as those which control the migration of locusts. It took him nearly half a million years to develop a mind of his own; already there is a strong movement to take it away from him.

The next time I saw Joanna, I could tell that something was bothering her. She spent a long time playing with Monday, tumbling him over and over, and smiling to herself—a gentle, secret smile, half regretful, and half proud and tender. At last she asked, "Is he really my very own dog?"

"Yes," I said.

"I mean—to do what I want with?"

"Of course," I said. "Whatever you like."

"Anything at all?"

When I told her yes, she took a long, quavering breath. "Then," she said, "could I give him away?"

She wanted to give him to Jot. It was more than a gift, such as a ring or a tress of hair; it was more than any simple act of giving. It was all she had, the only thing that was really her own; and in giving it to someone she loved, she made it hers forever—truly and triumphantly hers, for you

couldn't give away what didn't belong to you.

And still more than that—there was something else. She tried to explain it. "It's like if you've got something together," she said, "you've got more than if you've only got it alone."

She meant that love flowed into it from both sides, enriching both the gift and the giver. She meant that what she really valued most was Jot—his "liking" her, as she would have put it; and the feeling, new in her life, of belonging to someone. That was her real treasure; by giving him the puppy, she felt that she gave him, in a sense, herself—and in return, drew him yet closer to her, in artless communion.

"But won't you mind," she insisted, "if you don't have Monday living with you any more?"

"I only kept him for you," I said.

So Monday and Penny were parted; and he went to live at the Deacons'. Joanna told me that he howled and wept for two nights, and after that he got used to it. Penny missed him in a quiet way; and after sniffing around in the corners for one whole evening, she gave up, and accepted his absence as part of the incomprehensible whole.

After that, I often saw the three of them together, Joanna, Jot and Monday, walking along one of the roads, the dark head and the gold bent close in earnest conversation, Monday tumbling along at their heels—or out in the Bocage, in the blue sunny August weather.

The old dory would cough her way out of the bight and down the river to the bay, with Jot at the engine, and Joanna at the tiller, and Monday seated in the bow behind the long mast-like spine, barking at the terns and the sea gulls. I used to see them sometimes when I was sailing, on their way out to the back shore, where Alben had his pots—chugging across the level, green-blue water, with Monday's happy barking far off and shrill, scattered behind them in the breeze.

What Alben thought of it, I didn't know, but he seemed content to let Joanna help bait the pots and bring the lobsters in. Sometimes he went with them; sometimes he and Jot went out alone. Joanna was still working for me three times a week and doing her share of the work at Manuel's, though I figured her share was mostly all of it.

Chapter VIII

But nothing was too much for Joanna then. She seemed to shine with a sort of inner joy, and all her movements were light. Even Manuel must have noticed it, for he commented, "She's growing up too fast."

"She's like a three-year vine," I said. "It took my grape three years to catch hold; and then it covered my arbor in a single season."

And Father Dowdy, meeting Joanna and Jot and Monday on one of their weekday walks, said to me the next day, "Joanna has been greatly improved by coming to live with her cousins. It

is amazing what the security of a home has done for her."

To which I replied, "It is my impression that Manuel and his wife have had nothing to do with it."

Father Dowdy looked surprised at this and faintly unhappy. "Well," he said, "there you are; there is always a fly in the soup. You admit that she is changed and for the better?"

"Certainly," I said. "She has found her vocation which is to love and to be happy."

"I see," said Father Dowdy thoughtfully. He added, without conviction, "I suppose there is no harm in it."

"They are children," I said.

The good priest sighed. "It is among the children," he remarked, "that you find the worst sinners. They have probably embraced each other already."

"Perhaps," I said. "but I think it unlikely. They are still young enough not to be afraid of losing each other."

"And what has that got to do with it?" asked Father Dowdy.

I replied, "Have you never felt the sadness which overwhelms the lover at the thought of losing his beloved? It seems as though time, and age and death itself had only one purpose—to deprive him of his happiness. And so, because he is afraid, he is filled with longing. But youth cannot imagine either time, or change; and death is something in the storybooks, remote and unreal. Therefore, youth loves without fear, and without passion."

"And how do you know that?" asked Father Dowdy.

"I was young once," I answered, "until I grew up."

We had a dry spell in August that year; the flowers withered in my garden, and the grass burned brown. The lichen moss was even more silver than usual; the salt meadows turned yellow, and the woods were like tinder. There were brush fires up-cape, at Mashpee and Teaticket; the wind was from the southeast, and the light was hazy.

One morning I was awakened by the fire siren in the square. Dawn was just breaking; the sun was barely up, and the birds were singing. I went to the window and looked out; I could hear the fire engine coughing as it lumbered off down the road; and above the trees, over on the South Pamel, near the post office, I saw a rosy flower of flame bloom suddenly and then disappear. "Oh, Lord," I thought; "here it is."

I dressed in cold and breathless haste and drove as fast as I could to the square. It was not the post office, as I had feared, but the Atkins house near it. Several cars were there, parked by the road, their drivers already running toward the fire which seemed to have engulfed the entire building. Heat filled the air; the flames roared and crackled; and bright orange and yellow light flickered over everything. Mrs. Atkins, in a wrapper and a night dress, stolidly carried some vases from an adjoining shed, from which the smoke was already curling; they were all she was able to save.

I could see the faces of many of my neighbors and friends; Manuel was there, Tom Brattle, Alben, scurrying about in the heat and the glare, in the smoke and shadows. Everyone helped, everyone did his best, joined in the effort, made common cause against the great enemy, ran in and out, bawled directions, asked questions, commiserated . . .

Down at the river, a hundred yards away, the village fire engine pumped water from the Pamet; willing hands ran out the hose, gathered it like a snake, bent it, held it, pushed it forward . . . Where was the nozzle? North Harbor's engine had not arrived; the North Harbor chief was asleep. Another hose, old and small, was run up to the house, a moment later it burst in a dozen places. Firelight gleamed in the puddles on the road. A nozzle was found . . . now the great nose began to thresh like a snake.

anna at first; she had on a pair of blue jeans, rolled to the knee; her feet were bare; and a kerchief was tied over her hair and knotted under her chin. She looked like a girl of eighteen or twenty and by comparison Jot seemed boyish and unformed.

They were there, watching the fire—and yet, in a sense, they were not there; they were in a world of their own, withdrawn and apart, a world made up of the dawn and the yellow flames and the clear blue sky and their own two hearts beating with rapture and terror and pity and delight. "Oh," breathed Joanna, as I went past them, "isn't it a shame! The poor woman." But even "as she spoke, she leaned closer to Jot, and her face grew soft and dreamy, not with sympathy, but with comfort for herself.

One cannot really feel another man's despair, or live through other people's sorrows. I do not know if it is a good

plums would be ripe everywhere, all along the Pamet, and up and down the slopes and valleys. She picked up a handful of the bitter fruit, purple and red, and hard and small as pebbles, and let them run through her fingers. "I'm aiming to make you some jelly," she said. "Soon as I learn how."

I taught her to make the jelly myself, the true cape jelly, using dark plums and others still half ripe and almost yellow, for the pectin in them. I taught her how to pick over the plums, how to get the juice, and put in the sugar; and for a day the house was filled with the sweet, musty smell of boiling fruit. Then the jelly jars were set out in a long row on the window sill in the kitchen, red as wine in the sun, rich and dark as old burgundy. Joanna was never more pleased with herself.

"What's so strange to me," she said, "is how they were just growing there



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BINGHAM

Winter is a time of cold and snow and storms. But in summer the sun is warm and kind, and the cape is a place of peace.

The men holding it braced themselves, dug their feet into the earth, inched forward; the fire chief shouted commands, the engine pumped, and a strong stream of silvery water hit the house, broke the windows, and disappeared in steam.

It was too late; the old house was burning like a packing box. I felt the heat of it on my face, and moved back to the line of parked cars, to where the women and the children were sitting, with the glow of the flames and the roar of the fire sounded like a steady thrumming in the air. I saw Mrs. Perra with a shawl over her shoulders, watching the scene with expressionless eyes. "They're having a hard time," I said to her. "It's lucky there's no wind."

She didn't answer right away; her eyes had a fixed look, almost as if she were in a kind of spell. At last she shivered and drew the shawl closer about her. She said only one word; but there was a heart of scorn and bitterness in it; it came out dry as the woods. "Men!" she said and turned away.

A little farther off, leaning against a fence, watching the flames, were Jot and Joanna. I hardly recognized Jo-

anna; or not; it has kept us from doing away with man's inhumanity to man, but it has also kept us from going mad in the face of man's fate, which is to suffer and die in any event. Each one of us is alone in the world; and only love can span the abyss which separates us—a span which, often too light to carry the burden of a single tear, is sometimes strong enough to withstand the icy tide of death itself.

Chapter IX

Early in September, we had a smoky sou'wester; the rough wind came whistling in across the bay, bending the trees and raising a surf at Cornhill. The lobstermen stayed home, pattered with their engines and restitched their canvas; or sat out in the lee-side sun, turning their slow thoughts over in their heads, like old coins. No sailboats went out; I stayed in the house, to write letters and go over accounts. The sou'wester blew hard for three days; at the end of the second day, Joanna came in with the first ripe beach plums in an old market basket.

"There's a whole mess of them," she said, "up to 't'other hollow. Jot and I found them, but we won't tell where."

She was delighted with her secret, although in another week or so the

all summer on a bush, and we never even saw them." She thought it over awhile with gentle joy; it seemed to make her happy. "We never knew they were there," she said, "until we found them."

The sou'wester blew itself out, and a warm spell followed. Jot and Joanna were out in the Bocage again, along the back shore, visiting the pots; and I went sailing in the bay, across to Long Point and back, and along the Truro shore. I didn't go out very far; I didn't like the weather. It was warm, and it had a quality you so often find in September on the cape; it gave you a feeling that it wasn't too sure of itself. I remembered how Manuel had said in the spring: that autumn would be early.

I found him at the boatyard one afternoon, as I came in from sailing. The days were growing shorter; by five, there was already a little shadow of dusk in the east, out across the sea, and the sun was low in the west. "I think I'll put the boat up," I told him. "It's getting cold out on the water."

Manuel regarded me gravely. "Sure," he said. "Summer is over soon."

But the next two days were like summer still, and I was sorry. I needn't have been, for Manuel was right. He was always right about the

things he knew. . . . I was at home when the storm struck. The day had been warm and a little hazy; there was an autumn smell in the air. The wind came suddenly from the southeast, almost without warning; and within an hour it was blowing half a gale. The locusts in front of my house trembled, branches streamed out in the wind, and the leaves sang. The wind snarled and whined around the house and whipped the long-stemmed cosmos in my garden. It rained a little after a while, but not much; it was mostly wind. It didn't seem anything to worry about.

Halfway through the afternoon, Tom Brattle came to the house to tell me that the bay was the wildest he'd ever seen, except for the hurricane in 'forty-four, and a couple of winter gales, and that blow we had the summer of 'thirty-two. Anyway, it was worth going over to see.

"There's some dories out," he remarked, as we started over. He said it quietly, without emphasis; but the very lack of feeling in his tone gave it a gravity all its own. If there were dories out, in a rough east blow, they'd have to come in; there was no lee on the back shore, and when they rounded Race Point, the wind would be full against them. That was an advantage—if their canvas held. I wondered if Joanna had gone out with Jot that day. She might have; she so often did.

It was a relief to find her at Cornhill, among the little group of people looking out at the racing water in the bay—how much of a relief I realized only when I saw her. She had a scarf over her hair, the same scarf she had worn that morning of the fire. The wind whipped the fine edges of her dark hair under the scarf and blew her skirts around her knees. "Where is Jot?" I said. "I thought he'd be with you."

She turned to look at me: her eyes were grave and dark with concern. "He went to set his traps," she said. "He and Monday."

The bay was all white water, as far as I could see. In, near shore, it was somewhat sheltered by the land, but farther out the waves were high, and breaking one after another, with short steep troughs between. We watched one dory come in, her nose under water most of the time, the water breaking green on her cover and rolling off the canvas, and her bow bouncing up again like a seasaw. I must have held my breath; I know my chest hurt, by the time the dory rounded into the river. It didn't seem as though the canvas could stay together.

I thought perhaps it was the Bodge, but Joanna knew better. She could tell Jot's boat anywhere; but for a long while there was no sign of it. And then we saw it, a tiny spot of white, far out in the bay. It was hard to see at all, for the light was dusky by then, and the water itself was white; the wind had picked up a little. We had to lean back against the wind, to stand.

I saw Alben Deacon in the crowd.

his face set, and his hands clenched at his sides. I thought of his old canvas; he must have been thinking of it too. But he didn't say anything; he just waited. It was all any of us could do. There were two dories and a Coast Guard cutter in Provincetown, but they were watching the Race. The Race was the danger spot because of the tides. The Bodge got through; she was coming across the bay, tilting her nose down into the steep combers and taking the fall of water on her cover. Jot was out there, under that cover, with Monday.

Joanna and I stood together, watching; I was shivering, with cold, and with something else, but her hand under my arm was warm and steady. I don't think it ever occurred to her that anything could happen to Jot.

The Bodge was about a mile out; we saw her nose go down into a big wave and the wave break on the canvas cover. The canvas must have parted all at once; for the Bodge never came up. The waves just swept on over her. We couldn't see anything, after that; only water.

I heard Alben give a strangled cry and saw him start down the hill. I don't know what he meant to do; borrow a dory, perhaps, and go out there himself. But Joanna didn't move, or say anything. She just stood there, staring; and then she began to shiver. And when she turned pitifully to me at last, I could see that she didn't understand it; she didn't believe it. She

*The best part of beauty, is that
which a picture cannot express.*

BACON

"ORNAMENTA RATIONALA"

wanted to ask me what had happened.

I couldn't tell her; I couldn't say anything. I wanted to put my arms around her, and hold her, while she wept. Only, she didn't weep; she just stood there, shivering, and with her eyes fixed on the water, far out, where she'd last seen the Bodge. . . .

They found Jot's body two days later, and half the dory on the sand over at Wood End. They never did find Monday.

Chapter X

We were all sorer than we could say for Alben Deacon; but his grief was clear and understandable. So was his guilt; he was a changed and shrunken man, and he blamed himself for his son's death, as well, he might. Only Joanna's grief was strange; it was so quiet and withdrawn. It was a curious kind of stillness, as though she were holding her breath.

"It's not like grief at all," said Father Dowdy, "though I've no doubt the sorrow is there. It's more like she didn't believe it, God pity her." And he added uncomfortably, "They were

only children together, after all."

But there the good priest was mistaken. They were the world to each other.

She didn't go to his funeral. When I told her that people might think it strange of her not to be present at the services, she only looked at me in a puzzled way, and shook her head. "I couldn't do that," she said. And on the day itself she went about her business as though nothing had happened.

But under her quiet there was something more touching—and stranger—than grief. She just didn't believe it. Jot had been the morning and the evening of her day, the alphabet of her life. And now, because her life went on, because the sun rose and set as it had always done, she could not believe that she had lost him, that he was gone, irrevocably and forever. It was a thought too strange for her mind to grasp, too wide and empty for her heart to hold. Forever didn't frighten her, for she didn't understand it.

But the day-to-day loneliness she understood. She seemed to accept it—even to welcome it. And as the days went by, she seemed to draw in more and more to herself—not with peace, or even with grief; but as though she only wanted to be alone, with her thoughts. She did her work as usual around the house; but it was as if she had found a secret place where nobody could follow.

I would see her at the window, staring out with unseeing eyes, the dustcloth in her hand; or she would suddenly stand still, frozen, arrested by a sound, or a memory . . . only to have it fade out into nothingness again. And then the bleak look would come back to her face, and the bewilderment . . . as though she were still trying to find out what happened. Her friend, her only friend; where had he gone? Where was he?

I wonder if there is not something worse than grief—a hurt, an anguish too deep for pain—too deep for tears, or even for sorrow. So deep, that it becomes merely a negation, a lack of any feeling at all. It must be like the "darkness at noon" of the Bible—a terrifying absence of light, without the comfort of evening, a sense of unreality, of known things lost and unfamiliar. This is the Limbo of the heart, from which—unlike the Purgatory of the soul—there is still return; sometimes, not always.

I did not mention these reflections to Father Dowdy, for I imagined that he would not approve them. Being a priest, I supposed that he drew a sharp line between the heart and the soul, and that it was only the latter which concerned him. For myself, the soul could wait; I close the heart.

When I spoke to Manuel, he shrugged his shoulders. "Does she do her work?" he asked.

I assured him that she did. "Then okay," he said. "She is only a child. She will cry a little longer." "She doesn't cry," I said. "Good," he declared. "She has already forgotten."

But it wasn't Jot that Joanna had

forgotten. It was something else. I didn't know, then, what it was.

Autumn deepened on the hills, and there were lovely colors of yellow and red and silver in the valleys. I took Joanna walking toward Longnook, toward the sea; the sun shone down on us through the cool breeze, and the sky overhead was bright with autumn light. She walked quietly beside me and said nothing; only, at the top of the downs, she stood still for a moment, looking at the sea; and in that single moment, for the first time, I had the impression that she was not there with me at all.

The line storm came in at the very end of September, and for three days the wind and the rain marched together across the hills, making silver waves in the brown grass. Then the sky tattered off into broken clouds, the sun came out, and the wind whipped around to the northwest. It was bright and cold, and at night there was frost. The air smelled of leaves burning, of oak fires, of drenched and rotten flowers and of the last grapes.

And Joanna came in with a handful of beach plums—all that were left, she said, on the bushes near Dyer's Hollow. I must have shown her surprise, for a little color staled her cheeks. "I thought you'd want them," she said, "for jelly."

She was more like herself again—and at the same time, there was a difference. There was a strange undercurrent of excitement about her, and her eyes had a secret look, as though she were hiding something. She put the basket down and looked around the room, almost as though she hadn't seen it for a long time. "This room needs dusting," she declared.

"I didn't know you were going for beach plums," I said. "I would have gone with you."

"There wasn't need," she said. "I would have kept you company," I said. "I would have liked to."

She smiled, then, for the first time—a little smile, half frightened, half shy. "But I had company," she said.

She spoke so low, I wasn't sure that I had heard her. I had to guess at what she said. "I had company," is what it sounded like. That's what I thought she said.

Chapter XI

I suppose I was a little disappointed. We always look for perfection in other people—for the immaculate spirit, the undying love, the uncomplaining courage—no matter how easily we make excuses for the lack of it in ourselves. I didn't want Joanna to be unhappy, and yet the thought that she had already found a new friend, or companion (for that is what I thought she meant) gave me a moment of vexation. She might, I thought, have waited; perhaps Manuel was right, after all.

But as the days went by, and her spirits seemed to rise again, the strange part of it was that I never saw her with anyone. No village youth accompanied her home from the store or

the post office; no one, that I could see, walked with her in the evening down the Pamet road. She walked by herself as she had before, and spoke to no one.

Or did she? I could see no one; so what was it gave me the impression that there was someone with her?

She is making believe, I thought. She is making believe, to comfort herself the way children do. And my heart ached for her, although I was relieved. It was a phase, I thought; it will pass.

But as time went on, the strange impression remained and even deepened; it seemed to me that she was more than making believe . . . or else she was wonderfully good at it. She didn't seem to be playing at something; rather, she appeared to be living some secret life of her own. The little tilt of her head, as though she were listening . . . The quick smile, out of nowhere . . .

You can tell whether people are alone, or not—by a thousand tiny gestures and inflections. It is as though the body were charged to higher tension, to greater awareness, the mind more ready to respond, the eye to see, the hand to move. And at the same time, the spirit rests, secure for the moment from the abyss, from the void, from man's most lonely terrors. . .

It was this tension and awareness that I felt in Joanna, that puzzled me, and made me wonder if it was, after all entirely make-believe. But if not, what else? And if, in some mysterious way of childhood, her spirit did have ghostly company—whose, was it?

I saw her early one morning on the South Pamet, in front of the ruins of the burned-out house. She was dressed as she had been that day of the fire, with rolled-up jeans and a scarf over her hair; she was leaning against the fence, and the rising sun made a yellow light, almost like firelight on her face. It gave me a strange feeling, and I went away without her seeing me.

And a few days later, when she came in to cook my dinner, she made what seemed to me a curious remark. "It was beautiful off the back shore," she said. "The gulls followed us home."

She might have been walking by Dyer's beach, or at Brush Hollow, and the gulls might have flown inland with her. But I had an impression that that was not what she meant.

We had a white frost, and a black frost; and I had Tom Brattle over to fix some bins in the basement. He worked for a while and then came up to rest himself and gossip.

"You going to the dance Saturday night?" he asked.

I said I didn't know there was one. "Well," he said "there is, up to town hall. The proceeds for the community club or something—I misrecollect which."

"I'm too old to dance," I said. "Well," he said "I'm not. Round or square, either one."

He put a brick in his mouth, chewed on it for a moment and then took it out and looked at it. "I was figuring maybe to get myself a partner," he said.

"Round or square?" I asked.

He leaned back and laughed loudly. "Round, by God," he said. "I'll take her round all over."

He fell silent, turning the brick this way and that in his fingers.

"I asked Manuel's girl did she want to go with me," he said at last. He sounded a little defiant.

"Joanna?" I was surprised, and a little shocked. "You fixing to rob the cradle? She's nothing but a child."

"She's got enough," he said. "She's got everything she needs."

He stood up, and made to start down to the basement again. "Yep," he said soberly, "she's a real nice-looking girl. But she isn't going to the dance with me."

"That's no surprise," I said. "She isn't going to the dance at all. It's too soon after Jo's death."

He nodded thoughtfully. "You think they were more than ordinary childhood of each other?" he asked.

"I know they were."

"Well," he said, "that's as it may be. But she's going to the dance just the same."

He turned at the door and regarded me triumphantly. "She may have been hotter than a griddle for him when he was alive," he said, "but she's going to the dance with some young man, because she told me so."

I thought that over for quite a while. But somehow I wasn't as surprised as I might have been.

I went to the dance that Saturday night, to see for myself. Once again, the young moon rode like a silver dagger in the sky, once again I saw the Pamet cold and misty in the valley below me. As I stood there, looking out across the night and its winds, Joanna came down the stairs alone. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were bright. She went by me with a smile, but I was sure she didn't really see me. I heard her say as though she were explaining to somebody, "So many boys asked me to dance; I didn't know what to do."

I watched her as she walked down the road, away from the lights and the music. The moonlight made shadows around her; perhaps it was the shadows which made it seem as though she were arm in arm with someone else.

And perhaps the sound of a short bark, thin and faint, in the wind, was from a dog in the hills across the valley. Some small dog, roused from sleep . . . But it sounded like Monday.

Chapter XII

The weather turned cold in November, and the sky came down gray and heavy, the air felt raw and wet, and there was a smell of snow in the wind. It was the time of year when I usually go up to Boston for a few months, to do some work in the libraries and to escape the bad weather on the cape. I went to say good-by to my friends, among them the Perreras; I found them, as usual, in the kitchen, absorbed in their own peculiar silence.

There was nothing much to talk



about; I left some instructions for my boat; and arranged with Mrs. Perrera to have Joanna close my house after I had gone. There was not a great deal to do—the icebox had to be emptied; my books wrapped in newspapers; Manuel himself was going to turn off the water, as he always did.

The oil stove in the Perrera kitchen was going full blast, giving off a warm glow; the room was snug and smelt of oil and linoleum and herbs. I was grateful for the warmth, as it was cold outside; and when I got up to go, I buttoned my Mackinaw up to the chin. Manuel took me to the door. "Alben's said his pots," he said. "He's moving away."

I told him that I wasn't surprised to hear it, and I ended by saying that I hoped that he and Mrs. Perrera would have a good winter.

"No winter's good," he said, and closed the door behind me.

As I left the house, bundled up against the wind, with its promise of snow, I passed Joanna, coming in. She was dressed as she had been all summer, in her light, cotton dress, without a coat or even a sweater. But she didn't look cold; she was gay and rosy. You would have thought it was summer still.

From the Perrera's, I went to see Father Dowdy, to ask him to keep an eye on her while I was gone. The good priest lived in his cousin's house in North Truro. I found him sitting before a grate fire, with Father Romney's "Hundred Sermons" open in his lap, and a cup of tea on the table beside him. "Come in," he said, "come in. I'm doing my homework."

We talked for a while about various things, and then I told him, as frankly as I could, what was on my mind.

"The child is living in a dream," he said, when I was finished. "Ah, the poor thing."

"There's no doubt of it," I agreed. "But where it will lead her—or how to wake her—I have no idea."

"Perhaps confession—" he began hopefully.

"Remember, Father," I said, "she is a child, without guilt."

"No one is without guilt," said Father Dowdy gently. "Still, that is not the question . . . If it would help her to open her heart to me—"

"She has already opened her heart," I said, "to a ghost. She is quite happy."

"From the powers of darkness," intoned Father Dowdy, "deliver us." "You don't really believe that," I said.

The good priest sighed. "Well, no," he admitted; "I don't. But there's such a thing as habit . . . I'll do what I can, I'll keep an eye on the child, for her health's sake. And maybe she'll talk to me, after all. There's no great miracle in that. God has done greater things."

Joanna was the last one to say goodbye. She came over to the house the morning I left, still in her faded summer dress, and helped me to pack the car. I wanted to give her a little present, to buy a shawl for winter, or a

sweater, but she refused it. "You've been more than nice to me," she said. "I'll always think of you kindly."

"Still," I said, "you can't go around like that all winter. You'll freeze."

She looked at me in a puzzled way. "Winter?" she asked, "why—it's a long ways to winter yet."

"Joanna," I said, and took a deep breath. I wanted to say, "It isn't summer any longer." I wanted to tell her that Jot was dead; forever and forever dead. But even before I began, I knew

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that I couldn't say it. Why rouse her from her dreaming? She was better off the way she was . . . for a while. That's what I thought; and I was wrong.

So Penny and I went up to Boston and settled in my sister's house, as we had always done. It was pleasant to be capably looked after again—to visit my friends, to hear music, to walk the familiar smoky streets, to watch the crowds, to study quietly in the library at the accustomed desk. Though Penny, as usual, was restless and missed the country; and for some reason or other, I was restless too. For the first time that I could remember, I found it hard to lose myself in old comforts and pleasures; I was uneasy; I didn't know why.

At Christmas I had a letter from Father Dowdy and a note from Joanna. Father Dowdy wrote that Joanna was well, but that he thought she looked a little thinner. "Not that I see her very often," he wrote, "but I try to get up to the South Pamet every now and then. I cannot say that my visits to the Perreras are a great success. I think that Mrs. Perrera rather resents me, and Manuel gives me the impression of doubting my intentions. Alas, what are they, those intentions? I do not know. To bring a few more souls to God, Who after all knows better than I their present nearness to Himself."

"We have had several flurries of snow; the weather has been very cold. We keep indoors with it."

Joanna's note was in a childish hand: "Dear friend," it ran, "I do wish you a Merry Christmas, and I do wish it was spring again. now sometimes I am beginning to think that it is winter soon. Thank you for the warm gloves. I will wear them, we have been out in the boat the sea was like glass and all was warm, Very sincerely Yours, Joanna Perrera."

In January, New England was blanketed in snow; storm after storm swept down on us from the dark forests and the icy plains, from the frozen lakes of the northwest. I tried to forget Joanna, and the far-off cape, the little houses huddled in the hollows, with the sea clanking and rolling like a freight train on the beaches, and the icy wind whistling across the narrow land. But I kept thinking of her just the same, seeing the brown, young face, the gray, level eyes, hearing her voice: "Do you think we know what's good for us?" or again, "I'll dance with you if you want."

The memories of Joanna followed me to the picture galleries, to the symphony, to dinner parties—where I heard the latest gossip of the city or of the world. I couldn't shake them from my mind. I was uneasy; I had a feeling that the sands of time were running out for her . . .

It troubled me, because it made no sense. What was the child to me—or I to her—more than one human heart crying out to another in the dark? There were many crying; why, then, Joanna?

Who can say why the heart listens, or to whom? What voice, what gesture, poise of head, color of hair, what warmth of lips and eyes, promises of kindness, humor or delight, carries across the night between us, pierces the all-but-impenetrable barrier of self? There is no answer; it is a mystery still. I was old and set in my ways, but my heart hummed like a seashell with the troubles of a lonely child in a little village on Cape Cod.

Toward the end of February the wire came from Father Dowdy. I must have been expecting it, for I was not surprised. I wired Manuel to open my house, canceled my engagements, and drove down the next day. The roads were icy, and it took a long time. When we crossed the bridge at Sagamore, Penny whined happily; she knew that she was going home. But I was cold, and my knees shook.

Father Dowdy was at my house, waiting for me. "I hesitated to send for you," he said, "but then I thought perhaps you would want me too. She keeps asking for you; there is little else we could do for her."

"All right," I said. "I'm here."

"You know," he said gently, "she tried to drown herself."

I could feel my heart thud against my ribs. "How would I know?" I cried. "Poor, wretched child."

"It was a great sin," said Father Dowdy, "and perhaps I am to blame for not seeing it coming. I have blamed myself a great deal, and I have prayed a great deal . . ."

"Tell me what happened," I said.

The good priest sighed. "You were right about the dream," he said. "But it was more than that. You know, she had little in this world."

"I know," I said.

"She had set her heart on the boy," said Father Dowdy. "One must forgive her, having no parents." He sighed again. "It is not a wholesome situation."

"Get on with it," I said.

"I am," said Father Dowdy. He continued gravely. "For her, this summer was like being born again. The boy was part of it. It was like Eden, in the morning of the world. When she lost it, she turned back, to find it again."

He was silent for a moment, considering. "It's the fear I don't understand," he said at last. "Stark terror, as though the gates of hell had opened for her. As well they may have—though I doubt it."

"She's not in a family way," he added truculently, "if that's what you're thinking."

"It's probably what Manuel was thinking," I said.

"It was," said Father Dowdy; "the impious man."

"Where is she now?" I asked. "At Manuel's?"

"We took her to a hospital in Dennis," he said. "After we took her from the water. She got over the chill, but not the rest of it—whatever it is. She's in pitiful shape; and only half confessed, and no way ready."

I slept at that night, with Penny curled up at my feet, for warmth and comfort. The sharp winter air blew in through my window, and I could almost hear the frosty silence outside, under the bitter stars. And once, before I fell asleep, I thought I heard the old rolling rumble of the sea, beyond the dunes.

I woke to a silent world, bright with winter sun; and after breakfast Father Dowdy came for me, to take me up to Dennis.

The meadows glistened in the cold, clear air, the pines stood up dark on the hills, and the sun glittered and sparkled on the smooth ice of the little ponds, hiding in the hollows. But I hardly noticed, for I was thinking of Joanna and her fear. It wasn't like Joanna to be afraid; it was out of key, somehow. There had always been so much patience in the child—so deep and quiet a sense of joy. What could have happened to her?

But when I saw her, in the narrow, neat cot, in the bare ward, I knew that it was something more than fever that had wasted her. She seemed shrunken away to thinness; her eyes looked out at me from a face stretched like a glove above its delicate bones. They grew soft for a moment when she saw me, and she tried to smile. "I'm glad you're here," she said. "It's like summer again."

"It's not far off," I said. "By the time you're well, spring will have come."

I saw her eyes grow frightened; she turned away from me, and I heard her catch her breath. "Don't let the spring come," she whispered.

Her wasted hand lay outside the cover; I took it in mine, to keep it from trembling. It was icy cold. "There's nothing to fear," I said. "Nothing can happen to you."

"They'll take me away in the spring," she said. "I'll have to go back again."

"Back again?" I asked. I didn't know what she meant.

"To where I was," she said, "before the summer."

"That's nonsense," I said. "They won't do that."

She turned to me; her eyes were enormous in her thin face, and gray and dead as slate. "It isn't they," she whispered; "it's me. I can't stop what's happening. Summer is almost over; April is almost here. I'll have to go back."

I stared at her in bewilderment. "Why, yes," I said, "April is almost here. But summer . . . ? Summer will follow after. April—May . . ."

"No," she whispered; "not any more. Summer is over. Winter is coming now."

And then—quite suddenly—I knew what she meant. It was all quite clear . . . though stranger than anything I had imagined.

I couldn't answer her, because the nurse came in with her medicine just then, and I had to leave. Her eyes followed me as I went out. I thought I had never seen a face so lost and still and lonely and afraid.

Father Dowdy was waiting for me in the hall. "Well?" he asked. I looked at him soberly. "She thinks it's spring again," I said.

"But that's good," he cried. "There's hope then, at least."

I shook my head. "Not this spring," I said. "Last spring. A year ago."

And I added, because I could see that he did not understand me, "She's been with Jot all winter long. Only, to her, it was summer still . . . but summer like a reel run backwards. August, July and June . . . like an hourglass turned upside down. And now she can't stop it; she can't keep the sand from running out. June, and then May . . . she can't keep April from coming."

The priest's face was a study; he seemed to be counting out the days himself. "The heart does strange things," he murmured. But I could see that he hadn't understood me, even yet. "April?" he said at last. "What is there in April, then, but rain?"

I took his arm as we went out the door. "Where were you in April last year, Father?" I asked him.

"I was in Truro," he said. "Where else would I be?"

"And so was I," I said. "But Joanna was in an orphan asylum."

Chapter XIII

How precarious, after all, is our grasp on earth; the delicate organization of the blood, balance of glands, the brittle bones, the sensitive cells of the brain through which sight and sound turn into memory, and reason; the fine nerves of eye and ear, the precise judgment of space, the measurement of time. . . . How fragile they are, among the rocks and stars! For what is time and space but a measure in our heads? And what if somewhere within the mysterious mazes of the brain, yesterday's sun should seem to rise tomorrow?

"As a priest," said Father Dowdy, "I don't believe a word of it; it's an affront to God and to the saints . . . Still," he added, "I don't believe we

should leave it to the saints to get her home again."

But where was home for Joanna? Manuel wanted no more of her. We had gone to see him at the boat-yard and had found him sorting over some old tackle in one of the sheds. "You're down early this year," he said. "Before the herring."

"I want to talk to you about Joanna," I said. "What do you aim to do about the child?"

He gave me a blank look. "I figure she's all right where she is," he said. "She needs to be at home," I declared.

He lifted a big blocky pulley from a heap of odds and ends, and spun it for a moment before replying. "We done the best we could," he said at last; "Josie and me. She had no call to do what she did."

"Josie is her cousin," I said. "Her only kin."

He favored me with a long, level stare. "She looks like me, don't she?" he asked quietly. And added, "Josie's no more her cousin than a quaggo."

I heard Father Dowdy draw in his breath. "Then you have a duty to the child," he exclaimed, "before God."

"I have a duty to Josie," said Manuel. He spoke wearily, and I thought, bitterly. "And Josie wants no more of it."

I thought of the dry and dusty figure, wrapped in her shawl, rocking up and down in her silent kitchen; and I suddenly felt sorry for them both. How we cheat ourselves of joy, I thought, and always for the best of reasons. "What's to become of her?" I asked, as much of myself as anyone.

"The girl is queer," said Manuel. "She's got a wintry heart." And turning away from us, with an expressionless face, he added, "They'll take care of her, where she came from."

So she was not to come back, even to the home—such as it was—that she had had. Winter was on its way to her; an endless winter, indeed.

Father Dowdy and I talked it over later, below the grate fire in his study. He was indignant; it was hard to say which was the more outraged, the man or the churchman. "When Eve sinned and Adam fell," he said, "God set an angel with a flaming sword before the gates of Paradise. I have no doubt He knew what He was doing; there was to be no return for Adam's children, save through the Holy Church, which is not of this earth, but of the Spirit. Later the Lord said: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' He did not mean for them to be abandoned, however." And he exclaimed angrily, "I would bring the church against Manuel, if I were not convinced he would be equally indifferent to it."

I told him that it would do no good. "There is no warmth for her there," I said, "even if she were to go back to him. And now that I know why, I can see that there will never be any warmth for her in that house."

"There is even less warmth in an orphan asylum," said Father Dowdy.

"What troubles me," I said, "is that now she will be sure that time goes backwards, that April follows May, and winter follows spring."

"I could prove the opposite," said Father Dowdy, "from the writings of the saints, and the lives of the popes; but I dare say the child is too young for that."

"She is too young," I said, "and the time is too short. Once she is sent back—it will be too late."

"I could write to the bishop," said Father Dowdy.

"You could take her home with you, yourself," I said.

He gasped. "You're joking," he said. "I am not," I replied. "Would anyone doubt the innocence of it?"

"I should hope they wouldn't," he said. "A young thing like that . . ."

"And you a priest," I added.

"It's out of the question," he said. "It's beyond reason."

"The whole thing's beyond reason," I said. "It has to do with the heart."

"My cousin—" he began.

I said, "Since when does your cousin dictate to the church?"

"This is no church matter," he replied. "You talk like a heretic. Besides," he added, "the hospital would not let her go."

"Leave that to me," I said.

I thought I saw a little gleam of interest in his eyes. "How will you manage it?" he asked.

"Never mind," I said. "I wouldn't have it on your conscience. But if I get her out, will you take her?"

"For good?" he asked.

"For a while," I said. "Until we think of something."

"I couldn't take her for good," he said. He stood before the fire, looking at me with a thoughtful expression. "Tell me," he said, at last. "Why are you doing this?"

I wasn't prepared for the question, and I had no answer. It brought me up sharp for a moment; all I knew was that I didn't want to lose Joanna—to grief, or death, to anything that would dull forever the gentle gaiety of her spirit, or freeze the simple warmth of her heart. I had seen her when she first had arrived, quiet and folded like a bud; I had seen how she blossomed in loveliness and joy, and how pitifully her heart had fought to keep the fragrance of summer around her, long after summer was over. "Perhaps," I said, "it's because there is so much pain in the world that I cannot bear to see the least beauty lost."

But to myself I thought that perhaps in Joanna I had lived for a little while my own youth, as I would have liked to live it.

Whatever it was Father Dowdy saw in my face, he appeared satisfied. But then his expression clouded over, and he turned to the fire to poke at a half-burned log. "You may find yourself in trouble," he said gravely, "monkeying

with the authorities. It is my duty to discourage you."

"You've done your duty, then," I replied. And I added sensibly, "Of course, I'd pay you for her keep."

He nodded. "I was thinking of that," he admitted. "Eggs and milk and all. And a little wine, for the stomach's sake."

"Then you'll do it?" I cried.

"Now, now," he grumbled. "I never said a word. Though if so be she were brought here, say, without my knowledge of the event—"

"An ailing child," I said. "An orphan, homeless and alone—"

"In ill health," said Father Dowdy, "but not so bad she'd need a doctor—"

"Not bad at all, really," I said.

It is strange that men, inhabitants for so short a while of an alien and inhuman world, should go out of their way to cause themselves so much unhappiness.

W. Somerset Maugham.

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"Able to pay for her bit of food," said Father Dowdy . . .

Chapter XIV

But I was not so confident as I seemed. I knew, of course, that the hospital would never give her up to me, that I had no authority to ask for her. And to take her away, without authority, and without permission, would be not only difficult but a serious risk indeed; the very least I could expect was a season in jail, if I were caught, and heaven only knows what besides. And there were other considerations—the question of Joanna's health, and even her welfare; yet it seemed to me that what she was facing, if I did not get her away, was worse than anything that could happen to either of us if I did.

There was not too much time left. When I phoned the hospital next day, they told me that Joanna had already been up on the roof in a wheel chair that morning.

It seemed more than likely that Manuel had arranged for her transfer at the earliest moment at the state hospital. And I knew, that once she was taken there she would be lost to me forever. They would think her mad; she would never be able to explain to them that time went backward. It would take more than medicines and doctors to turn it forward for her again.

In a drawer of my desk I found what I thought I would need, a small white calling card engraved with the name Leonard Reis. Mr. Reis had owned a little bookshop in Boston that I had often patronized; I had had a notice of his death only a few weeks ago.

It was not yet noon, and I planned to arrive at the hospital shortly after three, because the change in nurses at that time was essential to my plans. With an hour or so to waste, and already feeling a little nervous and excited, I stopped in for a moment at Father Dowdy's little church to have him wish me luck; but he was not there. A number of candles were burn-

ing before the shrines; and a large, new one in front of the medallion of St. Christopher, the patron of journeys. It was quiet in the church, the air smelled of incense, and the little rose-colored window behind the altar glowed in the morning sun. I lit a candle to St. Agnes, patron saint of young girls.

At three o'clock I was at the hospital. I waited outside for a few moments, watching the nurses in their white uniforms, wrinkled from the morning's work, coming out of the basement door. The day was still warm, and the smell of sea air, salty and fresh, came in across the bay. At three ten I entered the hospital and went straight to Joanna's floor. I stopped at the desk and asked a student nurse if I might

see whoever was in charge of the floor.

"Miss Ames," she replied and went to fetch her.

"I've come to see Miss Joanna Perrera," I told Miss Ames when she arrived; and I handed

her the card I had brought with me. "I'm from the Welfare Department, State Hospital," I said. "I understand Miss Perrera is to be transferred to us within a few days."

Miss Ames went to the rack where the charts were kept, and looked at Joanna's. "Yes," she said, "there are orders here that she is to be transferred."

So, I thought to myself, Manuel hasn't lost any time.

"If you'll come this way," she said. "Just a minute," I said, and I added in a grave voice, "Would it be possible for me to talk to Miss Perrera alone? You see, the nature of my questions . . . I dropped my voice, as though to imply that Joanna might be embarrassed in front of a third party.

The nurse hesitated; I knew it was then or never. "Perhaps," I said, with all the authority I could muster, "if you would bring her up to the roof for a few minutes, in the sun . . ." I could feel my throat ache, and I could feel the coldness in my stomach while I was waiting for her to answer.

It was a second or two before she spoke. "Well," she said, "I don't suppose there'd be any harm in it. You go on up and wait; I'll send her up. But she mustn't stay more than fifteen minutes."

And she went briskly off down the hall. I hoped as I turned toward the elevator that she hadn't heard my heart's loud beating.

There was no one on the roof when I got there. I could see the gulls circling and crying out over the bay, and on the street below, two dark-faced fishermen were talking together. It seemed a lifetime before I heard the elevator door open and Joanna's chair being wheeled over toward me. I kept my back to her until I heard the nurse speak: "Here she is, Mr. Reis."

Luck was with me; it was a student nurse instead of Miss Ames; and what was more, Joanna was startled enough

at seeing me, to let out a short gasp. "Oh!" she cried. I drew the nurse aside. "Let me handle this," I whispered.

The young woman nodded cheerfully. "I'll be back for her in fifteen minutes," she said; and she left us there alone.

When she was gone, I turned quickly to Joanna. "Don't say a word," I warned her. Her eyes were fixed on me with surprise, and with a little spark of excitement. I took out my watch and waited three full minutes; I wanted to be sure. Then I took hold of her chair and wheeled it to the elevator.

It was one of those push-button elevators, and it seemed to me that it stopped at every floor before it finally reached us. As the door slid open, I wheeled Joanna in and pushed the button for the basement. Joanna looked like any outgoing patient, and we were doing fine as long as nobody asked us anything.

But that was too much to expect, even of St. Christopher. On the main floor, a brisk-looking woman stopped me and asked for Joanna's discharge papers. I hadn't seen her coming, and I wasn't ready for her; for a moment, I didn't know what to say. It was Joanna who answered, "Miss Ames is bringing them down with her."

From the woman's irritation, I gathered that Miss Ames had no business leaving her floor. "I'd better go up myself," said the woman. "Wait here, please."

"Yes, ma'am," I said meekly. "We'll wait." I watched her get into the elevator, and close the door.

It only took a minute, then, to get to the car. I carried Joanna in my arms; she hardly weighed anything at all. Or maybe it just seemed that way to me, I was in such a hurry. It wouldn't take long for the brisk-looking woman to get upstairs to Miss Ames—and down again.

I counted on a certain amount of confusion behind me, and I figured they'd phone either Manuel or the state hospital before they called in the police. I'd have just about time to get to Brewster, I thought, before they'd really be looking for me. Of course, they wouldn't know just whom they were looking for; but they'd be bound to watch Route 6, into Truro; there was no way of avoiding that.

I went cross-cape toward Harwich and then took a back road to Orleans. Joanna lay on the back seat with a blanket around her and another one over her. I had a couple of market baskets filled with empty boxes and paper bags, to help screen her; and I had brought Penny along, too, for her to hide behind. Anyone going by, would think I was on my way home from market, and that was all. Of course, if they stopped to look in...

It was that which was bothering me as I went through Eastham. I hadn't passed a policeman yet, but I hadn't been on the main road, either. I knew that David Corrio would be in the square in Truro and, though David was my friend, he was the town constable, and if he were looking for Joanna, he'd find her. If there were any

way, I thought, of cutting through the woods... But there wasn't. I was in a trap, and I knew it.

I realized with a sinking heart that I hadn't thought it through to the end. It had seemed enough at the time merely to get Joanna out of the hospital. I hadn't figured out how to get her home.

One is born to crime, I thought, or one is not. And I tried to console myself with the thought that at least I would be the only guilty one.

But as it turned out, I hadn't figured on Father Dowdy. He waved me to a stop along the road into South Wellfleet. "I thought you might be in trouble," he said.

"I think I am," I said. "Is David in the square?"

"He is," he said, "and he's looking at every car."

"Well," I said. "You're not in it, thank God. Maybe if I were to stay here in the woods until it's dark—"

"I've figured it all out," said Father Dowdy. "Give me the girl, and I'll take her home myself, right now."

Since he had just come up from Truro, no one would look too carefully at him when he went back. He had a large piece of wallboard in the back of his car; it hid the rear seat almost entirely. "I thought it might come in handy," he said.

I could see the point of it, but I was all for taking the consequences of my own folly. "It's enough for one of us to be caught," I said.

"Pride is the curse of man," said Father Dowdy. "Help me in with her."

"This isn't your affair," I told him. "Let me go to jail myself if I have to."

"Ah," said Father Dowdy, "what good would that do her? Stop being the hero and think of the child."

We carried Joanna over to Father Dowdy's car and laid her down on the seat behind the wallboard. She looked very frail and small, but she tried to smile. "Hello, Father," she said. "Are you going to give me the sacraments?"

"I'm going to give you beef tea and iron tonic," said Father Dowdy, "and after that, we mayn't need last rites."

I watched them drive off together, down the road toward Truro. Then I turned and went up-cape again, to do some marketing in Orleans. I thought I heard Father Dowdy singing, but I wasn't sure.

Chapter XV

For three or four days there was a great hubbalooboo over Joanna's disappearance, with stories in the newspapers and reports on the radio. Manuel was interviewed, and so was I, as Joanna's one-time employer; fortunately no one thought to connect me with Mr. Reis, but I knew how easy a connection it was to make, and I thought that they would make it sooner or later. For a week, it kept me wakeful at night and nervous through the day. And then, all at once, the hue and cry died down.

I shall never know why—though I have my suspicions. It is true that nobody claimed the child; that neither Manuel nor the hospital wanted to go

to the expense of a search. But it is also true that it is also true that, at just that time, Father Dowdy made a trip to Boston to see the archbishop. What Father Dowdy said to the archbishop, or what the prelate said to him, I shall never know; but Father Dowdy returned home looking chastened, and smaller, but somehow comforted in his mind.

At any rate, the hunt seemed to have been stayed; other crimes and accidents took over the front pages of the newspapers; a murdered man was found in a cranberry bog at Wareham, and Joanna seemed to be forgotten.

Little by little the color came back to her face again, and the taut skin over her cheeks grew rounder and softer. Time, it seemed, no longer hurried her backward; rather, it stood still for her, somewhere between winter and summer. It was like a tide, motionless before it turns; far out, beyond sight or sound, the water moves, but on the shore there is still only the bare sand and broken shells.

I went to see her every day, and each day I found her a little improved in health. But though the fear of April was gone, there seemed to be no lightening of the darkness which overhung her spirit. It was as though she had only now, at last, realized that Jot was dead, and her heart was in mourning.

One day as I was taking off my coat in the hall, I heard Father Dowdy's voice in the den, and from the even rhythm of it I knew he was reading to Joanna. I wondered what he read to her—the Bible perhaps?—and stopped to listen.

"Once," I heard him say, "while visiting in a village, a peasant boy brought Francis, as a present for his breakfast, a live baby hare. When Francis saw the frightened look of the little creature, held in the arms of the boy, his heart ached with sympathy. 'Little hare, come to me,' he said, and the little fellow jumped out of the arms holding him and ran to Francis, hiding in the folds of his gown. But when Francis took it and set it free, very politely giving it permission to depart instead of staying to make breakfast, it would not go. Again and again it returned, nestling with its new-found friend."

There was a moment of silence; and then I heard Joanna say, in low tones, "Monday was like that."

That evening, as I sat with her before the fire, she spoke of Jot for the first time. "It's funny," she said to me, "I don't really remember last summer very well. It got mixed up, somehow... It was in June that Jot and I met, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I said; "it was in June."

She closed her eyes in anguish for a moment. "It's all twisted around," she said. "I was sailing in your boat, and we came in, and he was there, and you introduced us. We didn't hardly say more than 'How do you do?' but I guess he noticed me; anyway, I noticed

him. And afterward I said something to Monday; I said, "You wouldn't scarcely be noticed in a haystack." Her eyes were brimming with tears; but no tears fell. "I did, didn't I?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "You did."

"But when I remembered it," she cried, "it was like it was the end, instead of the beginning. It was like I was never going to see him again."

"I know," I said, "it got mixed up."

It was some time, however, before she was ready to talk about Jot's death. She was already out of bed by then, sitting in the pale, March sun, as it shone through the windows of Father Dowdy's study. He had been reading to her, from "Captains Courageous"—the part about the schooners racing; and as he had to leave on a parish call, I took over.

When I was finished, she turned from the window and, with the sun still warm on her face, said to me gently, "Jot drowned in the sea, didn't he?"

It was the moment I had been waiting for. I didn't say anything. I tried not to move; I held my breath, and waited.

"He drowned in the sea," she said in a whisper. "He was all there was in the world; him and Monday. In all the whole wide world." And suddenly, putting her face down on her arms, she started to cry.

It was like winter breaking; it was like ice going out in the spring, and the torrents sweeping across the land, carrying the bare, the black, dead branches with them. There seemed to be no end to the wild weeping, heart-broken and uncontrolled. "Oh, Jot," she cried. "Jot."

And yet, in the very sound of it, I could hear comfort and relief, as the long-frozen anguish poured itself out. And it seemed to me that she was weeping not so much for Jot, as for herself—for the loneliness of all children, for the loneliness of life.

And it was me she turned to, in the storm of her grief. It was as though I was all that was left to her, in the wasteland of the world . . .

She sobbed herself quiet at last, and sat up, and tried to smile. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to do that." She went on to apologize for being so much trouble. "You've been so good to me," she said. "You and Father Dowdy."

"You see," she said with a forlorn smile, "I remember, now. When I'm gone, I'll remember."

"When you're gone?" I echoed blankly. That was something else I hadn't thought about.

"I'm almost well," she said.

I didn't want her to go away, and I told her so.

She looked at me as though I hadn't understood her. "I haven't any business to stay," she said gently, "making trouble like this for Father Dowdy."

"Trouble?" I cried. "Has he said you were trouble?"

"No," she said; "he's only kind."

"This is where you belong," I said. "And you don't make trouble."

She took a deep breath and something seemed to relax inside her. "I'm glad you said that," she declared. "I

won't mind going back now."

"You're not going back," I said. "You're not going anywhere."

I found Father Dowdy later among his cold frames; he was putting in tomatoes and lettuce and onion seed to get his sets for May.

"What's this about Joanna going back to the orphanage?"

He looked up at me in surprise. "You

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wouldn't want her to go back to Manuel," he asked.

"I want her to stay with us," I said.

"With us?"

"With me," I said.

He stood up and looked at me gently.

"Yes," he said. "I've known that for a long time."

"You might have told me," I said.

"You had enough to upset you as it was," he said simply.

And in that simple sentence he told me what I should have known myself: That there was no way I could keep Joanna with me. Not yet; not for a long while.

"I'll not connive," he said, "to keep the child from her lawful guardians. Now that she's well, let her go back to them; there'll be no horror to her in her in going of her own free will and in her own good time. There you can visit her, as you please, or as the rules allow; and maybe she can visit us. We'll watch her grow up in God's light, without the gossipers after her, making her life a misery."

"I'll adopt her," I said. "I'll get my sister to adopt her . . ."

"Everything in its proper place," said Father Dowdy, "and in its proper time. For all your years, you're a little early yet, to be the father of a ripe young girl."

I felt that he was laughing at me. "I'd make a better father to her than Manuel," I said.

"Would you, now?" he said. "Would you? Then someday you'd be giving her in marriage to some fine young man, and how would that please you?"

He stood there, smiling at me above the cold frames with their dark earth filled with seed. He was waiting for me to answer him.

But I didn't answer him. I didn't know how.

Chapter XVI

Joanna made me promise to come to see her at the orphanage the first chance I got. And that night, when I

left her, she clung to me for a moment, in childlike misery. "Don't go too far away," she said. "Don't leave me with nobody." I put my arms around her, and she let her cheek rest against mine.

"I'll come to see you often," I said.

"As often as I can."

"But who'll look after you?" she cried. "You and Penny?"

"I'll have to look after myself," I said. "Until you come."

"Until I come," she whispered.

"Someday," I said, "when you're older—when you're quite grown-up . . ."

"Will you still want me then?"

"Yes," I said. "Yes."

She smiled, but her eyes were wet. I could feel the wetness on my cheek. "Then it's all right, I guess," she said.

We left it like that. There wasn't any other way to leave it.

The afternoon before she went, which was a Sunday, we walked together on the hills toward Dyer's Hollow for the last time. Father Dowdy went with us; he had wanted her to go to church that morning, but I thought it would cause too much talk. For although we had managed to keep her whereabouts a secret, and although the gossip about her had died down, the sight of her in church would surely draw curiosity and start it up all over again.

It was April again; and the gentle, vinegar sun shone cold and quiet over the empty land. The salt grass in the hollows was newly green, but on the Truro hills the lichen moss was silver, under the rusty pines. It was quiet up there on the downs, under the light-colored April sky, in which the winds of spring moved on their long steady journey. We rested in the sun, on a tuft of yellow fairy grass, in a little hollow sheltered from the cold. Joanna looked around at the familiar slopes with gentle joy, not unmixed with sadness. "I'll miss all this," she said.

Father Dowdy was standing in front of us, with bent head; something in his pose reminded me of church. Behind him, far out, the sun shone on the sea; and the wind moved in the grass and in the trees. "Joanna," he said.

"Yes, Father?" she answered, looking up at him.

He hesitated a moment; then he said gently, "We shall miss you too, my child. As we miss all lovely things; the sound of birds in spring, the daylight and the rose. We cannot hold beauty; but whoever has known beauty, remembers it forever. Whoever has known happiness, will not believe that sorrow rules the world; whoever has loved, knows that love is there, in her heart, as in the hearts of others. Do not forget us, Joanna, my child; and loss grows gentle; but love is like a light that never dies."

"I know, Father," said Joanna.

"It is like a beacon in the night," he said, "for all to see. You need not be afraid of the light in your own heart, or in the hearts of others."

He stood a moment with bowed head, in the sunlight. "The Lord be with you," he said.

"He will be," said Joanna. **THE END**

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